May 21, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

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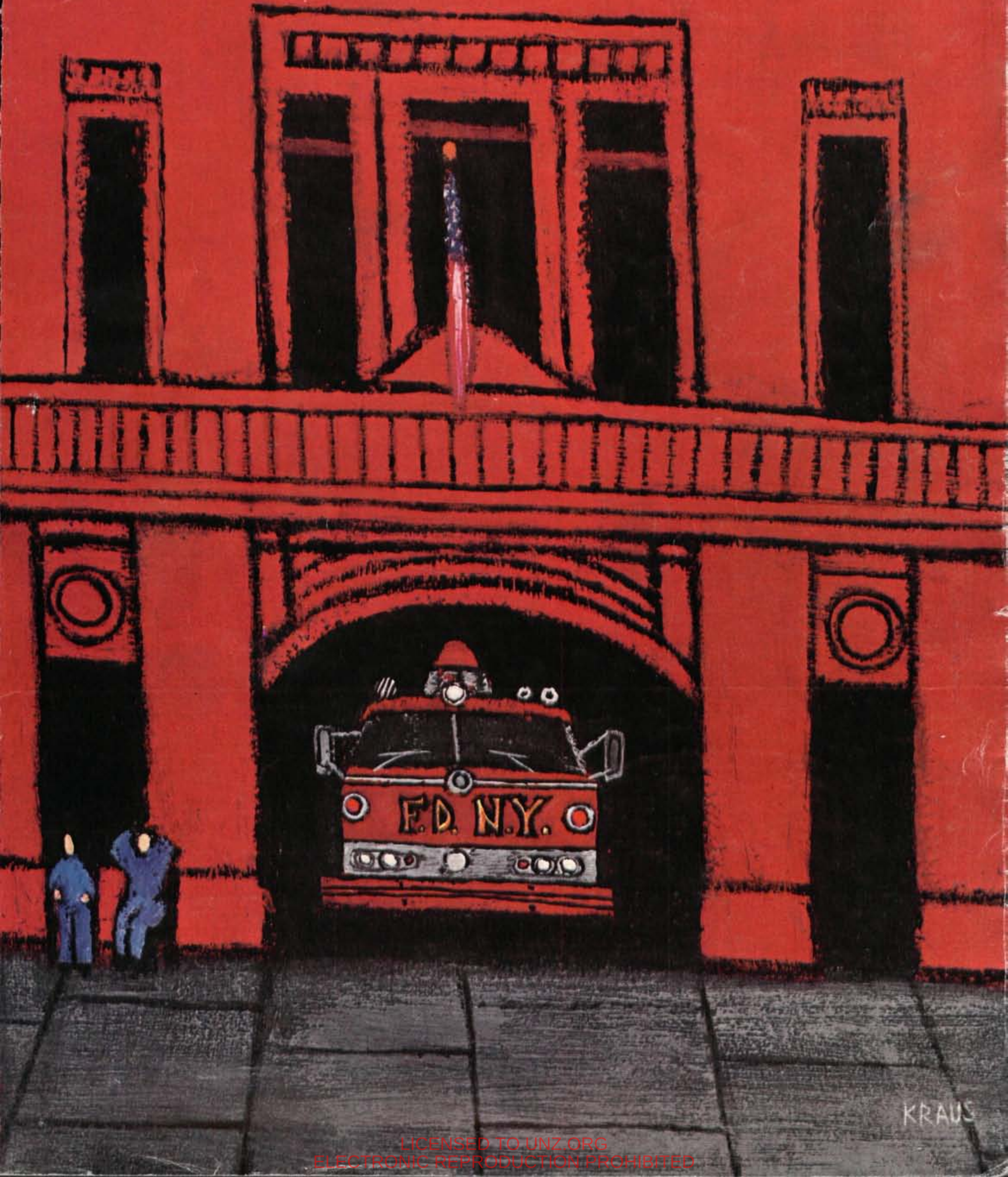

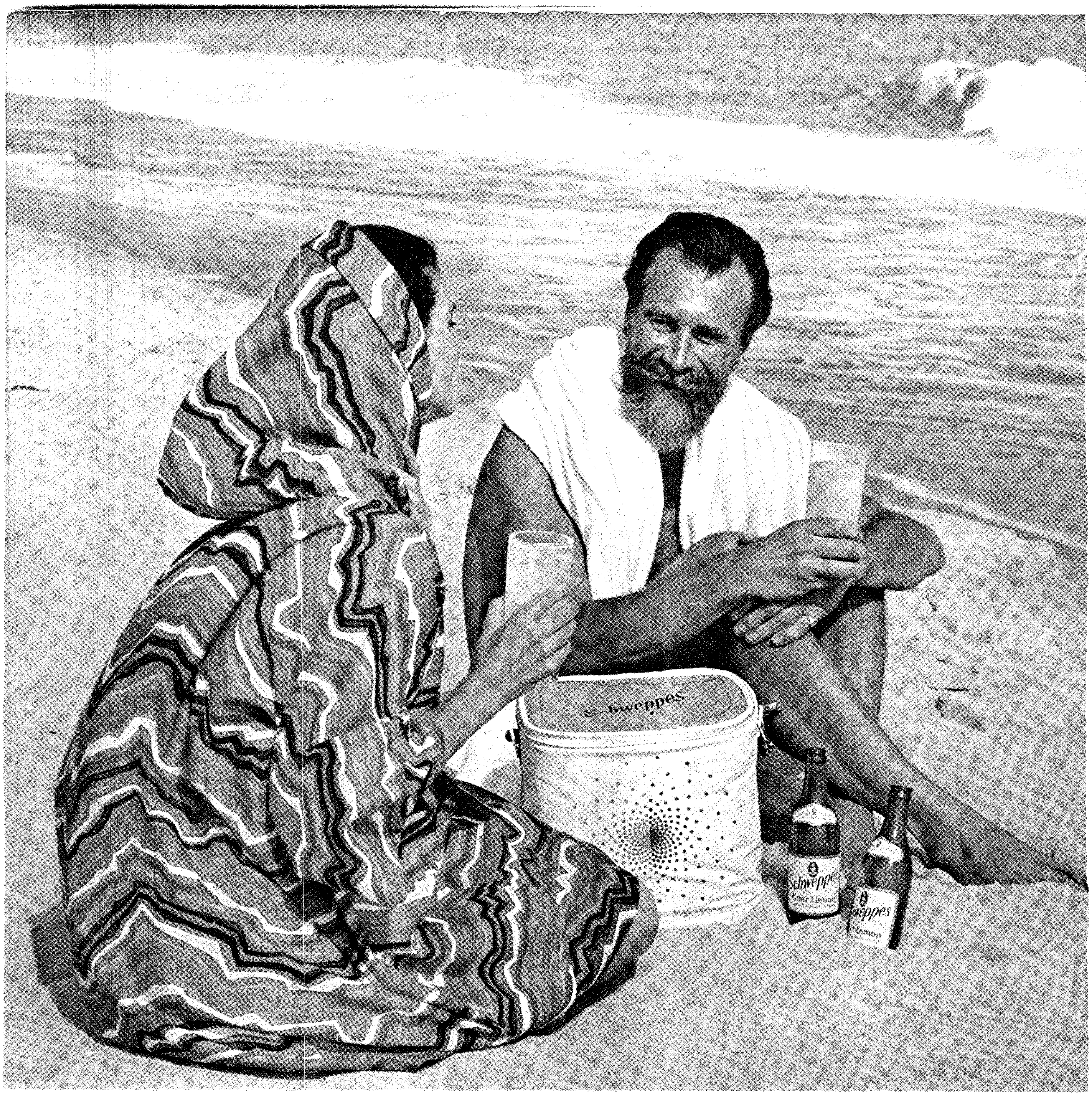

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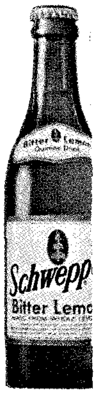

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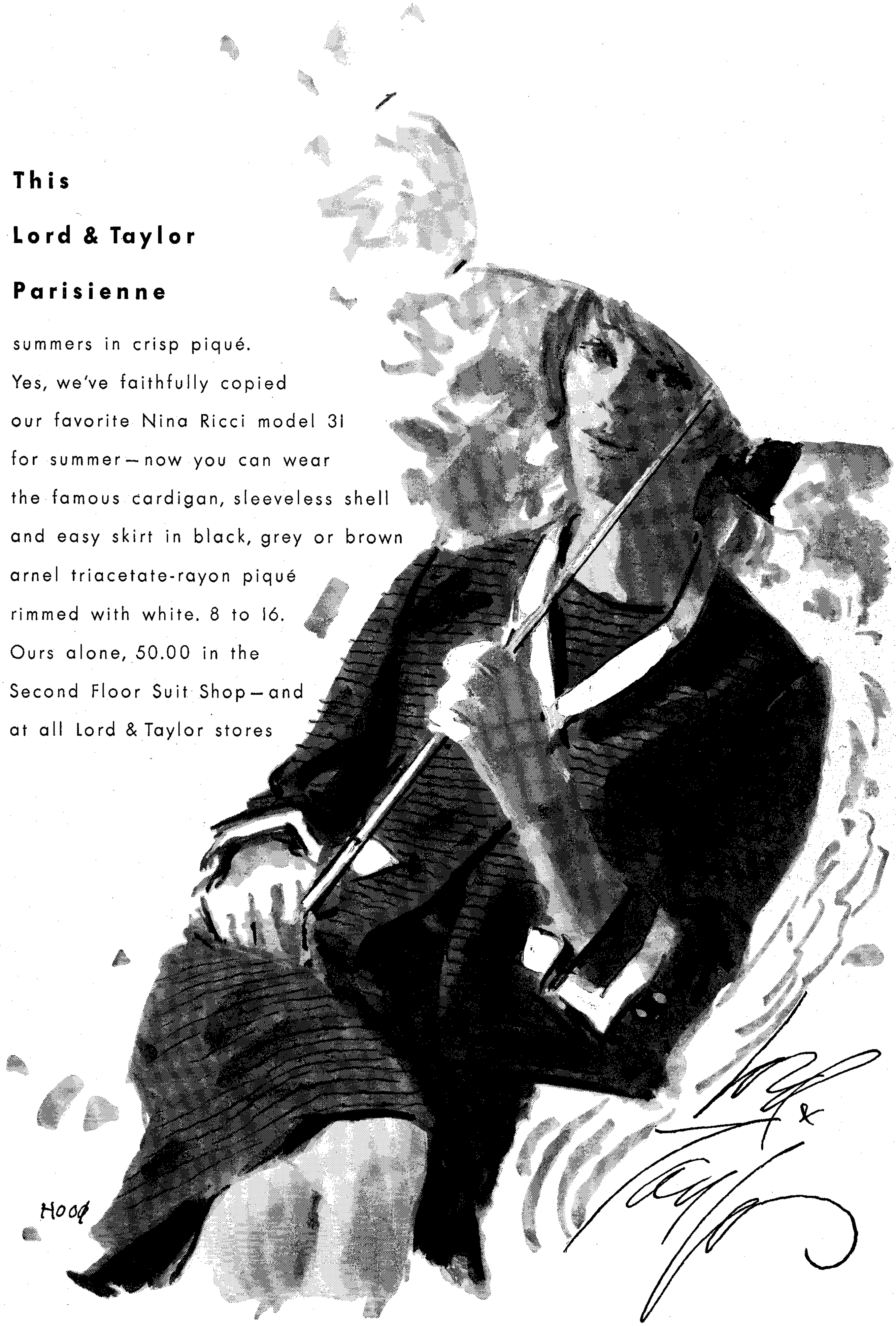
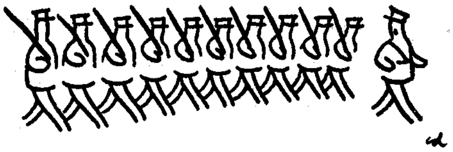


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A bright trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those happily present. Mr. Burrows' direction of the comedy is alert and effective. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—A long-drawn-out struggle between a civilized Chicagoan and his beatnik son-in-law, who resides in a lower East Side loft. The play was written by William Goodhart, and is fortunate in having the services of Henry Fonda, who plays the father-in-law. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hostile Witness—A courtroom drama by Jack Roffey that moves along slowly in proving that a barrister accused of murdering a judge didn't do it. The cast is headed by Ray Milland and includes such worthy performers as Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—Alan King as a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. A frantic but not very stimulating comedy. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 22.)

Ivanov—John Gielgud's interpretation of Anton Chekhov's first full-length play. Somewhat awkward but nevertheless containing intimations of immortality. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 11.)

The Lion in Winter—Rosemary Harris is superlative as Eleanor of Aquitaine in this pseudo-historical drama by James Goldman, and Robert Preston and the others in the company are quite helpful as they go about depicting twelfth-century royalty. But the play itself is only sporadically interesting. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 21.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's beguiling description of a romantic young Irishman about to leave his village for life in the New World. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb in projecting some facets of the youth, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others in the cast are laudable. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—An absorbing drama, by Peter Shaffer, that colorfully details some of the events that took place when Pizarro and his tiny band set about the conquest of Peru. The play is incisively directed by John Dexter, and has spectacular settings and costumes by Michael Annals. Robert Burr and Clayton Corbin head the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Wait Until Dark—In this drama by Frederick Knott, three badmen make life miserable for a blind girl because there's a doll full of heroin in her Greenwich Village apartment, but the dénouement of the business is a long time coming. Lee Remick is the put-upon young lady. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Can't Take It with You—A first-rate revival of the thirty-year-old comedy that is as funny now as when it was written. The play is enacted by the APA Repertory Company, and all of those on view do well by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb directed the show and he has done a scintillating job. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, June 18.)

Long Runs—**any wednesday:** Sandra Smith and George Gaynes in a farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **barefoot in the park:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **luv:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Larry Blyden, and Gabriel Dell as three very confused (and entertaining) neurotics. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the odd couple:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **the subject was roses:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Thursday through Saturday at 8:40. Matinées Thursday at 2:30 and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 21.)

MUSICALS

It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman—A mild spoof of the noble, if loutish, hero of a bygone comic strip. The book, by David Newman and Robert Benton, is rather anemic, but Charles Strouse's music and Lee Adams' lyrics are agreeable enough, and the cast, which includes Jack Cassidy, Michael O'Sullivan, Bob Holiday, Patricia Marand, Linda Lavin, and Don Chastain, is alert and lively. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner hasn't been too successful in blending extrasensory perception and reincarnation into a smooth mixture in this musical, but the score, by Burton Lane, is bright, and Barbara Harris, as an ESP girl, is delightful. Oliver Smith has provided fine sets, and Freddy Wittop splendid costumes. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—A mediocre musical based on Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl," in which Julie Harris appears pleasantly as a lass whose head is full of dreams. The play was written by Peter Stone, and the music and lyrics are by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—A simple tale about a dance-hall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Neil Simon, who wrote the book, hasn't come up with much in the way of solid humor, but Bob Fosse's choreography and direction are expert, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are commendable. Gwen Verdon is fine as a girl with lots and lots of heart, and her supporting company is excellent. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa that is fresh and bracing and has an admirable cast of eight, which sings assorted folk songs from all over the world, dances, and makes merry with all kinds of verve. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **funny girl:** Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **half a sixpence:** Tony Tanner in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Molly Mog. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

A Time for Singing—A musical taken from Richard Llewellyn's novel "How Green Was My Valley," with book and lyrics by Gerald Freedman and John Morris, music by Mr. Morris, and a cast headed by Ivor Emmanuel, Tessie O'Shea, Shani Wallis, and Laurence Naismith. Staged by Mr. Freedman. Previews

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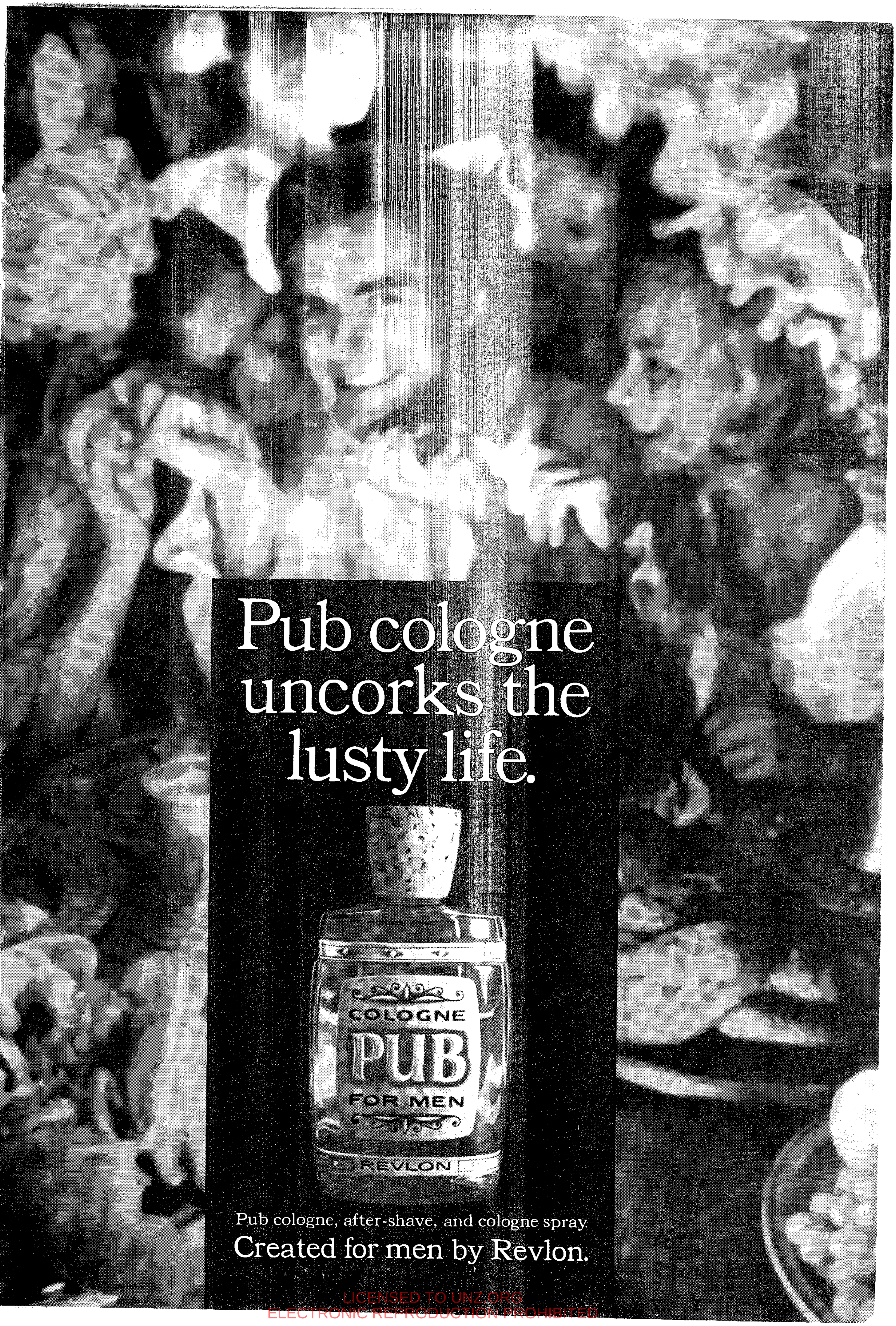
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Friday, May 20. Opens officially on Saturday, May 21. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mame—Angela Lansbury in a musical based on "Auntie Mame," the novel by Patrick Dennis and the play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. The Messrs. Lawrence and Lee wrote the book and Jerry Herman the music and lyrics. The director is Gene Saks. Previews through Monday, May 23. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 24. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY: Norman Atkins, Barbara Meister, Art Lund, Karen Morrow, and Jack De Lon in THE MOST HAPPY FELLA, which will play through Sunday, May 22. . . . WHERE'S CHARLEY?, with Darryl Hickman, Susan Watson, and Eleanor Steber, will be the third in a series of four Frank Loesser musicals by the company. Preview Tuesday, May 24. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 25, and will run through Sunday, June 5. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—The company's final offering of the season is Bertolt Brecht's THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE, adapted by Eric Bentley. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 18.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, May 21: IL TROVATORE. . . . ¶ Starting Friday, May 27: COSÌ FAN TUTTE, in English. (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, May 21, at 2:30.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, May 19-20, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 28, at 3 and 8:30 (previews): H.M.S. PINAFORE and TRIAL BY JURY. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 21, at 3 and 8:30 (previews): THE MIKADO. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 22, at 3 and 7:30 (previews); Monday, May 23, at 7:30 (opening); and Tuesday, May 24, at 8:30: THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 26, at 7:30 (opening), and Friday, May 27, at 8:30: PRINCESS IDA. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Big Man—Two short plays by Lawrence Weinberg. Opens Thursday, May 19. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bohikee Creek—Four separate scenes, all of them set along a creek in South Carolina. They are rather weak, but they do provide any number of opportunities for the fine all-Negro cast, which is headed by Moses Gunn, Georgia Burke, and James Earl Jones. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Butterfly Dream—A fourteenth-century Chinese play, translated by A. C. Scott. Opens Thursday, May 19. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles and Opposites—A triple bill, composed of "The Floor," by May Swenson; "23 Pat O'Brien Movies," by Bruce Jay Friedman; and "Miss Pete," by Andrew Glaze. Season subscribers (fifteen dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Thursday through Saturday, and Wednesday, at 7, and Sunday and Monday at 8. Matinées Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 1. Closes Wednesday, May 25.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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22	23	24	25	26	27	28

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fitz and Biscuit—A brace of plays by Maxime Furlaud. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performance Thursday, May 19.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Ray Middleton, and Joan Diener support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Day Line
SIGHTSEEING YACHTS
ALL
DAY LINE
SAILINGS
SAILINGS
SAILINGS
SAILINGS

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Serjeant Musgrave's Dance—A melodrama set in nineteenth-century England about four soldiers who come to a mining town to expose the cruelty of war. The play is done as a sort of Victorian primitive, and whatever excitement it has (not much) lies in the manner rather than the matter, which is fairly conventional. Britain's John Arden is the dramatist. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sunset—A dreadful production of a fine play by the late Russian writer Isaac Babel. The plot turns on the overthrow of a brutal old man by his two no-account sons. The setting is the Jewish quarter of Odessa. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The World of Günter Grass—A program of excerpts from the poems and novels of the modern German writer, as recited and performed by a company of five. The actors do pretty well, but it is Mr. Grass, his words evoking the spirit of wartime and postwar Germany, who steals the show. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Final performances of DON QUIXOTE will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, May 19-20, at 8:15; Saturday, May 21, at 2:15 and 8:15; and Sunday, May 22, at 1:15 and 7:15.)

Bolshoi Ballet—Final performances—Thursday, May 19, at 8:30: Highlights Program II (Act I of "Don Quixote," "The Dying Swan," "Walpurgis Night," and other selections). . . . ¶ Friday, May 20, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 21, at 2:30: "Swan Lake.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 21, at 8:30: Highlights Program II. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 22, at 3: Highlights Program I (Act II of "Giselle," "Le Corsair Pas de Deux," Act III of "Raymonda," and other selections). (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870.)

Lucas Hoving—In a program of his own dances, with Nancy Lewis and Chase Robinson. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, May 21, at 8:30.)

Ruth Currier—With her dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, May 23, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

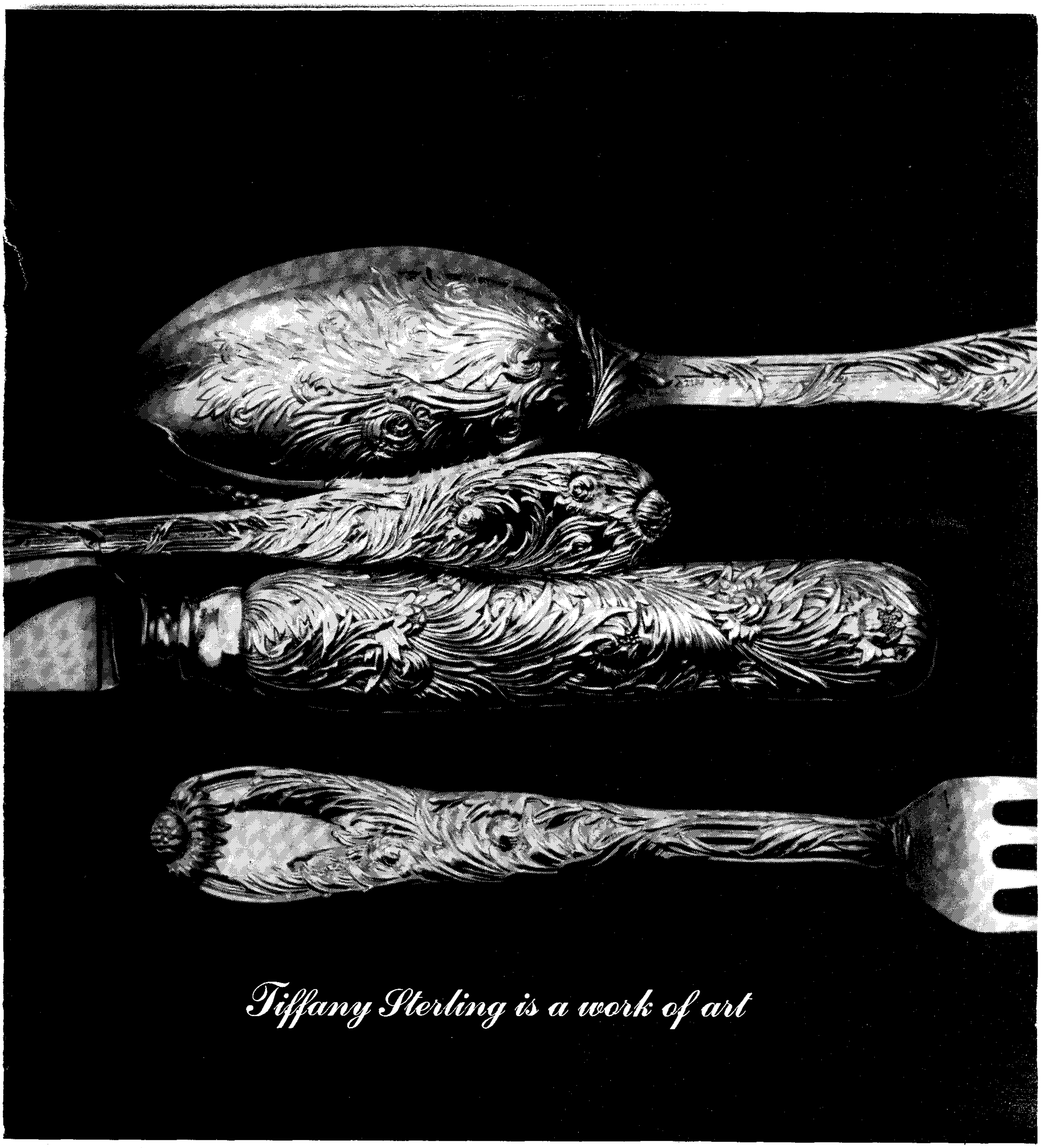
Mark Twain Tonight!—Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. CI 6-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Sometimes Nancy Wilson is a gay balloon floating above Ronnie Bright's perfect piano; sometimes she's a stormy petrel with Mr. B.'s large band in pursuit; always she is a sight to be seen, a sound to be heard. She occurs in the Royal Box at dinner and supper. The whole evening is the range of the



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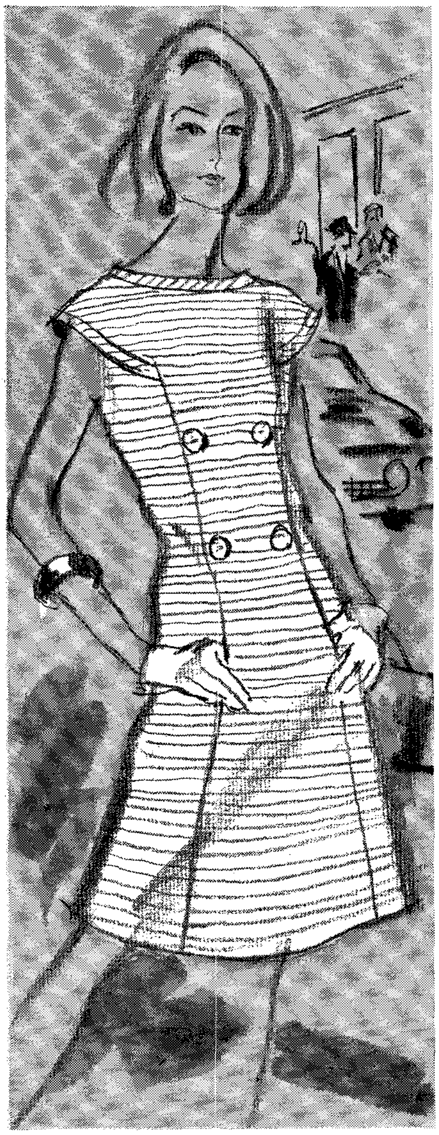

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lee Evans orchestra, all silk and a yard wide. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The new annex to the celebrated Barberry Room is apt to remind customers of the late Little Club, mainly because it *is* the Little Club, redivivus—candy-striped upholstery, cheery dance band, and Billy Reed, head man. Horace Diaz runs the band during the week—Mondays through Thursdays from nine to two, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three. Sundays, another band operates. Mr. Reed operates all the time.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Seemly doings, seemly sound in seemly surroundings—i.e., the ground-floor restaurant. From eight to nine, George Anaya's Cubans execute listening music; after that, they play for prancing. The tunes run until twelve on weekdays, and until one on Fridays and Saturdays. Sundays, the music is only for listening; Mondays, there is none at all.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A new and profusely illustrated edition of "Vanity Fair," though not exactly a limited one. In the grand salon, Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Charles Bubeck's Up North band never pause for breath; in the Champagne Room, people who are just taking a rest cure listen to fiddle and pianoforte. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Fun and games for all occupants of the snug little Café Pierre is the purpose of Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week. Franco Pagani, Florentine song and guitar at hand, is there, too, but not on Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The dinner and supper words-and-music interludes in the Persian Room are contributed by Eddie Fisher, an acquired taste. Quantities of dance music issue from Mark Monte's gay troubadours and Burt Farber's stately contingent. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight every night but Sunday, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The duo does another turn, from seven to nine every evening, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Marmalade goes with everything on the menu at this top of the world, for Benny Goodman's clarinet is at work from eight-thirty until one-thirty, Sundays not included. So is his band, so is his soprano—Annette Sanders.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The Society for the Preservation of the Big-Band Sound meets every evening but Sunday. Its current pleader for equal time is the orchestra of Harry James, who makes a pretty good case. On Monday, May 23, Cab Calloway's clamorers will succeed the James boys. Eight until two is the schedule every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The overhauled Maisonette is still making up its mind—is it a nocturnal library or is it an art gallery ablaze with murals?—but the guests remain single-minded; dine and dance is their purpose. The sound men—Ralph Stuart's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band—begin at eight-fifteen. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, which is next door, Jani Sarkozi's violin is in action, seven until twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Peacock Alley has the benefit of Ray Hartley's piano, a veritable mine of information, from four to eight Tuesdays through Thursdays, from five to nine Fridays and Saturdays, and from five to eleven Sundays. A foursome, for which Dino Palermo does the eloquent singing, makes dance music from nine to one every evening but Sunday.

Note—At **roseland dance city,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), footing it featly is the only dance within the law; no fruggers or hugger-muggers need apply. The air is complacent and conducive, and among the perquisites are two orchestras, bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays, understandably, are rest nights.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The Chatter Box would be as good a name for this shop, since the conversation pieces are forty words to the dozen. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **l'intrigue,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): On the main floor, the clock has stopped in the nineteen-thirties. Here, never early in the evening, one is likely to catch the ditties of Jimmie Daniels, night mayor of the period, and sometimes, too, the Theda Bara arias of Nancy Steele. Murray Grand does good-cheer piano. . . . ¶ Bobby Short, Master of the Hounds of Spring, begins his tantivy of song and piano (only the best of both) upstairs, in the **espionage room,** no sooner than ten. His men-at-arms on the podium are, naturally, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Both floors are dark Sundays. . . . **mike malkan's,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): Too young to leave their mothers, too decorative to be kept home—that is the clientele hereabouts. The counterpoint is the dum-dee-dum piano of Mr. Malkan, prop., who works out from seven until a very late date, even on Sunday. . . . **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It doesn't matter when the customers arrive, for if the musicians are not thumbing their way through Italian romance literature, some singer or other is doing a similar favor for Broadway. This music is delivered night after night, and an easy-does-it dance band also operates from Thursdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, May 22, part of the undergraduate body of the Juilliard School will replace the usual singers to present a large sampling of Leonard Bernstein's opera "Trouble in Tahiti." It will be run off at eight-thirty and eleven Saturdays, at nine on other days. Closed Mondays. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose piano choruses are sometimes sung by everyone on the premises, gets rolling in this, the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The cuisine is apt to go native, especially when it is spiced by the Jamaica ginger of the homemade ditties of Lord Superior or a faultless facsimile of him. The music happens from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven on Sundays. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The merriest toilers among the electronic performing arts get away from them all to the enormously vibrant tune of Cecil Young's new-thought threesome, which is on duty every night but Sunday, when other groups ruminate. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, the Irene Bordoni (mile-long eyelashes and all the rest) of our generation, sings Bordoni songs beside, or on, the piano of her small dining room—at dinner through the week, at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports at eight beside a minute segment of parquet. Closed Sundays. . . . **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Riparian rights, and rites, along the Balkan sector of the Danube; i.e., zimbalon, fiddle, tenor, and soprano rarely cease sounding off—always with grace and gentleness. The tenor is that noble seigneur Tibor Rakossy; the soprano really doesn't matter. Béla Babai's band plays for those customers who like to dance. Closed Mondays. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The diner begins to think he has blundered into a rehearsal of "La Traviata" when his waiter suddenly becomes Enrico Caruso. Closed Mondays. . . . **charlie bates,** 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Characters in search of the Fey Nineties and the innocent music that went with them. The leader is Bob

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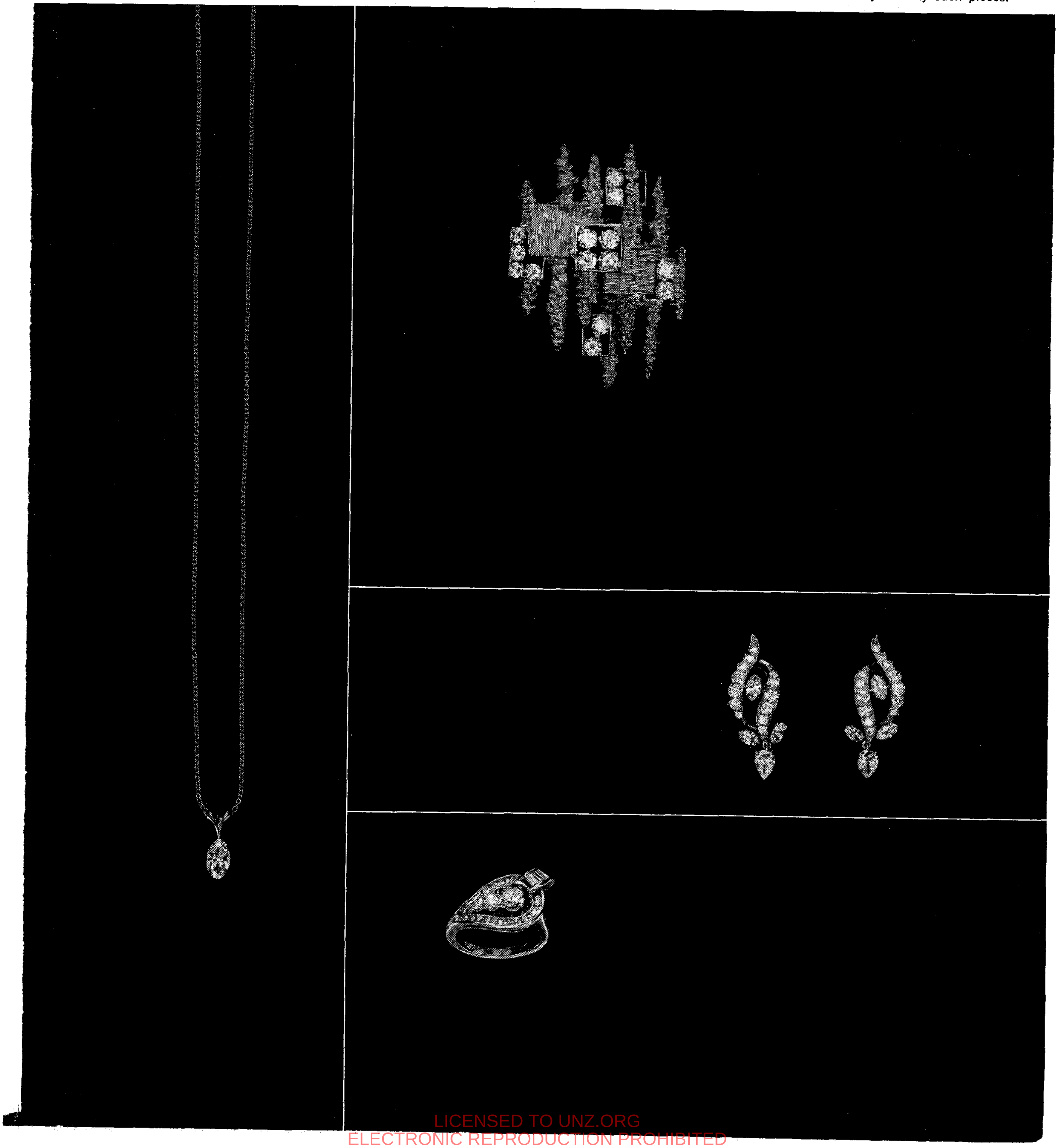

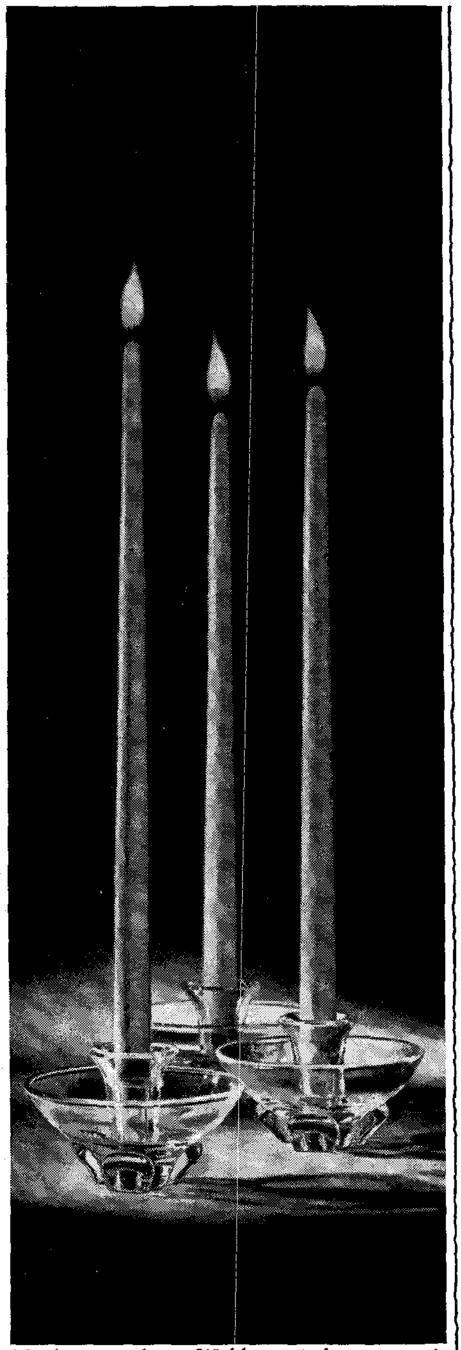

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Emma, banging and chanting away at a condemned upright; the rest of the crew is the Dirty Shames, doing the kind of music the name suggests. The bustle begins around seven, and lasts and lasts right through the week; Sundays, instead, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band romps from four until one. . . . **BELL'S**, 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): A new New England homestead devoted to the care and feeding of young and old, as well as to frequent music—George Taylor's threesome, which has been known to break into song. The working hours are nine to three, except Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A good deed in the naughty world of Second Avenue, combining bar and grill in equal proportions. Charles De Forest, whose late-night songs are collectors' items, has a piano and a bass player on his side. He stays home Sundays.

NOTE—The discothèque, an epidemic phenomenon to which nowhere near enough deaf ears can be turned, is represented at its best by: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A pioneer settlement, but—frontier or not—opulent in appointments as well as menu. At intervals, the pioneers submit to an Indian uprising led by Killer Joe Piro and his dancing class, who have invented or perfected every conceivable *outré* dance but the Oliver Twist. The music, partly Western Union and partly live, begins at seven-thirty and lasts until three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The ballet, by a distinguished cast of young volunteers, is fancy free and every man to himself, every girl to herself. Heaven is as easy to gain admittance to. The music is sometimes robot, sometimes human. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Only Houdini could escape the knots the participants, mostly j.g., tie themselves into. Tanya Everett, the principal house dancer, is, though, an escapist far more expert than even Mr. H. The sound is a mingling of strange devices and real people—the Uncalled Fors, who are there from Tuesday through Thursday each week. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): From the song of the same name, and just as original. The *ballets mécaniques* of the house dancers are *sui generis* and amusing, the music runs from nine-thirty to three. A certain amount of edibles, lots of drinkables.

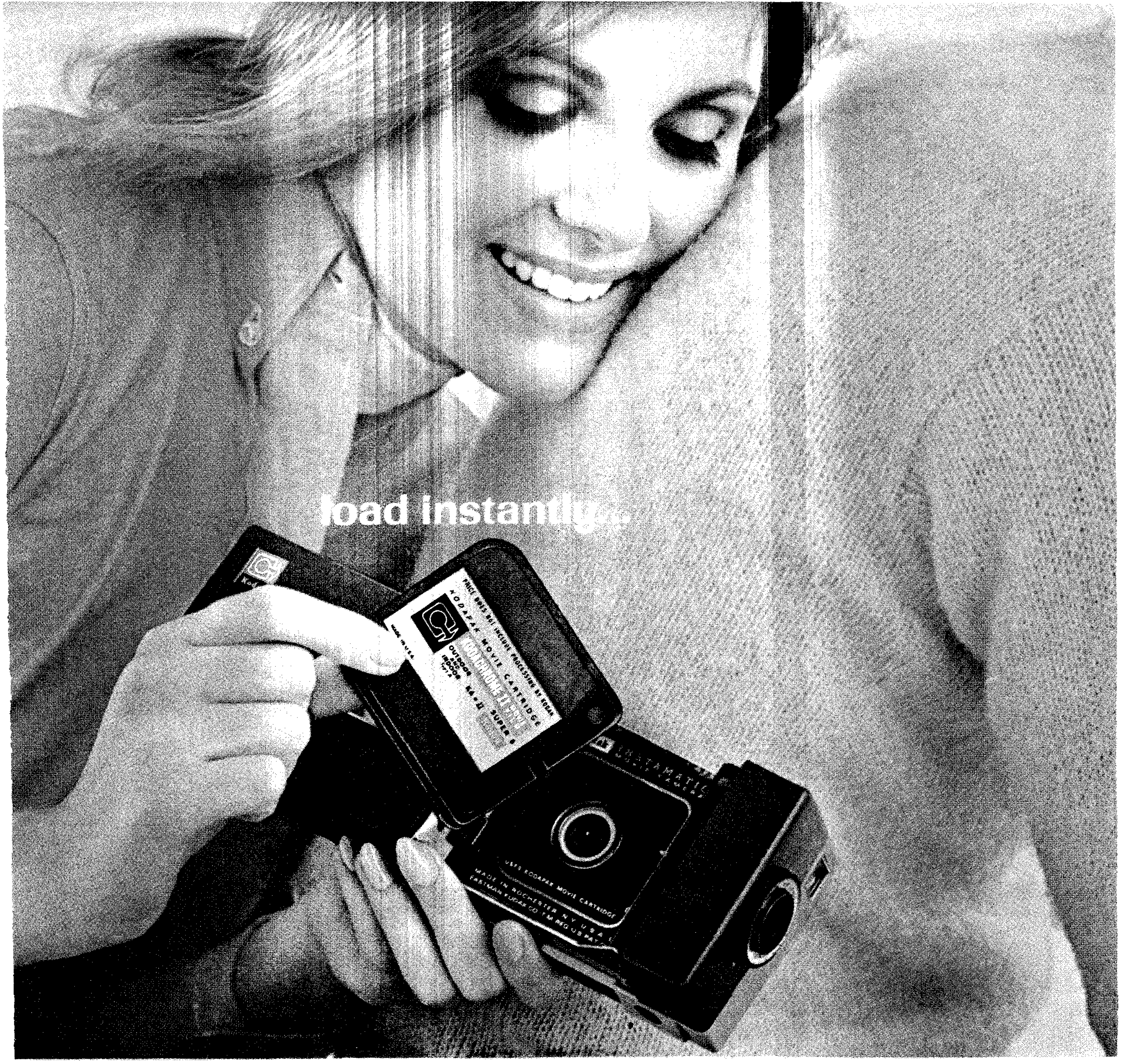
SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano, receives in this sumptuous greenroom from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one. Sundays, instead, there is piano by Forrest Perrin, his able acolyte. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The extremely handsome arrival of the twentieth century in Iberia—a meeting effected without ignoring the vivid architectural past. The tableside guitarists, who perform from dinner until after the theatre, check out on Saturday, May 21. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Visitors to this not-to-be-taken-seriously example of castle architecture along the Loire may stay on for dinner and serenading by the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes violin of Norbert Faconi, who is there every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about Loire architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, which looks and acts ancestral hall, there is sedate piano for anyone who is dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ Le Palais, a view of a Vienna that likes to take its time at dinner (seven to ten), offers a chef who comes from the Prater, and a zither (Hans Hansberg) from the same boulevard. Closed Sundays. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): See St. Petersburg and die—that is the theme of the heartfelt pavanes sung by Marina Fedorovskaya, the chatelaine of a comfortable and amply stocked *dacha*. She and a brace of musicians take turns from eight until two every night but Monday. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians, a worldly lot, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to cajolery. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport*. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James thought up this epitome of town-house design, from dining room to glass-topped conservatory. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and suppering in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, are helped along by Tony Gorody, whose piano is audible from midevening to after the theatre every night but Sunday, as well as by songs and guitar by Enzio Lembo, who is on approximately the same shift every night but Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The top of the evening on the Via Veneto, and just warm enough for comfort. Part of the warmth is the brigade of peregrinating performers—violin music, though not for Rome to burn to. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Along this stretch of Bailey's Beach, the watercolor piano and watercolor humor of George Feyer are distributed from eight-thirty until about two. Closed Sundays. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON**, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Beneath the René Bouché murals (Rome on the verge of a summer dusk) in the Seven Hills, an accordion breathes soulfully from seven to nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the Casino-on-the-Park, which has an affairs-of-state look, Steven Weltner is doing piano full of variations on excellent themes. Six-thirty until midnight is his term of office. Silence on Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The calm spa and restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. In one corner is the piano of Conrad Monjoy, who flows like sweet Afton from nine-thirty until one. No music Mondays. . . . **SHERATON GLADSTONE**, 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac Room, a bar that takes only Sundays off, Kelly Rand sings to his own piano from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Johnny Mathis, whose voice is a luminous woodwind constructed all by himself, has a happy hour as soloist for and participant in his boy-and-girl choir, which is enormously fluent itself. These troupers depart on Wednesday, May 25, and next evening Bobby Vinton, infant prodigy, starts singing. The new crop of Copa ballerinas will move in at the same time. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, jingle-jangle sets in on the podium at ten, and nobody thinks to turn it off until four or so. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Paris when it sizzles, or at least when it comes to a boil, as seen through the eyes of a sensitive tripper. During the evening, a lot of meaningful girls race on- and offstage, among them a splendid specimen of catamount named Betty Jo Alvies. The jester is Corbett Monica, who keeps to the broadest thoroughfares. Dancing for the diners, too. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The Righteous Brothers, or why children leave home. The music is best described as djinn fizz. Doc Severinsen's sextet brings up what is left of the rear. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The revolt of the angels—the little ones who not long ago were at Mother's knee. What they're at now in this hanging garden of Babylon is



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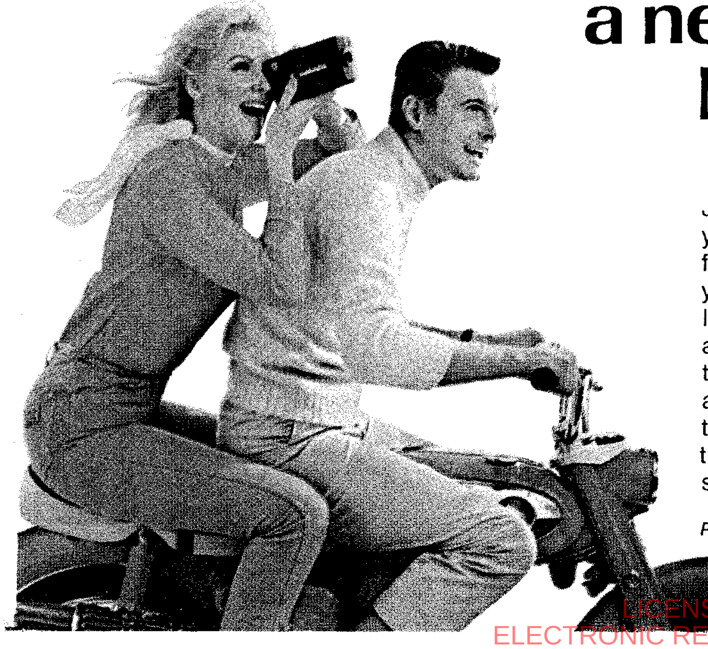

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a costume ball the like of which, etc. Three bands ring out the Old in everyone; curfew never rings out until four.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Nothing is ever quite what it seems in "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's newest brief for dis-Establishmentarianism, for every prank, every parable, every bit of poesy turns out to be a witty engine of destruction. Elizabeth Wilson, Lee Beery, and Liz Sheridan are the avenging marauders of the cast; Bill Hinnant, Dennis Allen, and John Keatts fill out a squadron of six that has the virtues and the strength of ten. The orchestra is the pianos plied by Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements. Nine and eleven-thirty are the zero hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The young and eager Ballet Español of the Galán family—Rosario and Esperanza—quickly persuades one into believing that Spain has the finest physical-fitness program of them all. Juan Lejido, worldly wise and full of tenor, gets some innings, too. The performers turn up at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two on Saturday nights; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. Sundays begin with a fulminating tea dance at three-thirty (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and end with a show at ten. On Thursday, May 26, Los Chavales de España, Spain's largest standing and stomping army, will take the place over. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Mario Escudero and the tenor of Domingo Alvarado perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The first few minutes of "Just for Openers," the revue here, would never be missed; thereafter, the jollity is quite noticeable. The cast is led by R. G. Brown, who is up to his usual knowing tricks. Twice a night, except Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The centerpiece is Joan Rivers, who is using the shop as a laboratory to test (sometimes, of necessity, to destruction) her comic ideas on how to split a personality in two hundred pieces. In between her spasms, Warren Vaughn plays piano and sings in all the good romance languages. On Thursday, May 26, he will be replaced by Tobi Reynolds, who is handsome and soprano. Nothing happens before ten. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Saturday, May 21, is the last night for Clark Terry's quartet, but John Coltrane's quintet, which arrives the night before, stays on through Sunday, May 22. Monday, May 23, is allotted (like every Monday) to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen sidemen—all exulting at their temporary respite from studio work; Hank Jones, Bob Brookmeyer, and other eminences are usually included. Tuesday, May 24, brings on the foursome of Coleman Hawkins for a six-day stand. Sundays, there are matinées (four-thirty to nine) as well as evening sessions. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A double-decker operation—ground-floor dining pavilion above a grotto. In the pavilion, which is open every night but Monday, the team of Dwike Mitchell and Willie Ruff, arriving late, issues a novel invitation to jazz and chamber music to shake hands, and Dave Pike's triad does modernist coruscating. . . . ¶ The next activity in the grotto begins on Friday, May 20—Felicia Sanders putting her special torch to one ballad after another, Larry Adler making whole sonatas out of a single harmonica, and the quintet of Stan Getz being progressive and comprehensible simultaneously. Miss Sanders and Mr. Adler bow out the next evening, but the Getz mob keeps going. On Monday, May 23, it will, to be sure, be replaced for the one night by Symphony Sid's collection of Latin jazz musicians (the usual Monday dose). On Friday, May 27, the Modern Jazz Quartet and Charlie Byrd's soft-spoken guitar will begin taking turns with the Getz family. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A *Brauhaus* whose only brew is coffee and whose bent is our folkways. Tracy Newman (that's a girl) is the principal exponent of this art form; the Uncalled-For 3 are beginning humorists. Tuesdays, when the regulars lay off, are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 280 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Way down yonder, where every listener is earnest and every note is fraught. A quartet in which Roland Kirk plays fifteen more instruments than his sidemen put together is the standard fare; on Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, Horace Silver's quintet will also be on hand. On Tuesday, May 24, a posse headed by Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer will take over. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The band is Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, and the news all the way from Aix to Ghent is hot and heavy. They operate every night except Monday, when another band is in charge. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The music to dance to that was invented by our forefathers is once again available. It is turned out by Mr. Condon and a hearty squadron, such as Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Morey Feld, and Dave McKenna. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though often cheerful, now and again considers "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gentle music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, there is even a bagpiper on the podium, too. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Young man, go south, and young woman, go likewise, to where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) knows no bounds. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. To top it off, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band rollicks on Sunday afternoons after four-thirty. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the very heart of a new young people's Nighttown. The sawdust on the floor, the foam on the beer are stirred at the moment by Charles Lloyd's quartet. Mondays are always assigned to a free-lance group.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ABE AJAY—Relief paintings; through Saturday, May 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERNARD CATHELIN—Landscapes and figure paintings by this School of Paris painter; through May 31. (Findlay, 11 E. 57th St.)

FRANCIS CELENTANO AND MINORU NIIZUMA—Optical paintings by the first and sculptures in stone by the second; through Saturday, May 28. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE COHEN—Paintings; through Saturday, May 28. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

VICTOR COLBY—Wood sculptures of animals and people; through Saturday, May 28. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Still-lifes, figures, landscapes, and interiors; through June 4. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANTONIO FRASCONI—Color woodcuts; through Saturday, May 28. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

SADIE HAYMS—Sculptural paintings and assemblages; through June 2. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

ROBERT INDIANA—Paintings; through Saturday,

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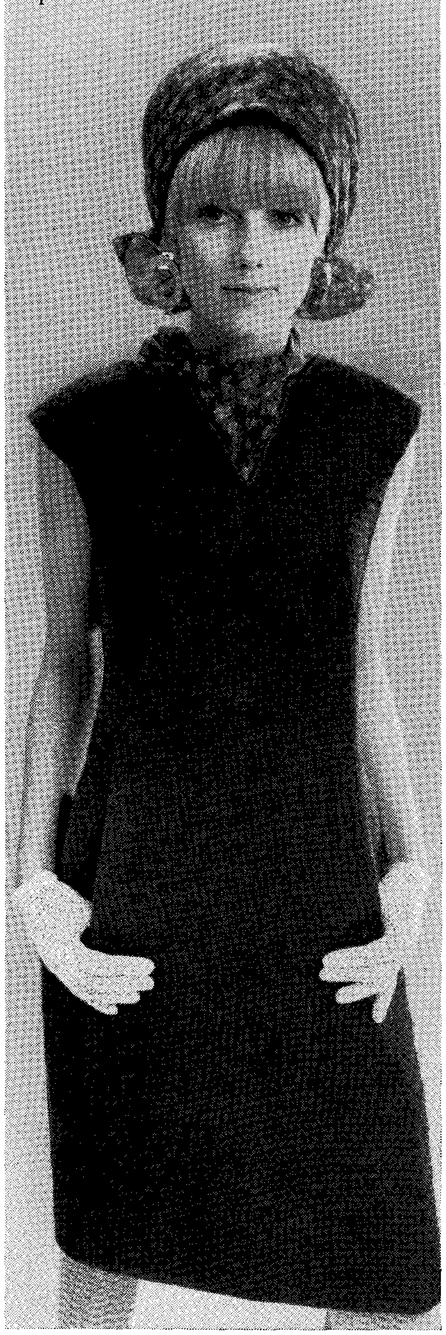


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

May 28. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ray Johnson—Painted collages; through Saturday, May 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Aristodemos Kaldis—*Paintings; through June 4.* (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frederick Kiesler—"Creatures, Landscapes, Prairies," a retrospective show of sculptures by the late architect-sculptor-painter; through June 10. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Kleinholz—Paintings, primarily of children; through June 4. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

John La Farge—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes, plus two stained-glass windows, in the first showing of his work in thirty years; through June 10. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacques Lipchitz—An exhibition of sketches in bronze entitled "Images of Italy;" through Saturday, May 28. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Bronze and terra-cotta sculptures; through June 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Manship—A memorial exhibition of his sculptures; through Tuesday, May 24. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Daily, 1 to 6.)

Matta—Recent abstract Surrealist paintings by this Chilean-born Paris artist; through Saturday, May 28. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

John McCracken—Sculptures; through June 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gabriele Münter (1877-1962)—Fifty years of her paintings (1906-56); through Saturday, May 21. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Edgar Negret—Painted aluminum sculptures; through Saturday, May 28. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Four enamelled-aluminum garden sculptures; through June 11. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Daniel Newman—Abstractions; through Saturday, May 28. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Perlin—Paintings of nudes; through Saturday, May 28. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Savo Radulovic—Paintings; through Saturday, May 28. (Artists Little Gallery, 135 E. 62nd St.)

James Rosenquist—Pop Art; through Wednesday, May 25. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Rosenthal—Paintings of nudes; through Saturday, May 21. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Charles Shaw—Abstractions; through June 4. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Charles Sheeler (1883-1965)—Paintings and drawings from the artist's personal collection; through Friday, May 27. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Herbert Simon—Abstract wood sculptures; through Saturday, May 28. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

George Sugarman—Abstract sculptures; through Saturday, May 28. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thompson—Sculptures; through June 10. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Abraham Walkowitz—Watercolors from the early part of the century; through Saturday, May 28. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Wesselmann—Paintings of nudes; through June 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Seven Decades, 1895-1965, Cross Currents in Modern Art—Ten galleries are participating in a four-week benefit exhibition (through Saturday, May 21) of three hundred and seventy-one paintings and sculptures, ranging from Post-Impressionism and Symbolism to Op Art and kinetic sculptures by such artists as Matisse, Picasso, and Brancusi—At the **rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: 1895-1904. . . . **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: 1905-14. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: 1915-24. . . . **thaw**, 50 E. 78th St.: 1915-24. . . . **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: 1925-34. . . . **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: 1925-34. . . . **matisse**, 41 E. 57th St.: 1935-44. . . . **emmerich**, 41 E. 57th St.: 1945-54. . . . **odyssia**, 41 E. 57th St.: 1945-54. . . . **cordier & ekstrom**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: 1955-65.

National Association of Women Artists—The 1966 Annual Exhibition, comprising paintings, graphics, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number over seven hundred; through May 29. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, except Saturday, May 21, from 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Oliver Andrews, R. C. Morris, Richard Boyce, and Eileen Pendergast are the participants in a showing of sculptures, constructions, and paintings; through Friday, May 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **black**, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and drawings by nineteenth-century artists, including Albert Bierstadt, Frank Boggs, and Asher B. Durand; through June 4. . . . **grand central**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Still-life and flower paintings by Frank H. Redelius, Edmund Oppenheim, and Marie Cantarella (to mention a few); through June 10. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Sculptures and drawings by Robert Laurent, Dennis Leon, Jane Wasey, and others; through June 3. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by the gallery artists, among them Isabel Bishop, William Thon, and Nathan Cabot Hale; through Saturday, May 28. . . . **milch**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, and Adolf Dehn are three of the artists represented in a show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through June 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **sachs**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Peter Hutchinson, Don Judd, Sol LeWitt, and Robert Smithson in a show of structures in steel, chrome, enamelled wood, plexiglass, and canvas; through Saturday, May 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **westerly**, 8 W. 56th St.: An exhibition of paintings, including works by Carlos Basq, Phil Roeber, and Suzanne Várady; through June 2. (Closed Mondays.)

Brazilians; Group Show—Raimundo de Oliveira, Nelson Seoane, Manabu Mabe, and four other painters; through June 30. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Chinese; Group Show—Paintings and calligraphy by Ch'i Pai-shih, James C. M. Lo, Wang Chen, and others; through Friday, May 27. (Gallery of Chinese and American Art, 399 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

Israelis; Group Show—Oils, graphics, and drawings by Agmon, Bacon, Greenfield, Weil, and Weiss; through May 29. (Greenfield, 21 W. 39th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

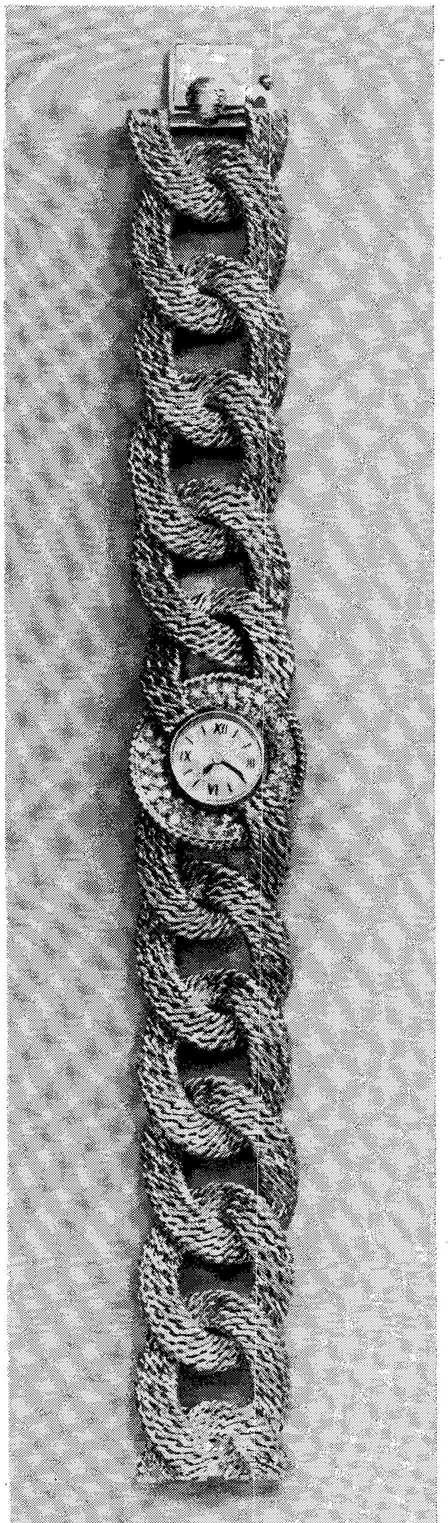
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Recently acquired European and American prints and drawings by a spectrum of artists ranging from Rembrandt, Peter Paul Rubens, and Claude Lorrain to Jack Levine. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils and watercolors by Joseph Mallord William Turner, most of them lent by the Tate Gallery, the National Gallery, and the British Museum; through June 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 7, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 7.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"The Stations of the Cross," a series of paintings by Barnett Newman; through June 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum is scheduled to open at this new address in late September.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, and drawings by the nineteenth-century marine painter James Hamilton; through Sunday, May 22. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being



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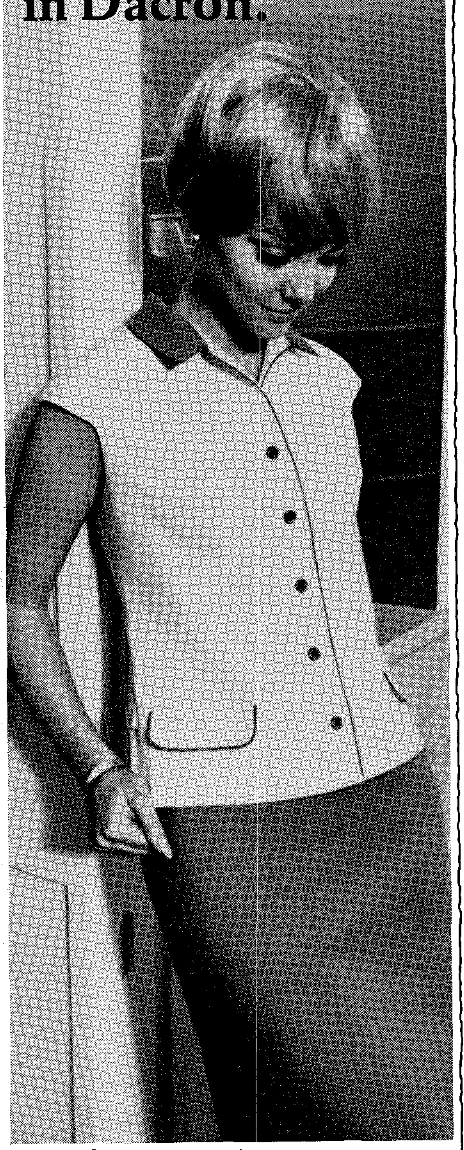

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)... ¶ The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson, to name a few) from every section of the country; through June 12.... ¶ In the Sculpture Garden, some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings now demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"7000 Years of Iranian Art," an exhibition of metalwork, ceramics, textiles, glass, and paintings from the Archaeological Museum, in Teheran; through June 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—The collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Weldon, consisting of paintings and drawings of the Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools from the seventeenth century to the twentieth. The artists include Anthony van Dyck, Jacob van Ruisdael, and Constantin Guys. Through June 30.... ¶ "Art in Process," an exhibition of structures, together with the preliminary drawings and models relating to them, by such artists as Richard Artschwager, Chryssa, and Will Insley; through June 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"Treasures of Peruvian Gold," a travelling exhibition of more than a hundred and fifty pre-Columbian ceremonial and ornamental objects from ancient tombs and temples, on loan from seven Peruvian museums; through June 12.... ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Primary Structures: Younger British and American Sculptors," a showing of pieces by forty-two artists, among them Gerald Laing, Ronald Bladen, and Lyman Kipp; through June 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, May 25-26.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions: Illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, bookbindings, autograph manuscripts and letters, and master drawings; through July 29.... ¶ Drawings of children—Parmigianino to Kate Greenaway; through July 29.... ¶ A selection of children's books and manuscripts; through July 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS, 49 W. 53rd St.—Primitive oils, watercolors, and carvings from the collection of the New York State Historical Association, in Cooperstown; through June 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—African sculptures (in wood, ivory, gold, and brass) from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-eight glass paperweights, including American examples from the Sandwich, Mt. Washington, and Millville factories and such French examples as Baccarat, Clichy, and St. Louis. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Kinetic art (paintings, sculptures, electronic contrivances, and the like) shown in four room settings, and produced by a group of artists known as Usco; through June 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

OPERA

JUILLIARD OPERA THEATRE—Benefit performances of the New York premières of Hugo Weisgall's "Purgatory" (set to William Butler Yeats' text), staged by Christopher West; and Roger Sessions' "The Trial of Lucullus" (set to Bertolt Brecht's text), staged by Ian Strasfogel. The composers will conduct their own operas on Thursday evening and Jorge Mester will conduct both operas on Saturday evening. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, May 19, and Saturday, May 21, both at 8:15. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting the final concert of the regular season on Saturday, May 21, at 8:30 (no soloists).... ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a five-week season of "Promenades" that will run through Saturday, June 25. A program of Russian music Wednesday through Saturday, May 25-28, at 8:30 (with Eileen Schauler, soprano, and Lorne Munroe, cello).

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRA—Anton Coppola conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Wednesday, May 25, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call EN 9-2202.)

RECITALS

NEW YORK WIND ENSEMBLE—An all-Stravinsky program, with Elizabeth Mosher, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Jane Gunter, contralto; and David Dodds, tenor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Thursday, May 19, at 8:30. Admission is free.)

SHINICHI AND YASUKO YUIZE—Koto players. (Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Tuesday, May 24, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERTS—Max Roach and Abbey Lincoln, in a benefit concert. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, May 20, at 8:30.)... ¶ Count Basie's band, in a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 20, at 8:45.)... ¶ Bob Wilber, Pepper Adams, George Reed, Shorty Baker, Jaki Byard, and Quentin Jackson. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Sunday, May 22, at 2:30. Tickets at the theatre only, after 1 on the day of the concert.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, May 19, at 2.... YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, May 20, at 8; Saturday, May 21, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 22, at 1 (doubleheader).... ¶ Yankees vs. California, Tuesday, May 24, at 8, and Wednesday, May 25, at 7.... ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, May 27, at 8, and Saturday, May 28, at 7.

BOXING—José Torres vs. Wayne Thornton, 15 rounds, for the World Light-Heavyweight Championship. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, May 21. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

DOG SHOW—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 21.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 21.)... ¶ Adjacent Hunts Racing Association. A benefit meeting. (Purchase. Saturday, May 28.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 21; the Juvenile, Wednesday, May 25; and the Acorn, Saturday, May 28.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; last day Monday, May 30.... PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 21.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At WATKINS GLEN: Sunday, May 22, at 1.... BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton: Sunday, May 22, at 3.

TRACK MEET—I.C.A.A.A.A. Outdoor Track Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday and Saturday, May 27-28, at 1.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, May 24.... ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15, from Wednesday, May 25, through Saturday, July 23. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 26.

FOR CHILDREN

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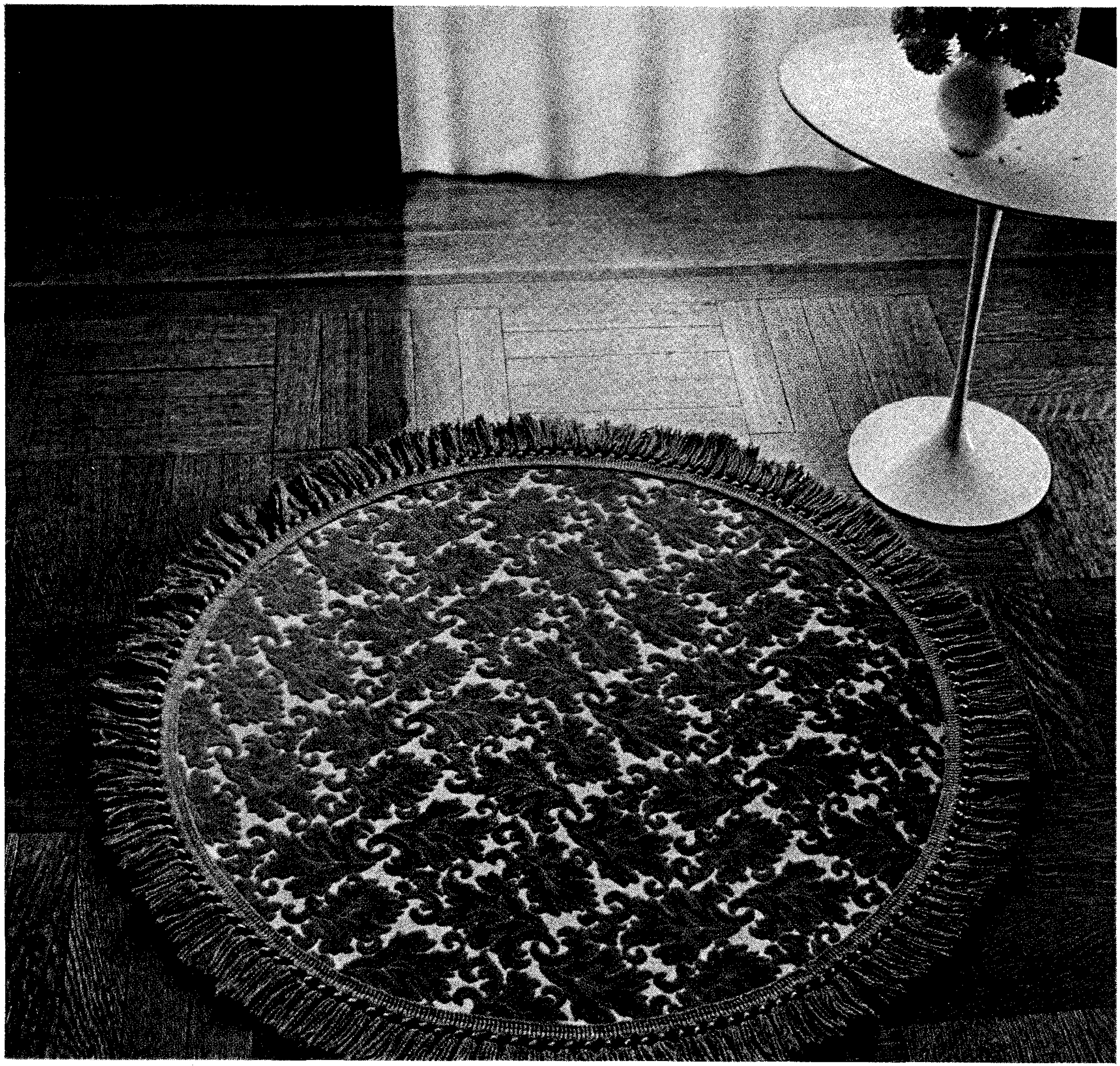

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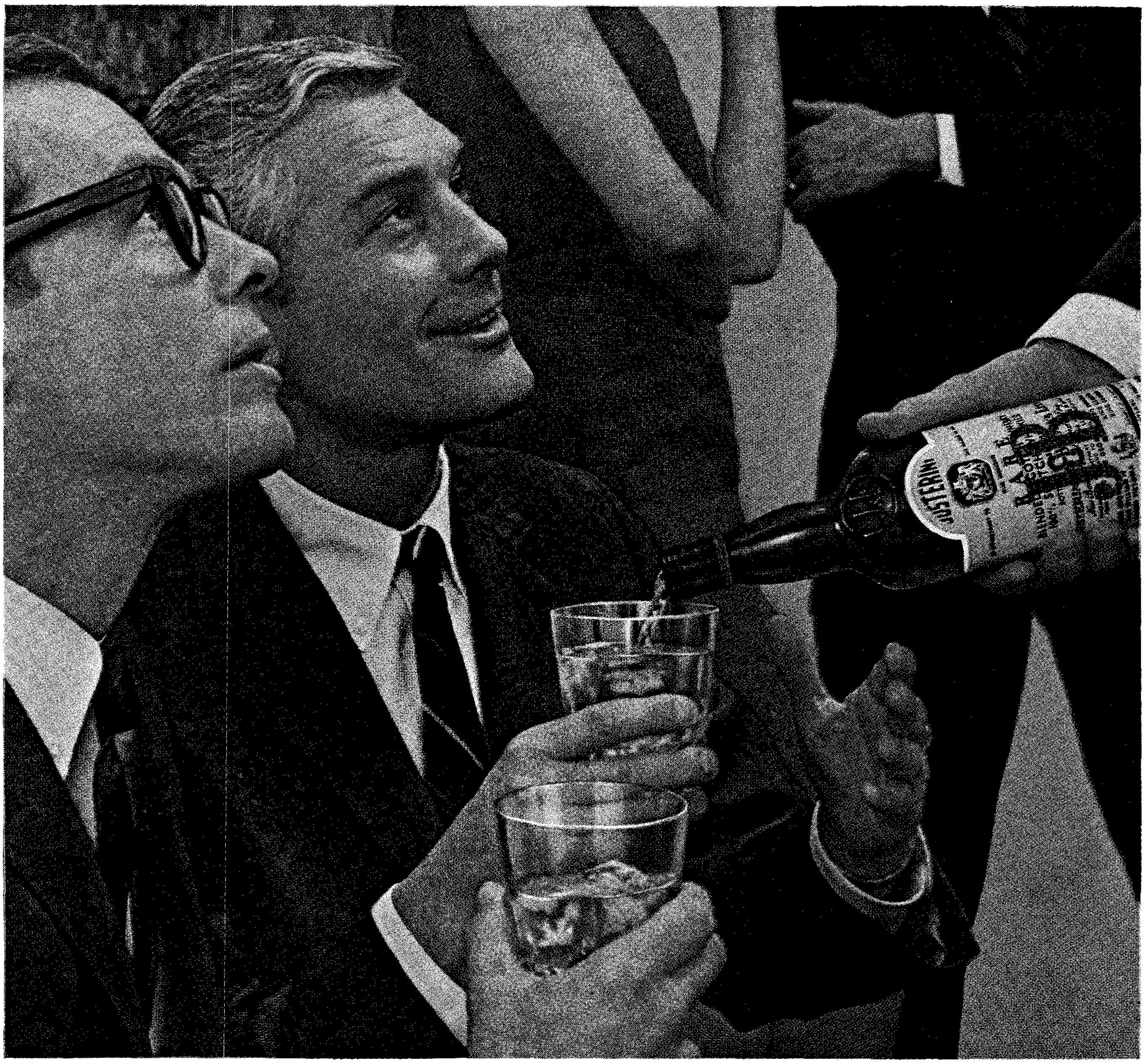

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atre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Ching Ling and the Magic Peach," Saturdays and Sundays at 1....¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Mother Goose Magic Show." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturday, May 21, at 2:15.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Domain of the Great Bear." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

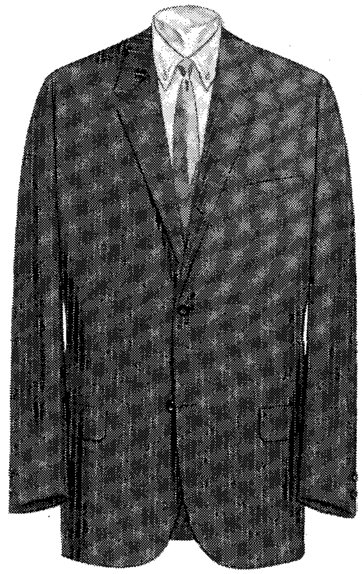
CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** Where the youngsters may visit a pond inhabited by ducks and geese; a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside); a storybook castle; and so on. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)...¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Among the new arrivals this year are a community of prairie dogs, a baby llama, and a fresh crop of bunnies, lambs, piglets, kittens, and the like, which can be petted as well as admired. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

ARMED FORCES DAY PARADE—Nine thousand representatives of the Armed Forces will march down Fifth Avenue, from 94th Street to 62nd Street, starting at 2 on Saturday, May 21....¶ The Navy will open to public inspection the cruiser Columbus at Pier 90, W. 50th St., on Friday, May 20, from 1 to 4; Saturday, May 21, from 10 to 4; and Sunday, May 22, from 1 to 4.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except May 28, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 19, at 11: Modern sculptures, from various collectors, including the late G. David Thompson....¶ Thursday, May 19, at 8: Paintings, drawings, and watercolors by such artists as Cézanne, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Klee; the property of Mr. and Mrs. John de Menil and others. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300.... ¶ Friday, May 20, at 1:45, and Saturday, May 21, at 10:30 and 1:45: English and American furniture; Canton, Derby, and other table porcelains and china; Tiffany and other American glass; spatterware; bird decoys; Early American and other pewter; paintings; and hooked and Oriental rugs. From the estate of Katherine J. Hanes and from other sources....¶ Tuesday, May 24, at 10:15 and 2:15, and Wednesday, May 25, at 10:15: Rare books, manuscripts, maps, art reference works, and Audubon plates; from several owners, including the American Academy of Arts and Letters....¶ Wednesday, May 25, at 10:30 and 1:45: Jades, porcelains, netsukes, and other Oriental art; from the collection of the late Dr. William H. Varney and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 21....¶ Thursday, May 26, at 1:45: Modern American and European paintings and drawings, from many collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 21.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

ROBERT
TAYLOR
2 BIG FEATUR

Dear John—A boldly written, boldly photographed account of a three-day love affair. With Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin, and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Doctor Zhivago—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Sharif milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, May 19, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Group—Mary McCarthy's celebrated novel about some members of the Vassar Class of '33 has been conscientiously brought to the screen, but it lacks Miss McCarthy's bite. In the big cast are Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Candice Bergen, James Broderick, James Congdon, Larry Hagman, and Hal Holbrook. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 25.)

Juliet of the Spirits—Another glorious plunge into the grab bag of Federico Fellini's fantasies, here thinly disguised as those of a suburban Roman housewife. With Giulietta Masina, Sandra Milo, and Mario Pisu. In Italian. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 24.)

John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums—A documentary, prepared by the U.S.I.A., of some highlights of the Kennedy administration, knitted together by many scenes of his funeral. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Lady L—Sophia Loren and Paul Newman, in a preposterous comedy distinguished by the fact that Peter Ustinov wrote the screenplay and directed it. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Meet Me in Moscow—An appealing comedy about some nice young people in Russia. Directed by Georgi Danelia. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Morgan!—A slam-bang comic attack on the status quo. A brilliant English movie, directed by Karel Reisz and starring Vanessa Redgrave, David Warner, and Robert Stephens. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Our Man Flint—An American version of James Bond's veddy British brand of international undercover work. Starring James Coburn, who is a funny fellow. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting May 25, tentative.)

Scorpio Rising—A fine specimen of a so-called "underground" movie, about a homocycle motorsexual cult in California. Edited and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through May 23.)

Ship of Fools—A great plum pudding of a picture, ably directed by Stanley Kramer and with an exceptionally good cast, including Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 24.)

The Shop on Main Street—A comedy as sad as it is funny, made in Czechoslovakia and starring two extraordinarily fine actors—Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—A mystery of notable ingenuity, resolved against high odds by Yves Montand. With Simone Signoret, and directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

A Thousand Clowns—Herb Gardner's Broadway hit, much improved by being shot all over Manhattan. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through May 24. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting May 25.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. After nearly thirty years, the pictures have a terrible and touching immediacy. With an English narration. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Where the Spies Are—A cheerful, frantic thriller, distinguished by David Niven's well-bred perplexity and resourcefulness in the midst of innumerable low-bred scoundrels. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting May 25, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through May 23.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A Western, which makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 24.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting May 24.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in an interpretation of the Dostoevski novel. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting May 24.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through May 21.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; May 19.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; May 19.)

Mata Hari (1932)—Greta Garbo as the spy. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role in this account of a corner of hell in Harlem. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through May 24.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through May 21.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 24.)

Quartet (1949)—The first film collection of Somerset Maugham short stories. With Mai Zetterling, Françoise Rosay, and Cecil Parker. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 25.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through May 23.)

The Ten Commandments (1956)—Cecil B. deMille's account of the life and times of Moses. Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, and Cedric Hardwicke. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting May 24.)

Trio (1950)—More Maugham short stories. With Jean Simmons and James Hayter. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 25.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through May 24.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—May 19 at 2, 5:30, and 8, and May 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Lola" (1962), in French, with Anouk Aimée and Marc Michel. . . . ¶ May 21 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Ask Me Don't Tell Me" (1961), and two other short films. . . . ¶ May 22-23 at 2 and 5:30: "The Fall of the Romanov Dynasty" (1927), a Russian film, with French titles. . . . ¶ May 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Zvenigora" (1927), a Russian film, with French titles. . . . ¶ May 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Aná-ta-han" (1954), in Japanese, with an English narration. . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Fourteen musical sequences from Busby Berkeley films. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **Note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				19	20	21
22	23	24	25			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240) Through May 24: "A Man Could Get Killed," James Garner, Melina Mercouri. From May 25: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060) **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.**

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796) **MY FAIR LADY.**

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431) "Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320) "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100) "Arabesque," Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408) "A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633) "The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070) **LADY L.**

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540) Through May 23: "The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills. From May 24: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS**, revival.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711) "Cinerama's Russian Adventure," narrated by Bing Crosby. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014) Through May 24: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier. From May 25: "She Done Him Wrong" and "I'm No Angel" (both revivals, with Mae West and Cary Grant).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363) **MATA HARI**, revival; and "Red Dust," revival, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660) Through May 24: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian). From May 25: **THE GROUP**; and "Ten Little Indians," Hugh O'Brian, Shirley Eaton.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668) Through May 24: "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall. From May 25 (tentative): "Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652) Through May 24: "The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. From May 25: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255) **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET**, a Czechoslovakian film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411) **MORGAN!**

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262) Through May 24: "A Man Could Get Killed," James Garner, Melina Mercouri. From May 25: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577) "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030) Through May 22: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals). From May 23: "Le Bonheur" (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320) Through May 23: **RICHARD III**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn. From May 24: **THE TEN COMMANDMENTS**, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663) "A Young World" (in French).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664) **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022) **JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.**

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774) "Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717) Through May 24: **THE PAWNBROKER**, revival; and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival. From May 25: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "Viva Maria," Brigitte Bardot, Jeanne Moreau.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622) **LADY L.**

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302) Through May 24: "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens; and "Only One New York," revival, a documentary film. From May 25: To be announced.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313) **DEAR JOHN** (in Swedish).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304) Through May 24: "The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills; and "Bye Bye Birdie," revival, Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke. From May 25 (tentative): **OUR MAN FLINT**; and **WHERE THE SPIES ARE.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180) **THE GROUP.**

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900) Through May 24: "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall; and "Swingers' Paradise," Cliff Richard, Walter Slezak. From May 25: "Battle of the Bulge," Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607) Through May 24: "That Man in Istanbul," Horst Buchholz; and "Weekend at Dunkirk," Jean-Paul Belmondo, Catherine Spaak. From May 25: "The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210) Through May 23: **SCORPIO RISING**; and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival. From May 24: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** and **THE IDIOT** (both in French and both revivals).

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700) Through May 21: **KEY LARGO**, revival; and **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**, revival. May 22-24: "Living It Up" and "The Caddy" (both revivals, with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis). From May 25: "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood; and "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037) Through May 24: "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall. From May 25: "The Silencers," Dean Martin; and "Bambole!" (in Italian), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Elke Sommer.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874) May 19: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** and **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (both in French and both revivals). May 20-24: To be announced. From May 25: **TRIO**, revival; and **QUARTET**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339) **TO DIE IN MADRID.**

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166) Through May 24: "The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills; and "Mystery of Thug Island," Guy Madison. From May 25: **THE GROUP.**

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350) Through May 24: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **CAT BALLOU**, revival. From May 25: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050) "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590) "Lover's Rock" (with Mandarin dialogue); and "The Female Prince" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323) "Clouds Over Israel" (in Hebrew).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) "Sands of Beersheba," Diane Baker.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123) "The Girl-Getters," Oliver Reed.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131) **MEET ME IN MOSCOW** (in Russian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333) **JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.**

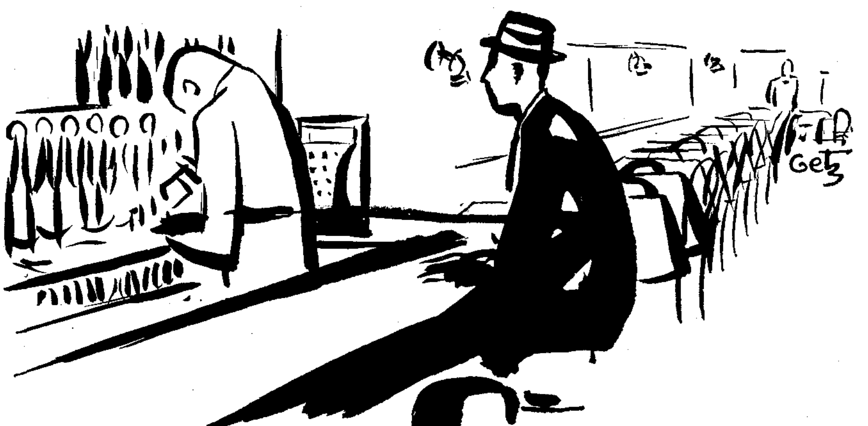
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013) "Up to His Ears" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ursula Andress.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189) "Les Bonnes Femmes" (in French); and "The Music Room" (in Bengali), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600) Through May 24: "The Silencers," Dean Martin; and "The Bedford Incident," Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier. From May 25: **THE GROUP**; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370) May 19: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (both in French and both revivals). May 20-23: "Beauties of the Night" (in French), revival, Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida; and "Beauty and the Devil" (in French), revival, Michel Simon. From May 24: **PORT OF SHADOWS** and "The Devil's Envoys" (both in French and both revivals).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200) Through May 24: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "Ten Little Indians," Hugh O'Brian, Shirley Eaton. From May 25: To be announced.



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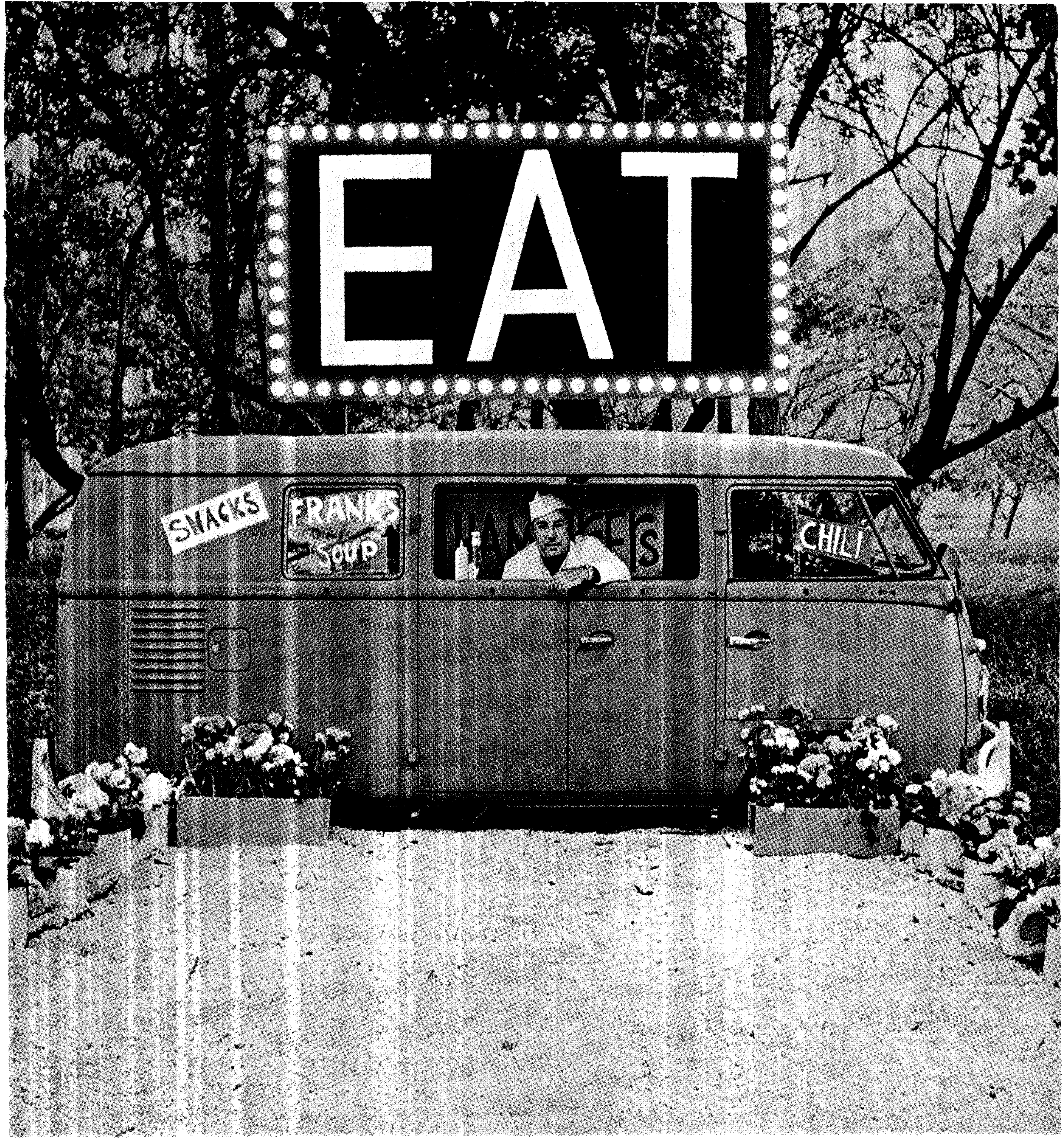

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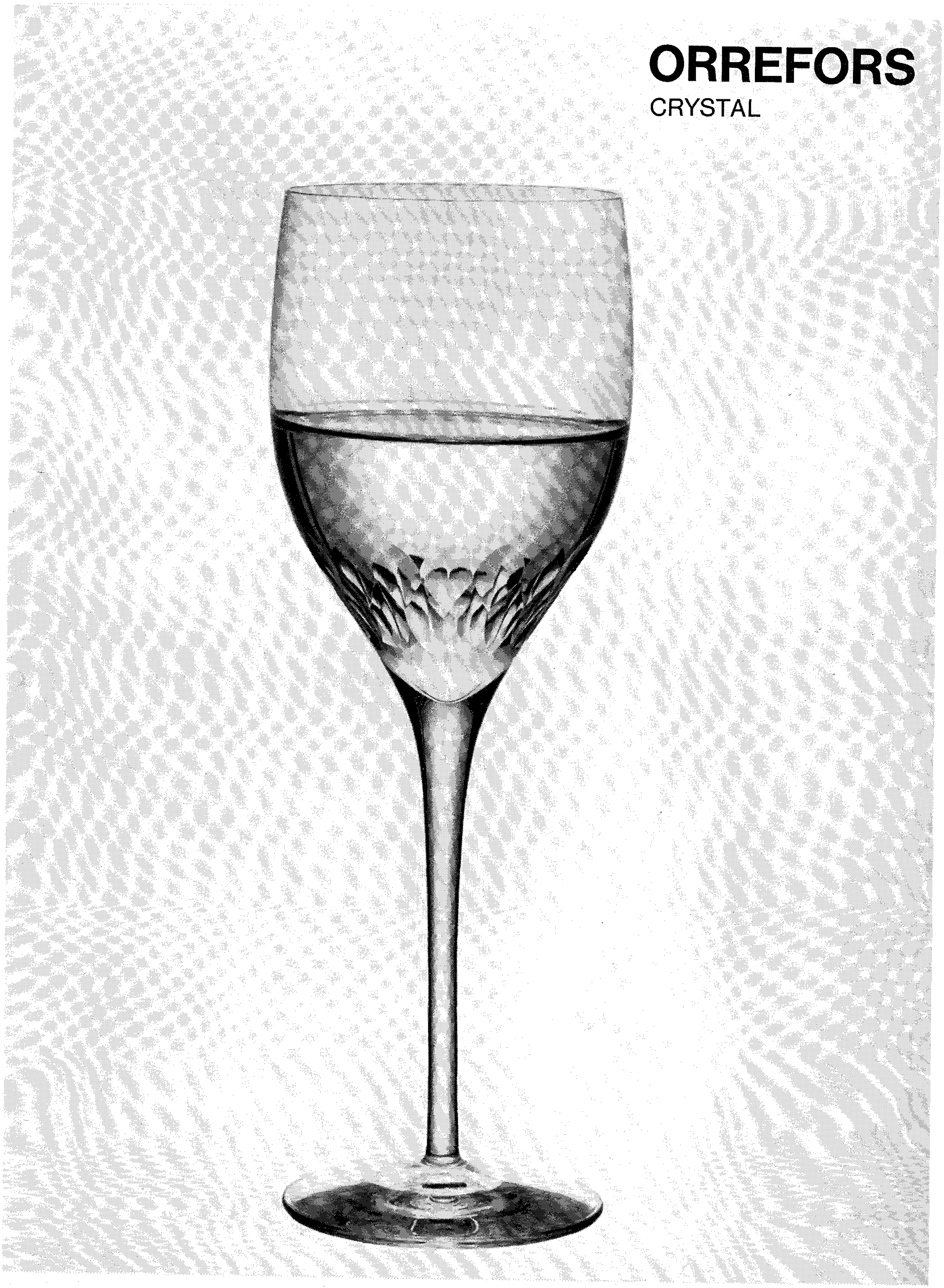

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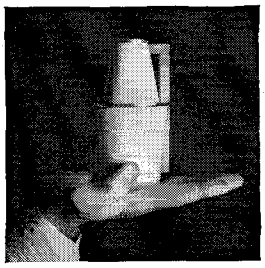

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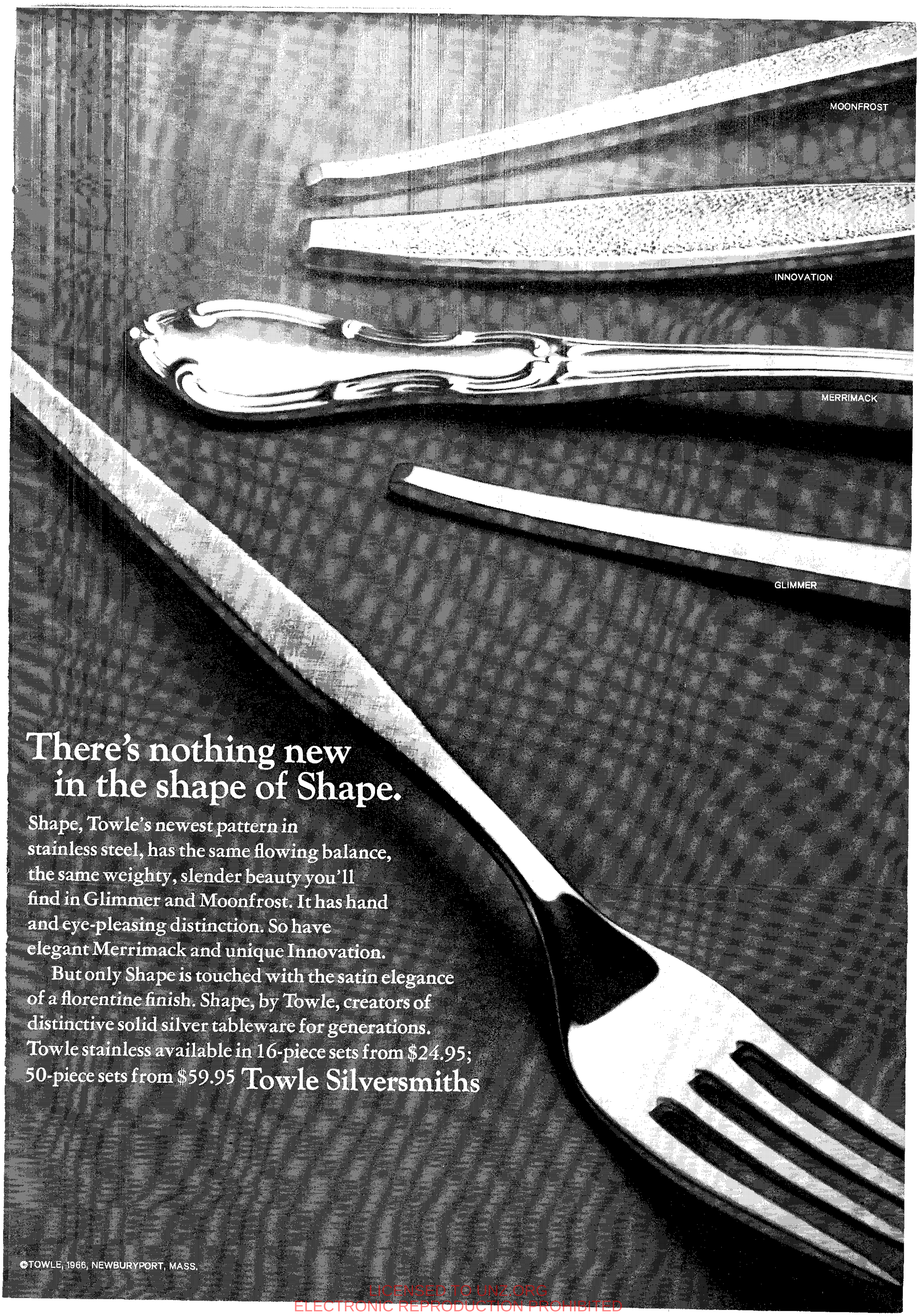

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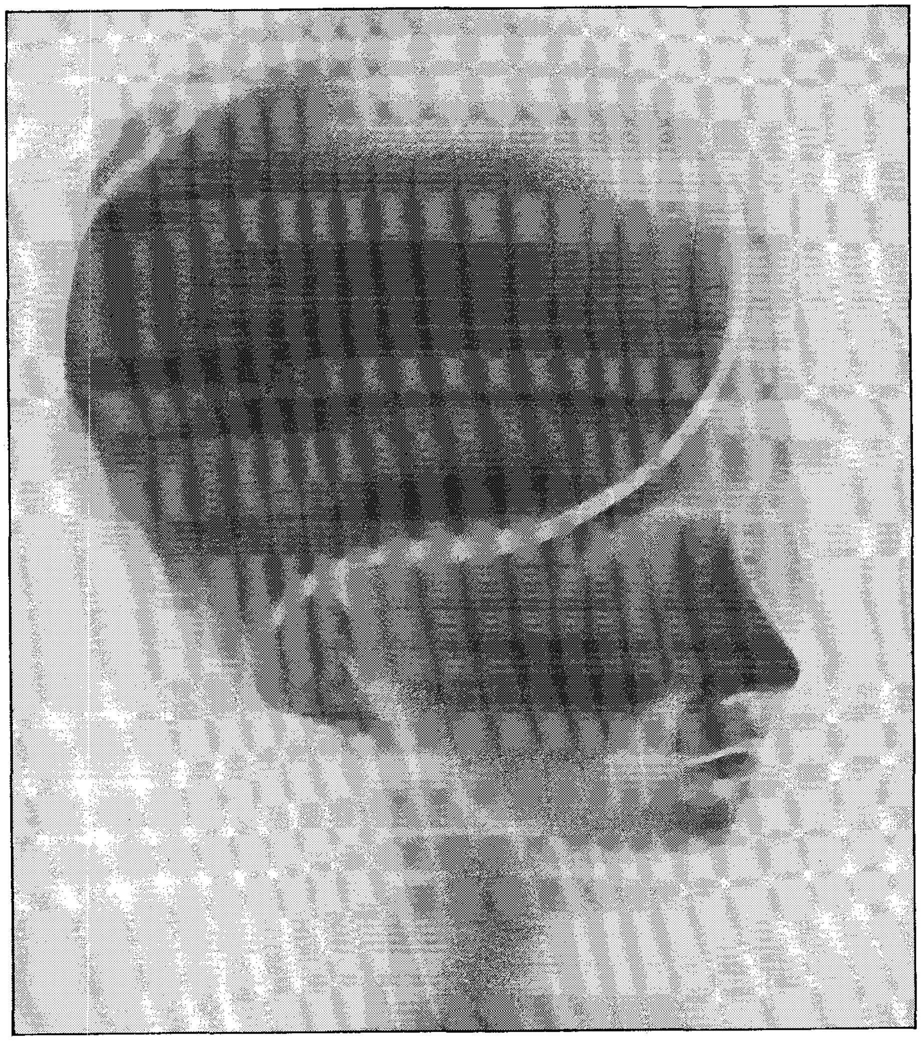

Let's create a beauty. Start with a face, your face. It isn't beautiful, you say? We say be patient. Wait for the final results.

Take the Lilly Daché Modeling Kit and sculpt away heaviness, shade in contours. Now your eyes. Lilly Daché Eyes Fantasque will open your eyes to a new world of colorful bewitchery.

Your mouth. (Your soon-to-be heavenly mouth!) Set it aglow with Lilly Daché Lips Fantasque. Dreamy, creamy colors to mix and match and marvel at.

Now look. Who cares about the beauty you were born with? It's the face you show today that matters!

P.S. If applying all that makeup sounds complicated go see the Lilly Daché expert at your favorite cosmetic counter. She'll show you how easy it is.

Or visit your Lilly Daché Salon if you are lucky enough to have one near you.

Lilly Daché cosmetics are yours in stunning ivory-carved, palette-kit cases. Who said you can't tell a look by its cover?

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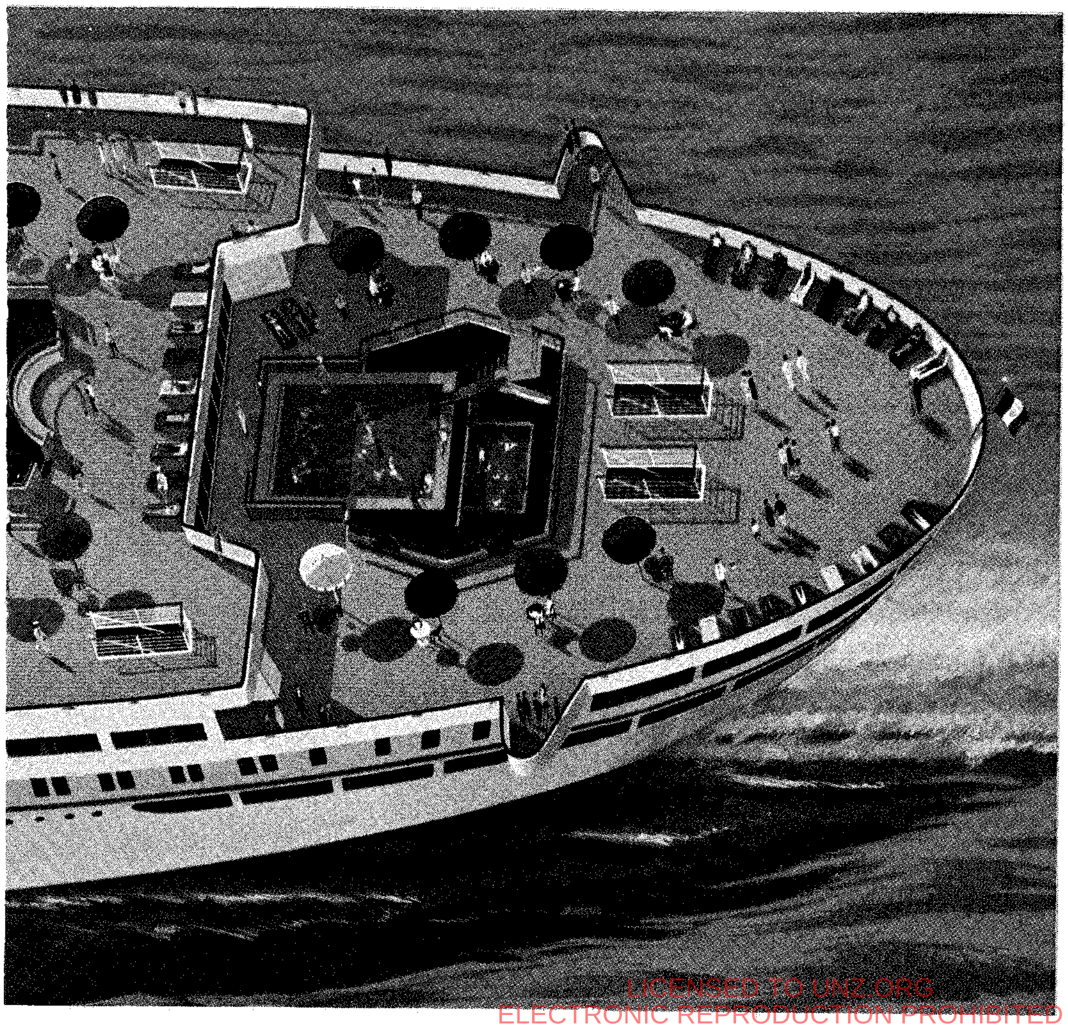
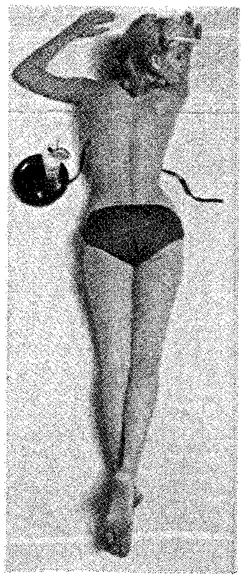
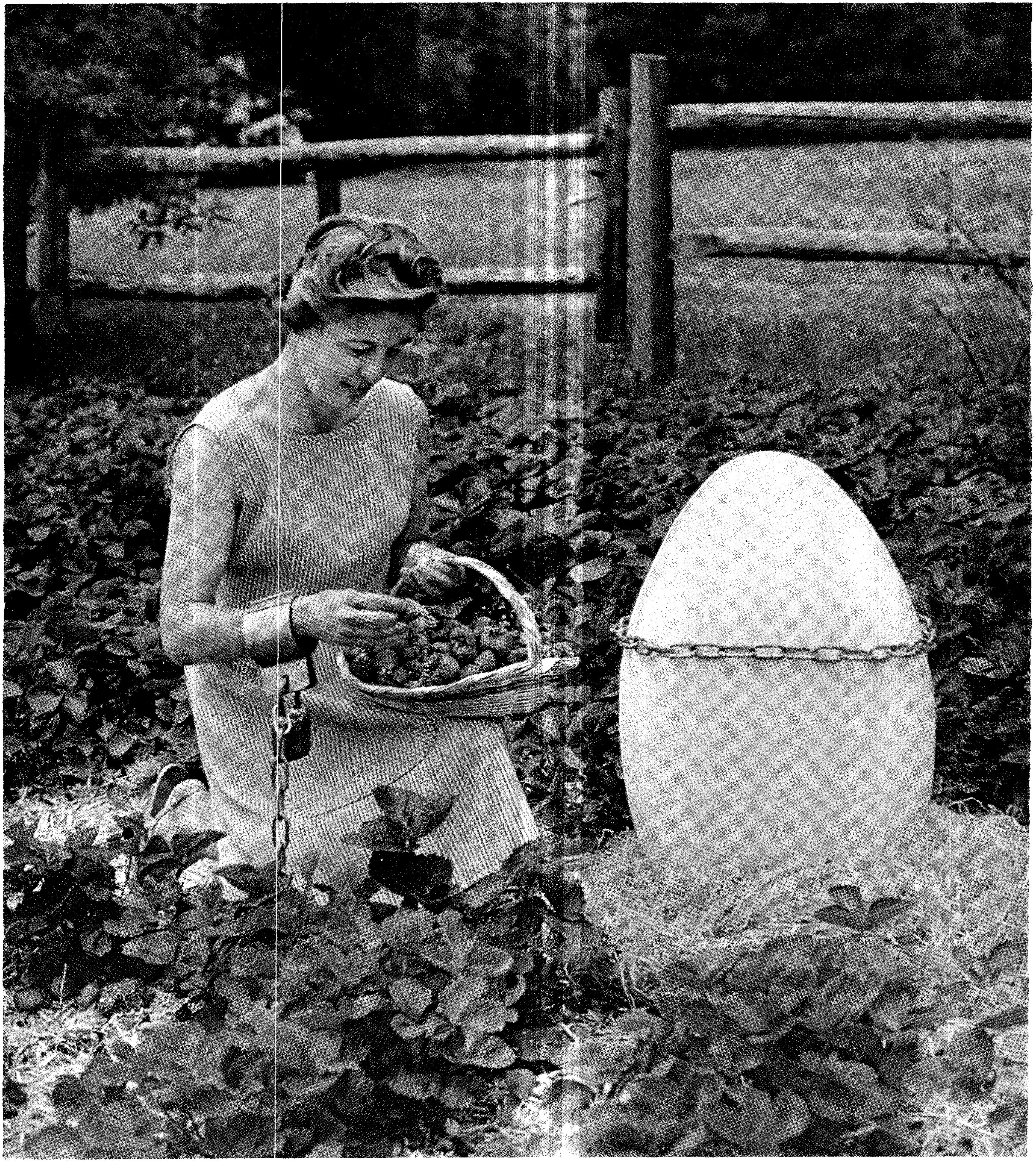
If you suddenly feel 10 years younger --that's the whole idea on Italian Line! We take the Sunny Southern Route to Europe; 7 out of 9 days are sunny. Go ahead—be a kid again! Play deck games with the other kids. Enjoy an invigorating swim in our outdoor pools. Bask on our beach-size sundecks. Dance the night away, as you used to do. (If you sleep late, your smiling Italian room-steward will bring you a gourmet breakfast on a tray.) You'll find new friends, with new conversations, new ideas, new interests, to give you a fresh outlook. Sail on the new twin superliners MICHELANGELO or RAFFAELLO, the luxurious LEONARDO DA VINCI or CRISTOFORO COLOMBO: the Gala Resort Fleet. World's newest fleet ...biggest and fastest to the Mediterranean. Come aboard; you'll enjoy Europe so much more when you're 10 years younger! Contact your travel agent or Italian Line, One Whitehall Street, New York, N.Y. 10004; or 696 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019. Telephone: (212) 797-7000.

EXPRESS CROSSINGS and CRUISE-LIKE VOYAGES *to the Mediterranean weekly from New York, monthly from Boston.* CRUISES: LEONARDO DA VINCI: 36-day Mediterranean-Near East Gala Cruise leaves Sept. 16 for 17 ports. Also Mediterranean Summer Festival Cruise (20 days, 7 ports), leaves July 2. MICHELANGELO: 20-day Mediterranean Summer Festival Cruise leaves Aug. 30, 8 ports. RAFFAELLO: 20-day Christmas-New Year Cruise leaves Dec. 23, 8 Mediterranean ports. Country of registry: Italy.







Harvesting Jersey Belles — photo by Mark Shaw

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When he gets in a motel or hotel room, he checks it out like nobody else would.

He bounces on the bed, runs the hot water, flushes the toilet.

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He notices everything. Cleanliness. The grades of meat and butter used. Whether fish and vegetables are stored separately. How food is prepared. All the things that make the difference between a good kitchen and a poor one.

When he finishes his inspection, he puts it all down in a detailed report to our central office. His findings are compared with previous inspections and comments from Mobil Travel Guide users (we get about 7,500 every year). And after all these factors are carefully gone over, we give a place a final rating.

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You get an interstate highway map, a mileage map (that gives you distances between places), and city street maps.

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The Mobil Travel Guide covers the entire U.S. (except Alaska and Hawaii) in 7 regional editions, at $1.95* each. There are about 500 pages in each edition.

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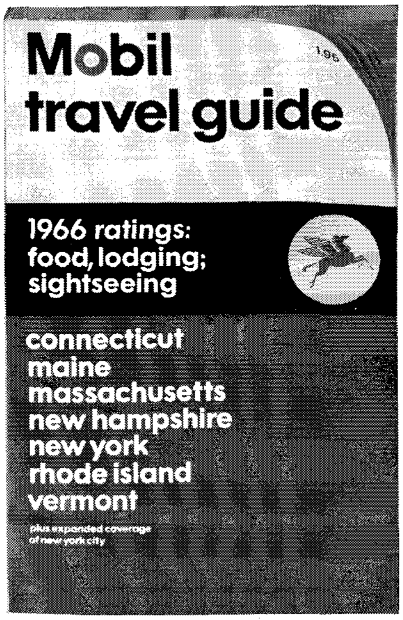
Every year, more and more people travel with the Mobil Travel Guide.

In fact, last year more people bought it than any other U.S. guide.

We checked up on that, too.



*Suggested retail price

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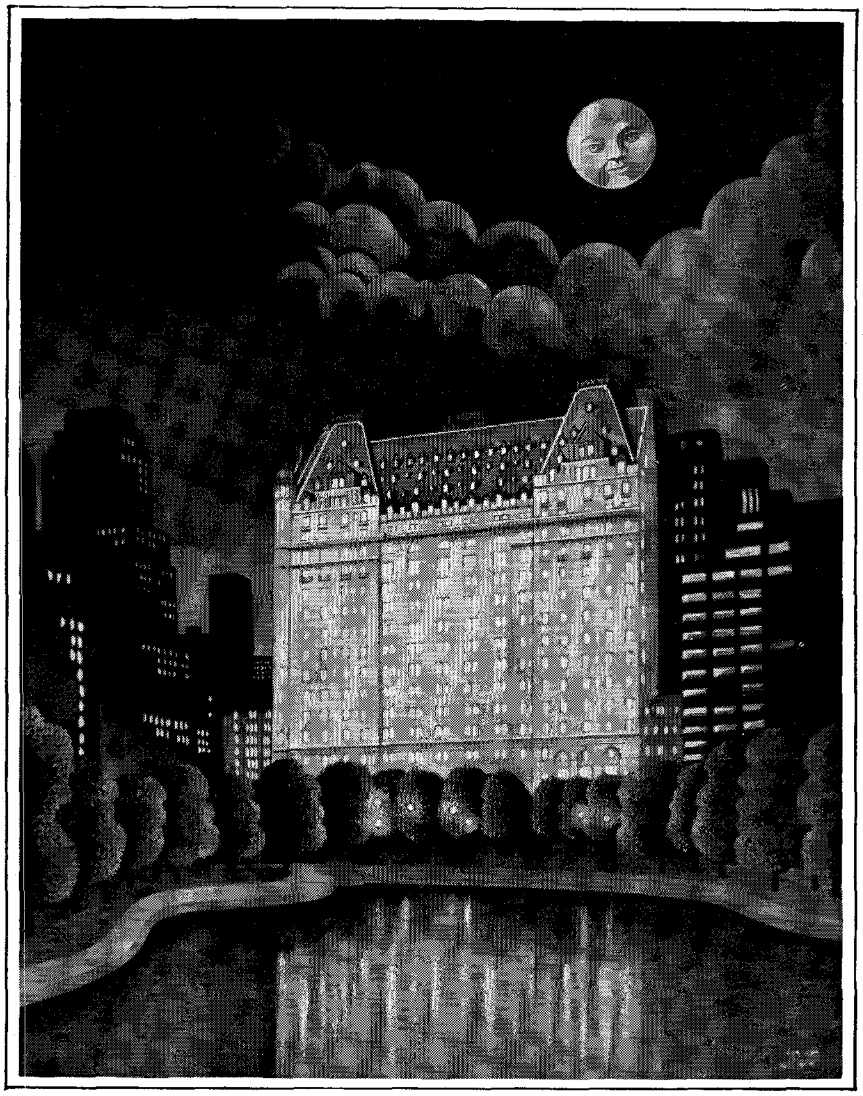
How to Make Love to a City



Find a city that's lonely.
Build a great house there.
Invite people in.
Treat them kindly.
Love will occur.

The Plaza is a great house containing enough guest rooms and suites for businessmen and honeymooners and traveling shahs and college men and movie folk and suburbanites and debutantes and diplomats and anybody. It also contains special rooms for singing, dancing, dining, wining, socializing and reclining. The way people carry on about it you'd think it's the only place like it in town. It is. The Plaza is found on Fifth Avenue at 59th Street where love intersects with New York City. Love conquers all.

THE PLAZA
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Ford's Cortina: our lowest priced total performance car.

It won't cost you much. It gives you up to 30 miles to the gallon. It's built to last. (lubed-for-life fittings, for example). It's dependable (disc brakes, for one reason). And it's fun to drive.

What more do you want for as little as $1,765.49?

(We're one car manufacturer who counts the pennies. Because they're your pennies. Maybe that's a reason why "Car & Driver" readers have voted Cortina the best car in its class two years in a row.)

Cortina springs from a family of cars that has proved itself in more than 300 races and rallies.

The 1,300-mile Canadian Winter Rally (Brr!).

The East African Safari (Whew!).

Even the daily race for the 8:15 at Scarsdale (rugged competition).

Besides that, it looks good and makes sense.

Cortina holds five people without feeling like the beach on July 4. It has wall-to-wall carpeting to keep feet warm. Foam-padded seats (bucket seats in front) to keep people sitting pretty. And a safety-padded instrument panel and sun visors.

Also, a ventilation system that can change the air in the car every 40 seconds. A nearly kid-proof washable vinyl interior. And a 20-cubic-foot capacity trunk, because everyone in your family, except you, packs too much.

All this costs very little. For quite a bit of car. Cortina costs $1,765.49* for the two-door sedan; $1,884.93* for the four-door sedan; $2,102.10* for the four-door station wagon; $2,121.58* for the GT model; and the Cortina modified by Lotus, $3,419.70*, which isn't much for a bomb.

Look up your closest Cortina dealer. There are more and more of them around. Take a test drive!

Ford

*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices, at East Coast P.O.E. Destination charges from P.O.E., other optional equipment and state and local taxes and fees if any, are extra. Car shown is the Cortina GT. Whitewall tires shown $24.21. Overseas delivery available at substantial savings.

CASALS TENTH

A time for rejoicing in Puerto Rico

WHEN Pablo Casals steps up to the podium on June 1st, he will be conducting more than just the opening concert of just another music festival.

The Festival Casals is celebrating its tenth birthday in San Juan. Once again Don Pablo will conduct and play.

His friends will come from all over the globe to take part in his Festival: Artur Rubinstein, Igor Oistrakh, Leopold Simoneau, Justino Diaz, Mieczyslaw Horszowski, Alexander Schneider, Eugene Ormandy, and others.

But there will be another reason to celebrate in this sunny Commonwealth.

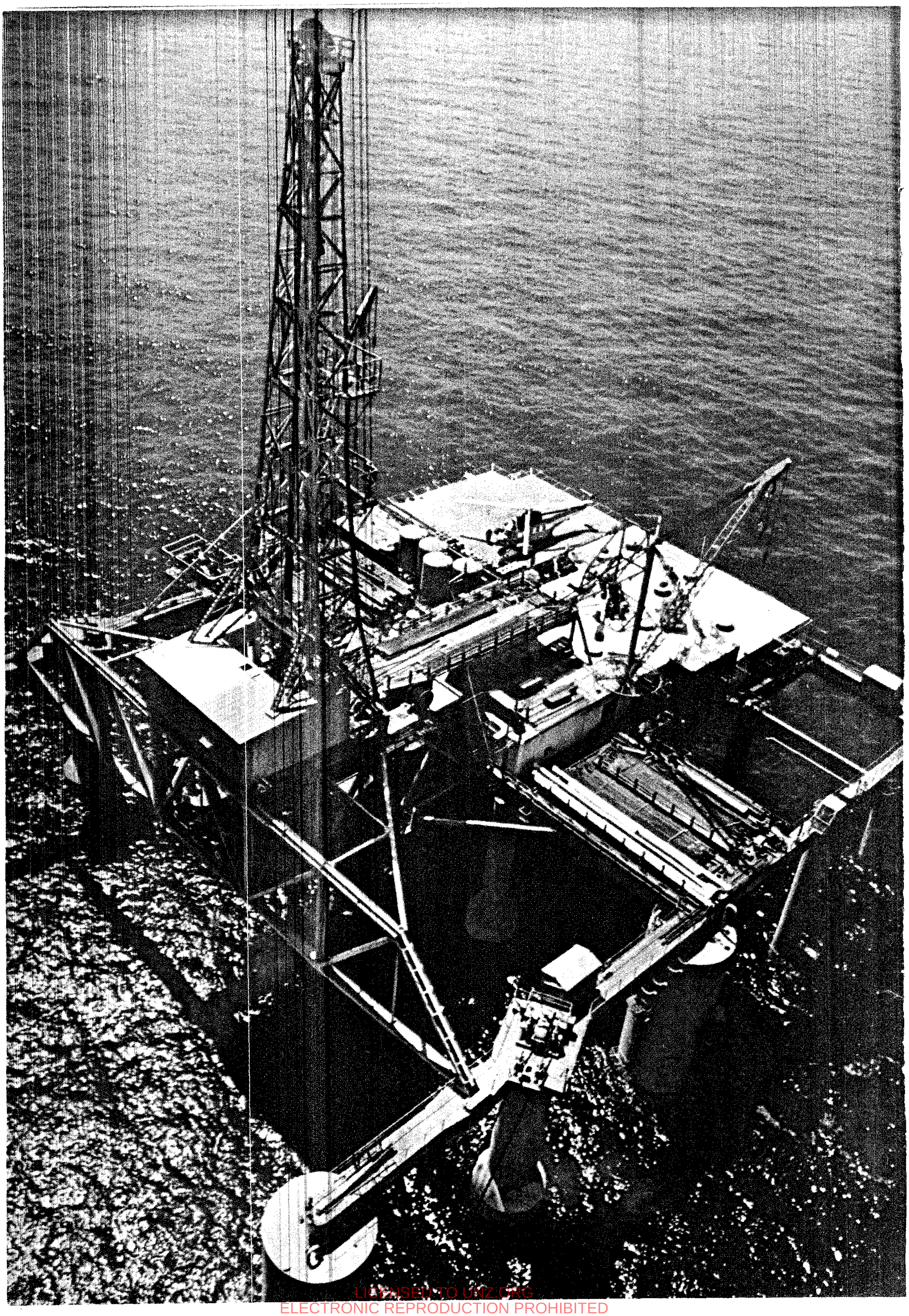
Over the past ten years, Pablo Casals and his Festival have sparked off a cultural *renaissance*. Next month's Festival Casals is one of its highlights. Another month it may be classical theatre in an old Spanish fortress. Or an art gallery opening in Old San Juan. Or ballet, or opera, or a festival of international drama.

High in a mountain village of Puerto Rico a symphony orchestra may be playing Mozart in a shady town plaza. Or a troupe of actors playing Molière, Cervantes or Shakespeare.

Come to Puerto Rico and share the island's enthusiasm for music and painting, dance and drama. You will appreciate why Pablo Casals came to live here.

And why he says "each day in Puerto Rico I am reborn."

Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019



One slip and it's goodbye to four miles of pipe, 6 months' work and $1,000,000.

But don't worry.

The great engineers of Borg-Warner's Byron Jackson oil tool subsidiary make more than 100 special tools to help oilmen drill wells without slip-ups. Everything from hooks that can support one million pounds to ultra-sensitive "prospecting" instruments that track down buried oil. How reliable are Byron Jackson® tools? There's hardly an oil well drilled in the Western world that doesn't use some of them.

LET'S SAY you're drilling an oil well. You put a sharp bit on the end of a 30-foot section of pipe and start boring it into the ground. The deeper you bore, the more pipe you add. And every so often you have to pull the whole kit-and-caboodle up to change bits. Down and down you go. Adding section after section—ton upon ton of drill pipe. You could wind up with five *miles* of rotating pipe suspended from your rig at the surface. An equipment failure here and you lose your shirt.

Designing and building equipment that will let an oilman sleep nights is the specialty of the great engineers at Borg-Warner's Byron Jackson oil tool subsidiary.

With an informality characteristic of the oil business, they call themselves by their initials, "BJ." You can spot BJ® tools in California, in the Gulf of Mexico, in Saudi Arabia, in Australia, in South America. BJ has made three-quarters of all the pipe-handling oil tools used around the world. Like power wrenches for speeding up drilling. Vises for holding drill pipe in powerful slip-proof grips. Hooks for suspending drill pipe with a capacity of more than 500 tons, or enough to lift more than 250 automobiles.

No job is too tough for BJ equipment. Take the new offshore drilling rigs in the North Sea. These rigs must withstand the pounding of 40-foot waves. Sometimes the brutal weather makes it impossible to change men or equipment for almost a month at a stretch. Everything about these offshore platforms must be as rugged as nature itself. Virtually all of them use BJ equipment.

BJ tools are helping get the job done in other fields, too. Project Mohole, man's probe of the "inner space" beneath the earth's crust, uses BJ equipment. The Atomic Energy Commission is using BJ tools in its experiments with the underground nuclear explosions that may someday blast a new shipping canal across Central America. It's practically impossible to drill a deep hole without using some BJ equipment.

Which explains why, when you ask an oilman who the big name in oil tools is, his initial response is usually, "BJ."

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◀ Located 70 miles off the Louisiana coast, this deep well drilling rig is typical of the installations served by Borg-Warner's BJ oil tool subsidiary.

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to make your bath pure luxury . . .
your body a scented column of silken smoothness
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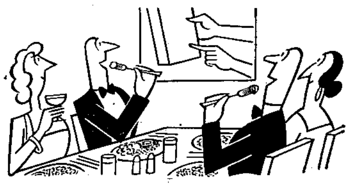
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

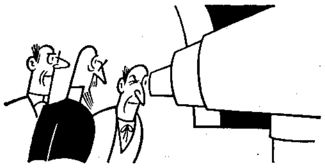
WE recently attended two events that may or may not be of interest to President Johnson, Henry Fowler, and William McChesney Martin for their relevance to the stability of the national economy. On the first occasion, more than a thousand people in the business of thinking up and producing television commercials dressed up in their best black ties and ostrich-feather pajamas to go to the New York Hilton, where they celebrated the Seventh Annual American Television Commercials Festival by watching seventy award-winning commercials while eating a good dinner. After dinner, there was dancing. A few days later, about eighty people—a mixture of food editors and representatives of Standard Brands and J. Walter Thompson, all dressed with equal splendor, if more conservatively—gathered under crystal chandeliers in the Ballroom Suite of the Regency, where they performed similar rites on behalf of a new instant pistachio pudding and two new pie fillings that require no baking.



"A FOOLISH consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds," Emerson wrote, which only shows what a consummate radical he was. Just the other day, the United Republicans of California, a militant right-wing group originally formed to help elect Barry Goldwater in 1964, held a convention in Bakersfield and adopted a number of resolutions that demonstrated an altogether admirable consistency. The United Republicans are now on record as opposing American financial support for the United Nations, Supreme Court jurisdiction over reapportionment, all measures to introduce new forms of metropolitan or regional government, all federal urban-renewal projects, and the so-called new math. The last item interests us particularly, because it shows the kind of willingness to go down the line for principle that one so rarely finds in modern life. We look forward eagerly to next year's convention, when, we hope, the United Republicans of California will join battle against such perniciously creeping influences as Anton Dvořák's "New World" Symphony, Christian Dior's New Look of 1947, and all *nouvelle-vague* movies, not to mention such longer-standing threats to continental security as New York, New Haven, New Jersey, all of New England (with special emphasis on New Hampshire), New Mexico, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty.

Quasars

THE problem that the scientist encounters in communicating with the layman is never more manifest to us than at the annual lecture of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, which takes place one evening in May on the Institution's premises, and which we attended this spring, as we have in past springs, at the kind invitation of Dr. Caryl P. Haskins, the Institution's president. The speaker this year was Dr. Allan R. Sandage, a thirty-nine-year-old staff member of the Institution's Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories, in California, and his subject, "Radio Galaxies, Quasars, and Cosmology," required one to know, *ab initio*, that radio galaxies are aggregates of stars like our own Milky Way (known as *the* galaxy) but with the additional property that the gas in them produces natural radio noise, and that quasars *may* be galaxies that *may* be in the process of getting born or evolving. These fall into two categories—"radio quasars," which are sources of radio energy, and "quiet quasars," which possibly are not. Quiet quasars, which are now being observed telescopically in a condition of explosion that prevailed eight or ten billion years ago, are far brighter than normal, or grown-up, galaxies. They were first discovered in June, 1965, by Dr. Sandage, who spends thirty nights a year in the observer's cage of the two-hundred-inch Hale telescope, on Mount Palomar—the most powerful such instrument in the world. (Carnegie and Cal Tech scientists operate it jointly.) At the time of their apprehension, these antiquated novelties were described by Mr. Walter Sullivan, the science editor of the *Times*, as "enormous objects of unmatched brilliance that populate the entire universe . . . so numerous that they should enable astronomers to determine the nature of the universe." In 1960, radio quasars were discovered by Dr. Sandage and Dr. Tom Matthews, a radio astronomer, and in 1963 Dr. Maarten Schmidt discovered the nature of quasars by revealing the great distances between us and them. All this work was done in California. Quasars were introduced by Dr. S., in his talk—which was illustrated by fiery slides thereof, some in color and some in black-and-white—as "large-scale distribution of matter in the universe which should tell us when it all began, perhaps how it all began, certainly not *why* it all began."



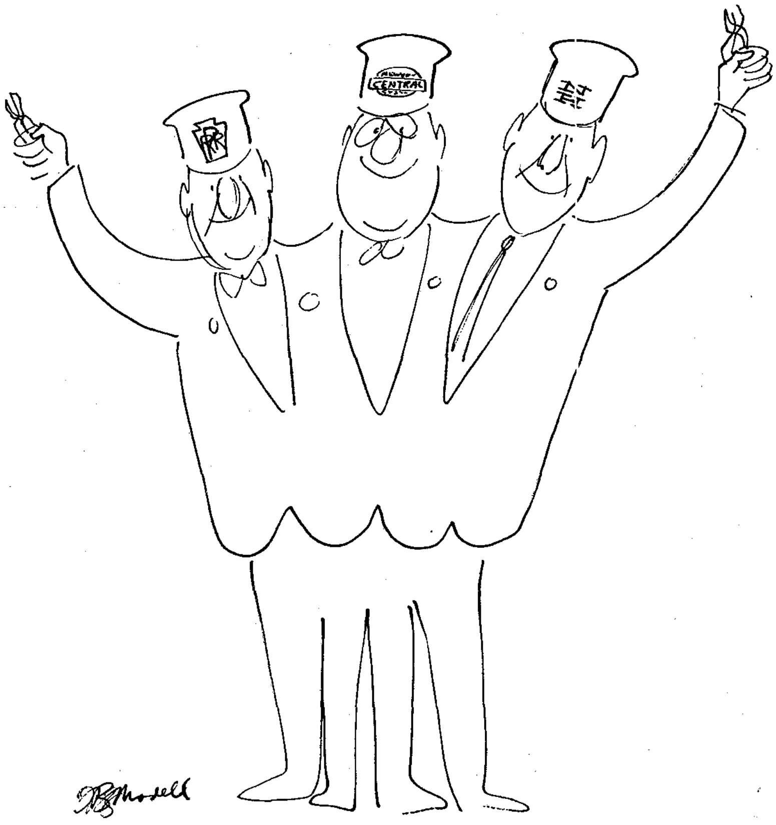
We had done some quasar homework in the Carnegie's latest yearbook, in which Dr. Haskins has written:

> Vast new reaches of the universe have become observable in the dramatic findings of Allan Sandage. . . . Much progress toward the optical identification of radio sources was also made by . . .

Sandage. . . . An analysis by Sandage of the new data [on exploding galaxies] suggested that we may be on the verge of conclusive evidence about the validity of important hypotheses concerning the dynamic structure of the universe. The two most important hypotheses are the "steady state," in which it is postulated that the universe is continuously regenerating itself, and the "big bang" hypothesis, which traces all cosmological attributes to a single primeval explosion.

From Dr. Sandage's speech and from some collateral reading we presently undertook, we gathered that the big-bang theory is ahead—that the universe, far from indefinitely regenerating itself, appears to be slowing down, and that expansion may come to a halt in seventy billion years or so, after which contraction will begin. "A bold interpretation of the present material would suggest that an oscillating form of the big-bang model fits the data best of all," Dr. Sandage wrote in a printed memorandum that was supplied to his audience, but it is only fair to say that he concluded his talk by remarking, "The nature of quasi-stellars [quasars] is still in doubt. . . . We are in a somewhat speculative field, but at least we have some numbers. I think we have a clue to creation. We're stymied right now. The crying need is for large ground-based astronomical telescopes in the Southern Hemisphere."

Dr. Sandage's message was followed by a reception at which, as though nothing were the matter, we partook of a collation in a company that included Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Morgan, Mr. Crawford H. Greenewalt, General Omar N. Bradley, and Dr. Leonard Carmichael, a retired Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. We cornered the speaker briefly, and learned that there are no telescopes in the Southern Hemisphere larger than seventy-four inches. "The expanding universe does not work quite the same in 'local' space in the north as in the south," Dr. Sandage said. "The only way to get the distance scale is to get the southern galaxies. We need telescopes in the region below the equator. It's purely a question of money. It costs fourteen million dollars to build a two-hundred-inch telescope." We also learned that Dr. S. had just come back from Italy, where he received the Pope Pius XI Gold Medal from the present Pope, and that this, the sixth such award, was the first to be given to an astronomer. "I got a letter in March, written in French, from the Chancellor of the Pontifical Academy of Sciences, inviting my wife and me to come to Rome," he said. "We have two small boys, three and six. We found a baby-sitter and flew over. I gave a white-tie lecture—pretty much what I said tonight—before the Academy, which was founded in 1936 by Pius XI and has about seventy members, half of them non-Catholics. I had an audience with the Pope at which he bestowed the medal, in English, and made me feel very much at home. My oldest boy wants to be an astronomer. 'I won't have to go to bed at night,' he says, 'and I won't have to get up in the morning.' My wife *is* an astronomer; she was a student of mine when I was lecturing at Harvard in 1957. *She* knows what I'm talking about, of course, but in general I think it's impossible to convey the excitement and beauty of science to anyone who hasn't passed through the *experience* of science. It's a mystical experience."



Second-Best

ON a recent Saturday morning, some out-of-town acquaintances of ours approached the box-office window of one of the season's few theatrical hits and had the following dialogue with the ticket seller on duty:

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE: Do you have two tickets for today's matinée?

TICKET SELLER: Not for today. Sorry.

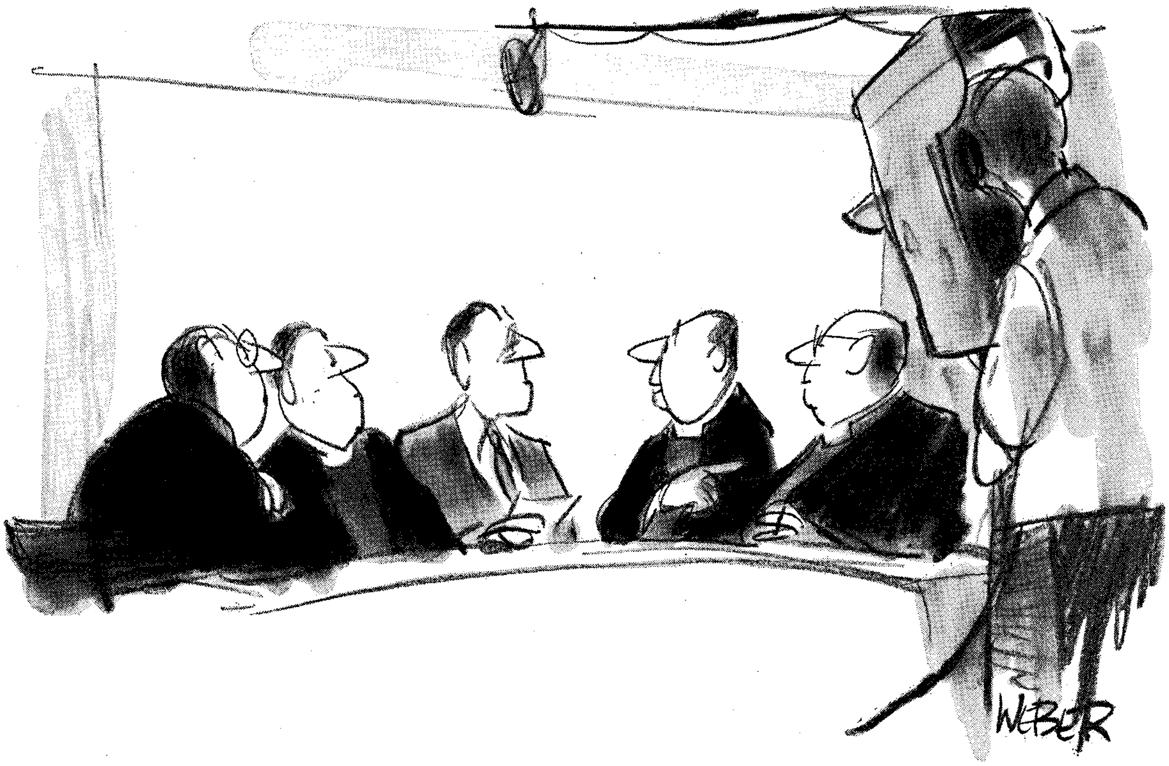
FIRST ACQUAINTANCE (*after a hurried conference with second acquaintance*): How about two singles, then?

TICKET SELLER: Oh, yes, I have singles. I even have two together. You want them?

News

NOT all New York newspaper news—or New York newspaper offices, for that matter—need be gloomy, and as proof we offer the results of a tour we have just made of the newly opened plant of our Spanish-language tabloid *El Diario-La Prensa*. Among the startling features of the plant—an eight-story building, formerly a commercial printing shop, at 181 Hudson Street—are Spanish Modern paintings on the walls of the offices and corridors, antique Spanish furniture in the executives' offices, carpeting on the floor of the city room, electric typewriters for the rewrite men, a fully equipped hundred-seat auditorium and projection room, and a closed-circuit-television hookup that enables the editors to check up on things in the composing and press rooms. Hildy Johnson and the old "Front Page" crowd wouldn't have liked it.

Because O. Roy Chalk, the president of Trans Caribbean Airways, who bought *El Diario* and *La Prensa* in 1962 and merged them the following year, was away, we were taken in tow by an enthusiastic man named Donald P. Rosendale, who is the paper's director of special projects. Chalk, he told us, was in Korea, accepting an honorary degree from Seoul National University, and in his absence the first person we should talk to was Sergio Santelices, the editor of the paper. *He* told us, when we sought him out in his office on the third floor, off the city room, that *El Diario* has a press run of nearly a hundred thousand, making it this country's largest Spanish-language newspaper—larger, in fact, than any of the dailies in Puerto Rico. Neither its subscription list nor its employee register is entirely Puerto Rican, however. In addition to a five-man bureau in San Juan, the paper maintains correspondents in Central and South American countries, and Santelices himself is originally from Chile. He was born in San Fernando in 1914, and after working with both United Press and International News Service bureaus in South America, he came to New York in 1939 as chief correspondent for the Buenos Aires newspaper *Crítica.* With the advent of Perón, he again worked for the International News Service, and in 1955 he became the editor first of *El Diario* and then of *La Prensa.* He now has primary responsibility for the content of the merged papers.



"I defer to Dr. Foster. He's the expert in the God-is-dead department."

• •

Santelices explained that *El Diario-La Prensa* is published in three editions; it goes to East Coast cities where there are sizable Spanish-speaking communities, and is flown out to Chicago and the West Coast. The sedate national edition, which *El Diario* people like to compare to the *Times,* goes to press at nine-thirty. The Puerto Rican edition, which features island news and is flown to San Juan, follows at ten-thirty, and the metropolitan edition, which has a rather *Daily News* flavor, at eleven-thirty. The last one, of course, is the edition distributed in New York City, where, according to the census of 1960, there were more than six hundred thousand Puerto Ricans in that year, and seventy-seven thousand non-Puerto Ricans who regarded Spanish as their mother tongue. The total has increased considerably since then.

From the office of the editor we were taken to the Sala de Teletipos, where Associated Press and United Press International tickers were pounding out news and sports results in both Spanish and English. There was also a local-news wire from Puerto Rico, and in a corner near the door an announcer was reading bulletins into a microphone to a Spanish-speaking radio station. A few steps from the teletype room was the Laboratorio Fotográfico, whose facilities, a technician assured us, are the third best in the city, lagging behind only those of the *Times* and *Life.* Next, we went up to the fourth floor, where, in the Departamento de Administración, we were informed that the paper now employs some two hundred and twenty-five full-time workers and pays the going union rate for its mechanical craftsmen. Its locally based editorial employees—there are forty of them—are members of the Newspaper Guild, but their scale is somewhat lower than that demanded of the general-circulation papers. Nearby we found a sizable classified-ad department; *El Diario* averages better than five pages of classifieds a day. After a quick look at the lunchroom—like the rest of the building, it was furnished under the supervision of Mrs. Chalk—we went downstairs to see the paper's new six-unit color Goss presses, which are capable of printing sixty-five thousand newspapers an hour. "They're the most modern presses in the country," Rosendale assured us. On these presses Chalk had hoped to print—during the current newspaper strike, and possibly beyond it—an English-language afternoon paper; a refusal of concessions by both the unions and the wire services forced him to shelve that project.

Like other local foreign-language papers before it, *El Diario* is regarded by the community it serves as the place to go with any problems that arise from the complexity of life in New York. In the lobby, next to a Trans Caribbean ticket office, it maintains a Sala de Reporteros, where complaints are taken and are referred to Harry Solowey, the paper's public-relations director and unofficial arbiter of municipal difficulties. "Whenever anybody in the community feels he has been wronged, he doesn't go to the police, he calls Harry, and Harry straightens it out for him," Rosendale told us.

As Rosendale walked us to the door, we asked him if he attributed the success of *El Diario* to the close relationship between the paper and the community or to the modern equipment and the interior decoration. "Neither one," he said. "Those things just make the paper a pleasanter place to work. I think the success is attributable to Chalk's insistence on running at least four more news pages a day than the paper needs in order to carry its advertising. Chalk has the old-fashioned idea that news sells newspapers."

•

A HOMEMADE highway sign near Milroy, Pennsylvania, reads:

Caution
Crazy Deer

The Philosopher's Clock

NOT everybody can do just what he wants to do in this world, right? And what are the chances of finding a young man who knows the *two* things he wants most to do and is doing both of them? Whatever the chances, we have met such a favorite of fortune—Samuel Guttenplan, who won't be twenty-two years old until next month. We first heard about Guttenplan from a friend who inherited a number of valuable old clocks, all inoperative, and polled some Third Avenue antique shops and publications that specialize in antiques for the name of a good valuable-old-clock mender. All those polled mentioned young Guttenplan. "After he'd got every last clock ticking again, I found out to my surprise that his actual profession is teaching philosophy at C.C.N.Y.," our friend told us. From City College—now transformed into an undergraduate division of the new City University—we learned that Guttenplan is currently teaching an introduction to philosophy, logic, and epistemology and is also taking five courses toward his Ph.D., and that next fall he will serve as research assistant to Sir Isaiah Berlin when that great Oxford political philosopher joins the City University faculty.

Guttenplan, whose busy life we intruded on one recent afternoon, turned out to be a handsome, dark-haired fellow with earnest brown eyes. He met us at the door of his apartment—two rooms on the first floor of a converted brownstone on West Seventy-fourth Street—and, after introducing us to his wife, a small blonde named Deitra, steered us very carefully into the living room. The reason for his caution was quickly apparent. Every level surface—tables, desk, bookcase, window sill—in the room was covered with highly breakable objects in various stages of repair. For the next few minutes, Guttenplan strode about the room winding this knob and pushing that lever. Tiny feathered birds in gilded cages began to flutter their wings and warble shrilly. A wooden peasant doll whistled a cheerful tune. The figure of a little girl turned the pages of a book as the music box beneath her played "Scarlet Ribbons." A bronze male acrobat, ten inches high, balanced a lady acrobat on his head as she swung two metal balls around in a circle. "I had to go back to my physics book to get those balls to balance," Guttenplan told us. Leaning against the far doorway was a jointed metal figure six feet tall and painted to look like a medieval court jester. Guttenplan aimed a rubber ball at a target on the figure's doublet, and the jester went into an elaborate jig and rolled his eyes engagingly. "I've fixed several of these fellows, who started out a hundred years ago in travelling French carnivals," Guttenplan told us. "I suppose here they end up in some family's rumpus room. I do hope this one's family is kind to it." He gave the figure, which was still twitching rhythmically, a proprietary cuff on the arm as he led us into the next room. Here he showed us his watch-and-clock-repairing gear—loupes, punches, tiny screwdrivers, spare jewels, a glass lamp for melting the shellac that holds a jewel in place, a watch timer, even an electric watch-washing machine. Perhaps two dozen timepieces of different sizes were awaiting treatment.

"When you know a clock hasn't struck the hour for perhaps twenty years, or that no one has heard 'After the Ball' played on a music box for more years than that, you have a real sense, as you work, of something coming to life in your hands," Guttenplan told us, rather shyly. "Did you know that Spinoza once compared the universe to a clock? I'm writing my thesis on the philosophical concept of analogy. In philosophy, as in poetry and everything else, this means, very simply, a similarity between different things. I don't find it at all contradictory to try to fit together abstract theories about the structure of reality during the day and mainsprings and gears at night."

We asked how this double life came about, and Guttenplan gave us a brief rundown. He was brought up in Flushing, he said, and after a year of college he decided to leave home and support himself. Answering an ad in June, 1962, he signed on as a packer with K. Sponholz, a local dealer in music boxes and other delicate mechanical gadgets. Sponholz also had a repair service, and Guttenplan began to watch the repairman work. "It was very simple, really," he explained. "The most important thing to understand is that when you have a mainspring, you have to have something to meter the power. That's the flywheel." The repairman departed the scene a few weeks later, and by then Guttenplan knew enough about flywheels to take over. After a year, he realized that if he could cope with music boxes, he might as well graduate to clocks, which also have flywheels. During the next year, he repaired about fifteen hundred clocks for the F. J. Koch Company, on West Twenty-fifth Street. In the late winter of 1964, when he and Deitra were about to get married, he decided it was time to expand his skills (and his income) again, and, armed with a manual called "Practical Watch Repair," he moved into that field for the Corven Time Service, on West Eighteenth Street. In the three years following his fateful encounter with the music box, he worked mornings and weekends for a total of some thirty-three hours a week, and took a full course at City College in the afternoons, having chosen philosophy "because basically it is the study of everything." He graduated in 1965 ("Phi Beta Kappa," put in Deitra. "*Sam* would never tell you that"), and this past year, while he has been studying for his Ph.D. as well as teaching, he has operated his own repair service. He spends his early evenings putting between eighty and a hundred watches a week into working order for a large watch company, and the later hours reviving old clocks, singing birds, Edison phonographs, and other treasures, which private collectors, former employers, and his friends among the antique dealers send him by the armload.

"Naturally, the only clock we own ourselves is a five-dollar alarm," Deitra told us, smiling.

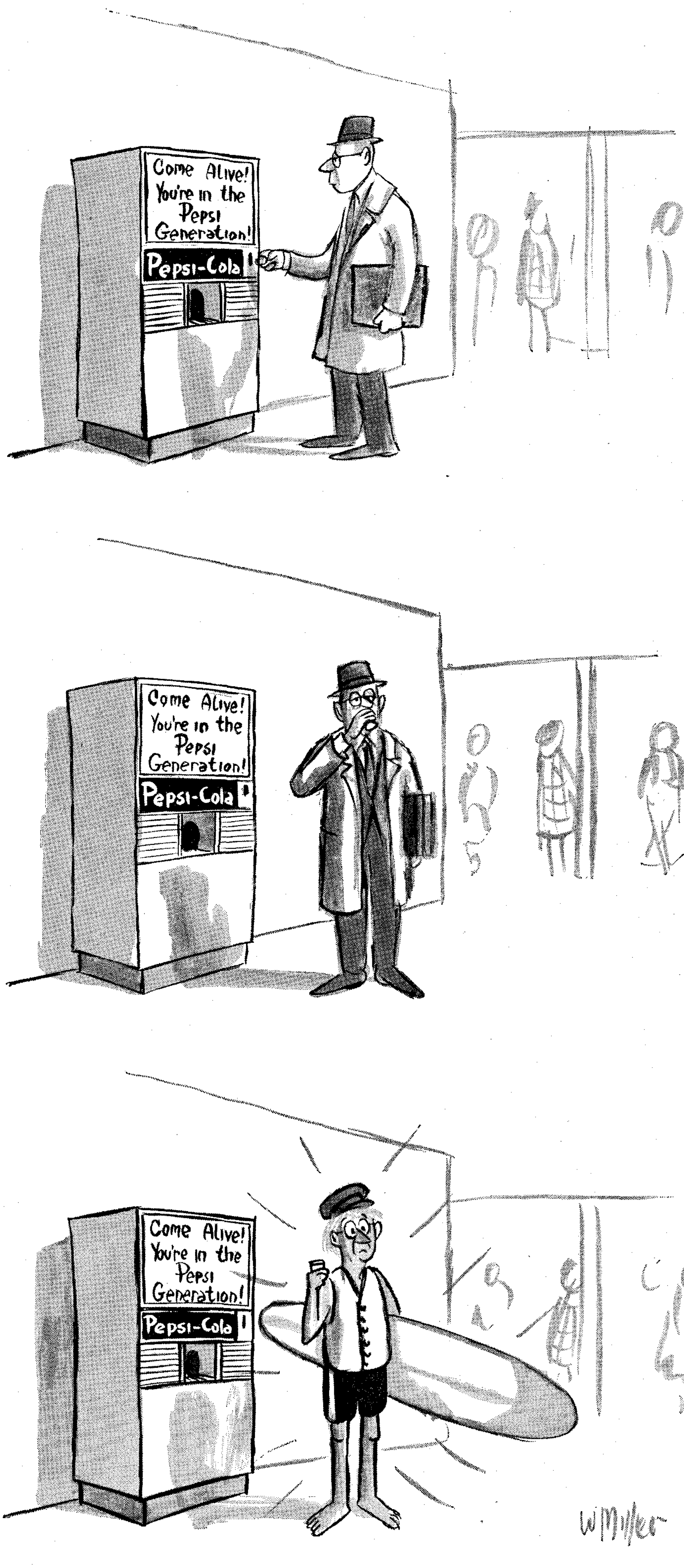
"But wait till next year," said Guttenplan. "What I have in mind for us is a philosopher's clock. I'll have to design it myself, of course. Each gear will be named after a philosopher, and the way the gears will mesh will illustrate the development of philosophical theories. I may have a special gear, set apart from the others, for Wittgenstein. This is not so much because many people think he's pretty far out as because of something he once said: that when language is misused, it is like a gear idling wildly. You know, Wittgenstein was an architect for a while. Spinoza was a very skillful lens grinder. Philosophers aren't necessarily impractical types. Even Thales, the first Western philosopher we know about, once worked out meteorological probabilities that made it possible for him to predict a great year for the Greek olive crop. He put what money he had in olives, and afterward was able to settle back and be a full-time philosopher. When I was very young, I used to think that a week was an infinite amount of time—that I could do absolutely *anything* in a week. Now that I'm older, I see that some things might take two weeks. I can even see that, although I love to teach philosophy, the time might come when I would like to leave off grading papers for a whole year just to think. And I'll be able to do it, knowing I can support myself without the university accounting office. A man who can fix clocks is truly a free soul."

Twain

A FRIEND of ours returned to her apartment last week to find a flood in progress in her bathroom. Water was pouring from the ceiling onto the floor and spilling over into the hall. She rushed upstairs and leaned on the bell of the apartment directly above. A young Japanese in a terry-cloth robe opened the door, bowed politely, and indicated in sign language that he understood the full dimensions of the catastrophe and would immediately turn off all water. Our friend went back downstairs to begin mopping up. A few minutes later, her doorbell rang. Outside stood the young Japanese, mop in hand. "I help," he announced, and, shedding his slippers outside the door, padded into the bathroom. Our friend thanked him for his offer of assistance, assured him that matters were under control, and managed to explain that New Yorkers were quite accustomed to such calamities. The next day, our friend found the following letter, with an uncancelled five-cent stamp on the envelope, slipped under her door:

> Please accept my humble apology for my Roomer, New Comer from Japan, flooded your Bath Room while I was out of the House, until late night yesterday—he was waiting my coming home, 2:30 A.M. today, couldn't sleep, bothered by his misconduct. He is very, very sorry that his carelessness caused you such and so much trouble and damaged your beautiful Bath Room. Bringing such trouble in such short time of 2 months on this soil he is much downhearted and pessimistic. As much as his shock was great he is very much appreciated your quiet, broadminded manner in this excitement. After all he is quiet, honest, conscientious fellow, may not repeat his carelessness. I thank you again for your sympathetic, broadminded settlement, thank you.

Our friend sent back a note thanking her neighbor for his kind apology and wishing his new guest a very pleasant stay on this soil.


Come Alive! You're in the Pepsi Generation!
Pepsi-Cola
Come Alive! You're in the Pepsi Generation!
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Come Alive! You're in the Pepsi Generation!
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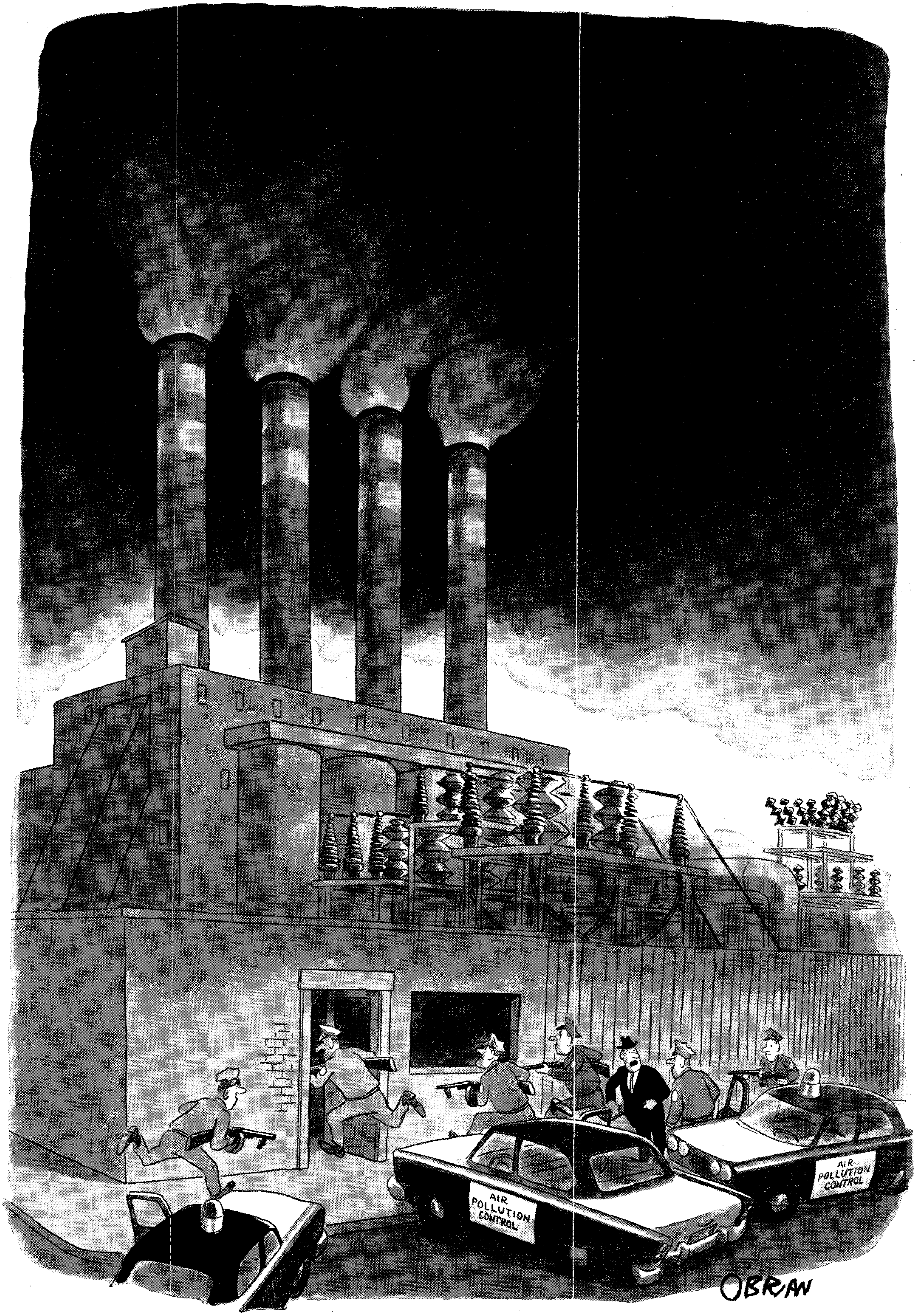

AIR POLLUTION CONTROL
AIR POLLUTION CONTROL
O'BRIAN

"They can't say we didn't warn them."

THE BROTHERS

"WHAT is it?"

The older brother, who is seven, narrows his pale-blue eyes and judiciously evaluates the sheet of paper. "This is a house," he says, and places his finger at the bottom of the paper where there is nothing. "These are the people living in it." His squint, critical and fierce, makes wrinkles appear beneath his faint eyebrows, and the younger one tries to copy the look, hoping it will endow him with the superior vision his brother apparently has.

"I can't see anything."

"Naturally. It's invisible." Which seems to remind him of something. He takes up the clean pen, dips it into the ink eradicator, and holds it poised above the paper. He is kneeling in a chair at his father's tall roll-top desk, in a stream of afternoon sunlight that bleaches his blond hair white and makes his angular features look even more like an old man's. Before he lowers the pen, he does a sort of waddle on the seat of the chair, settling his weight down to serious business.

The younger brother, his hands locked behind his head, rests both elbows on the writing surface of the desk. He looks at his brother's eyes, at the downward curve of his heavy lips, and then at a leaf of reflected sunlight resting in the hollow of his cheek. When the older brother is absorbed as he is now—when he practices the piano by himself or when they are playing duets, and especially when he has to rehearse for a reading—he turns extremely pale, as if a part of him were bleeding into his task.

The two of them have been initiated young into the theatre by their parents (both of whom were actors at one time) and are in demand as performers at card parties, ladies' club meetings, bazaars, and other social functions in this North Dakota village, where they are looked upon, with smiling benevolence, as freaks. Some of their readings, taken from poets such as Longfellow, Tennyson, Kipling, and Eugene Field, are easy to memorize, because of their hobbyhorse metrics. But there are the long monologues in prose, by obscure or anonymous writers, which are harder to cope with: the lyrical one about the unhappy child whose father (so his mother has told him) is away on a business trip with the angels; the one about the "real boy," whose freedom has recently been encroached upon ("Aw, shucks, I been keeping my turtle in that old crib") by a baby sister; or the one, with the added difficulty of dialect, about the Swede who has just seen his first baseball game.

The younger brother goes at his readings professionally—getting the emphasis on the proper words, coloring significant phrases, planning pauses for breathing and for effect—until he's subdued the whole piece and has it sounding the way he wants it to sound. But the older brother, drawn and pale as he recites, gallops through both tragedy and farce with the same hurt look in his eyes, as though any verbal attempt at what he felt could only destroy the purity of his feeling.

Now he is drawing. The younger one sinks to the floor, detaching himself from his brother's concentration, and becomes aware of the fragrance of raw oak the open desk breathes into the room, so overpowering it seems to him he is leaning against the enriched air. He closes his eyes and can distinguish other smells, more delicate, more elusive, mingled with the heavy resinous smell; they seem to arrange themselves in layers, and he works at separating each one. He picks out a sweetness of glue, a bitter yellow perfume he knows his mother never uses, an acetic tang of ink, a hint of age similar to the dense, oily smell that slips from the riffled pages of an old book. . . . Having almost lost his balance, he quickly opens his eyes and the sunlit room startles him. He looks up at his brother, whose lips are compressed tightly as he draws. Realizing that the purpose of the picture is somewhat beyond him, and made unhappy by this, he turns away and studies the bottom drawer of the desk.

From the swirling oak grain he isolates the shape of an archway, a swallow in flight, a rising flame, an eye. When a cloud covers the sun, he notices how the dark grain moves to a greater depth, the silvery highlights shift, and the colors alter. From coppery brown, rose, bronze, and gold, he sees that the deep grain has turned to dark umber, to black. He rises and stands at his brother's side, his finger twisting the dark hair above his ear. "Why don't you use a color crayon?" he asks.

"Nnn?" Hardly a response, he is so absorbed.

"So I could see it."

"It wouldn't be any good then."

"How come?"

"Because then you could see it."

"Oh . . ." the younger one says, unsure whether or not to concede to this logic. He watches the way his brother moves the pen—in quick pinching motions of his fingers, while his hand and arm lie absolutely still—and finds himself, though detached from the act, participating so physically in it that a cloak of sensation covers his shoulders and then, as he moves to speak, slips down his back. "How do you *know* it's good?"

"I'm doing it."

"But you can't see what you're doing."

Distracted from his work, a veil of creation clouding his eyes, the older brother looks at the younger one. Being as patient as he knows how to be, with someone so young, not even six, he says, "Nobody can see it. It's invisible."

"That's what I mean!"

"I know." The perfect reply—ambiguous enough to stun the inquisitive one into silence. Having done so, the older brother looks at the drawing and sees that it is completed. He puts the cap on the bottle of ink eradicator, puts it into a pigeonhole of the desk, puts the pen away, and places the blank sheet of paper on the pile from which he took it. This infuriates the younger one.

"What are you *doing*?"

"I'm finished."

"Don't put it there! Dad'll use it."

"It doesn't matter. I know what it is."

"He'll write a letter and send it away!"

"That's O.K. They won't see it."

"Make it so they can see it!"

"Then he wouldn't send it to anybody."

"Make it so *I* can see it!"

"If you could see it, it wouldn't be invisible."

"*Why do you want it invisible!*"

"Because it's mine."

Two brothers. Exact opposites, they are exactly as two brothers should be; they will be necessary to each other for the rest of their lives. The one with a passionate need to know, to be told, what everything means, the other already knowing that whatever means the most is invisible. His record of that afternoon is the one you should have.

—L. Woiwode

FATIMAS AND KISSES

AROUND the corner from where I used to live there was a little store run by a family named Lintz. If you wanted ice cream, by the quart or by the cone, you could get it at Lintzie's; you could buy cigarettes and the less expensive cigars, a loaf of bread, canned goods, meats that did not require the services of a butcher, penny candy and boxed bonbons, writing tablets and pencils, and literally hundreds of articles on display cards that novelty salesmen had persuaded Lintzie to put on his shelves, and that he never seemed to reorder. I doubt if there are many stores like Lintzie's around any more, but his place was a great convenience for the people in the neighborhood. When a housewife ran short of something she would tell her child to go down to Lintzie's for the bottle of milk or the half pound of butter or the twenty cents' worth of sliced ham. And Lintzie would charge it. He well knew that the housewives in the neighborhood preferred to deal with the downtown meat markets and grocery stores, and that his trade was at least partly on a semi-emergency basis. That, and the fact that he allowed people to charge things, gave him the excuse to maintain a markup on most of his stock, and the housewives called him a highway robber. They called him that to his face. But they were careful how they said it. O'Donnell's meat market was the best, and Gottlieb had the best grocery store, but they were downtown and they would not open up for you if you needed a can of soup or a quart of milk at half past eight in the evening. Lintzie and his wife and two children lived upstairs over the store, and someone would always come down and open up for a customer.

Lintzie was a thin man with a Charlie Chaplin mustache and hollow cheeks that were made hollower still by his habit of leaving out his upper plate. He was young to have false teeth—in his late twenties. He had been in the Marine Corps, although he had not gone overseas, and all his worldliness, all his travels, were by benefit of his having been a Gott damn chyrene. He was a Pennsylvania Dutch farm boy, from somewhere east of Reading, and it wondered me, as the Dutch say, how he had ever heard of the Marines. So, being in my teens and curious, I asked him. "How I heart abaht the Marine Corps? I didn't never hear about them till once I seen one of them there posters in the post office. I seen a picture of a Marine, all dressed up in his plues, his rifle at right shoulder arms, his bayonet in a white scabbard. He looked handsome to me, so I went home and said to my old man I was going to enlist. I won't tell you what the old man said. He said to go ahead, only he said other things besides. Glad to get rid of me. Him and my brother could run the farm without me. My brother was glad to get rid of me too. That way the old man would leave him the farm and me nothing. So I went to where it said on the poster and signed the papers. By Jesus if I knew what it was like them first three months I would of never enlisted. Son of a bitch sergeant with a swagger stick. Drill. Bivouac. Snakes. By Jesus nights I was too tired to cut my throat. That's no joke. But I guess it all done me good. I come out stronger than I went in, but minus the most of my teeth."

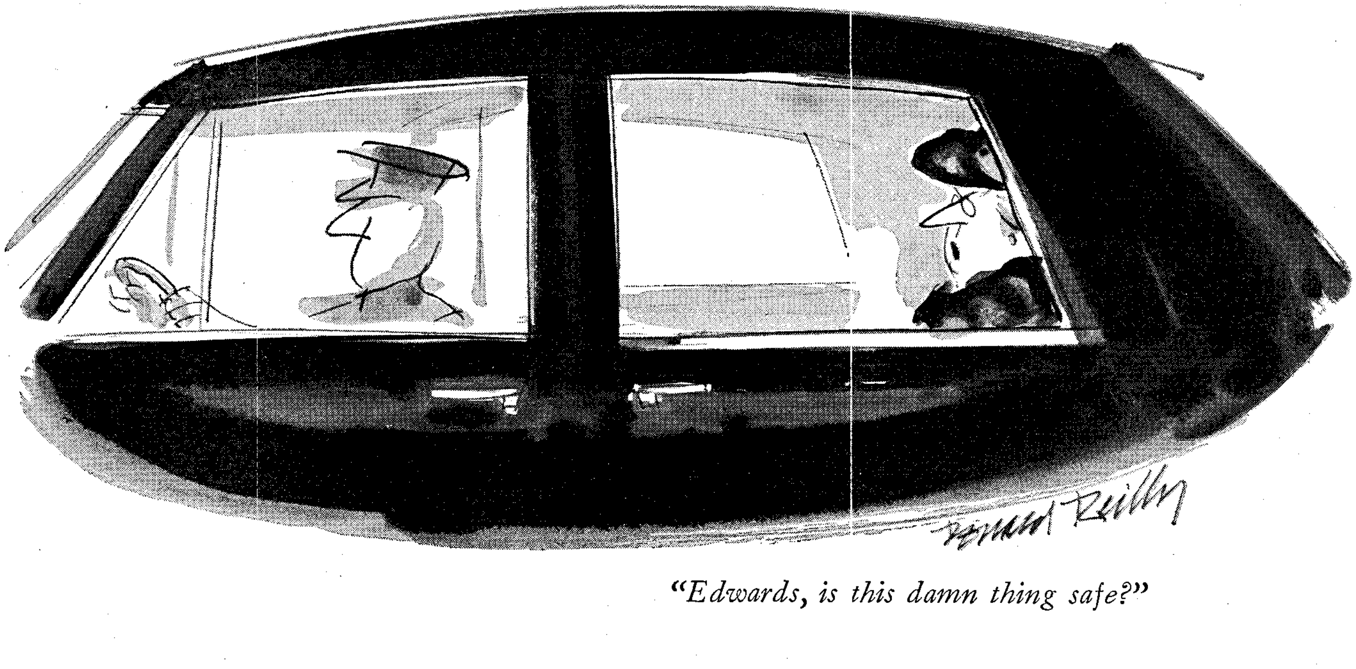
"How did that happen?"

"Oh, I got in a fight with a sailor, me and another Gott damn chyrene we were on duty in the Lackawanna Railroad station in Hoboken, New Chersey. We took him in custody, he was drunk. But then all of a sudden from all over come them sailors. I had a .45 in my holster but it done me no good. They must of been ten of them chumped us all at once, and one of them hit me across the mouth with my own billy club. That was all the fighting I ever done in the Gott damn chyrenes. The Lackawanna Railroad station in Hoboken, New Chersey. I got a discharge in October 1918, two weeks before the armistice. But I used to raise a lot of hell in Philly and New York City and Boston, Mass. I could tell *you* some stories if you was older. I was a pretty good-looking fellow till them sailors chumped me. But the son of a bitch that started it, he got something like thirty years' hard labor."

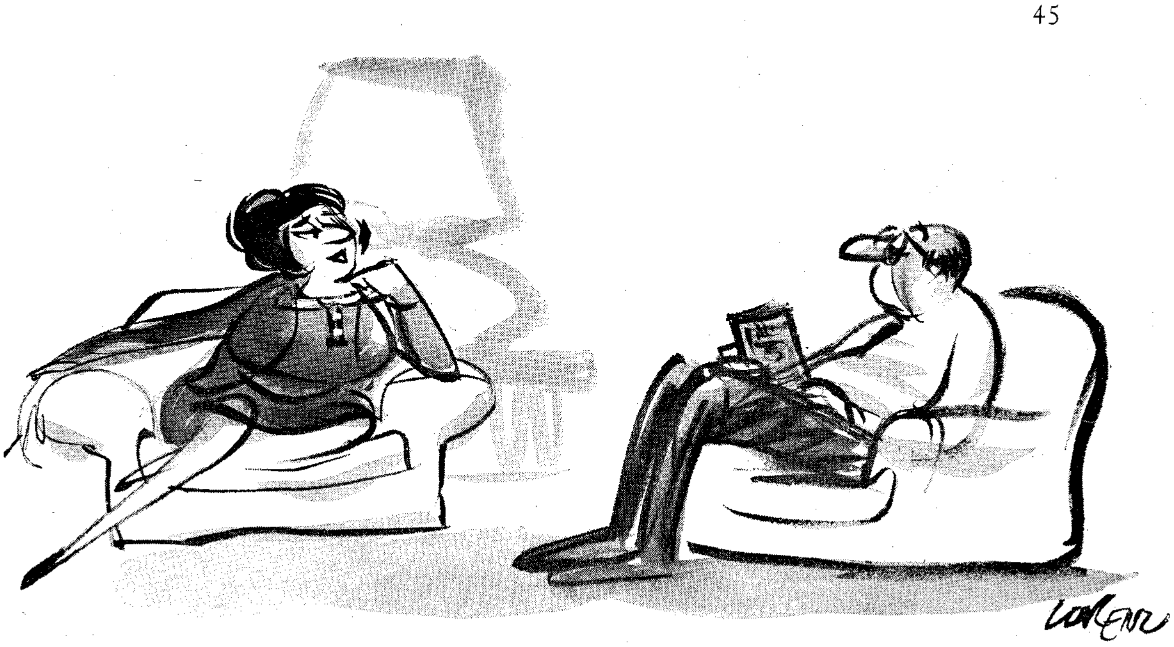
"You identified him?"

"I sure did. I picked him out of twenty of the bastards. I hope he rots. I would of got corporal if it wasn't for him. Maybe I would of stayed in and got gunnery sergeant. But they let me go and now I can't even chew a steak, not with the teeth I got now."

Lintzie's wife was a placid, rather slovenly woman whose hair was never in place. She had an extraordinarily lovely complexion and white little teeth and large breasts that swayed unencumbered by a brassière. When he addressed her by name, which was seldom, he called her Lonnie. She called him Donald or Lintzie—Lintzie if she was shouting to him from the back of the store or upstairs, and Donald if she was standing near him. He hardly ever looked at her unless her back was



"Edwards, is this damn thing safe?"



"I didn't say your constantly pooh-poohing James Bond meant anything. I just said it was thought-provoking."

turned. In front of people my age and younger he would say to her, "Go fix yourself up decent, for Christ's sake."

"Aah, shut up," she would say.

But when older people were present they hid their animosity by paying no attention to each other. One day when I went to buy cigarettes, which he was not supposed to sell to me, I waited for Lintzie or Lonnie to appear and wait on me, but neither came. I went back and reopened and closed the door so that the bell would ring again, and she came running downstairs. "Oh, it's you," she said.

"Will you give me a pack of Camels and a pack of Fatimas," I said.

"Charge or pay?"

"*Pay*," I said.

"Who are the Fatimas for? Some girl?"

"For my uncle," I said.

"Yeah, your uncle standing out there with the bicycle. You better watch out, Malloy. Her old lady catches her smoking cigarettes, they'll tell your old man and you'll get hail-Columbia. Give me thirty-five cents."

"Where's Lintzie?" I said.

"To Reading. Why?"

"Just wondered," I said.

"Why?"

"Just wondered," I said. I looked out toward the sidewalk and at the half-ton panel truck parked at the curb, driverless. She put two packs of Camels and two packs of Fatimas on the counter.

"I'll treat you to the butts," she said. "O.K.?"

"Thanks," I said.

"The next time her old lady comes in, I won't say anything about you buying her kid Fatimas. O.K.?"

"All right," I said.

They never knew—older people—at just what age you started to notice things like a driverless truck and a husband's absence and a delayed appearance, and put them all together. But now Lonnie knew that I had put them all together, and I knew that I had put them together accurately. My discovery was too momentous and mature to confide to the girl who was waiting with her bike. It was too much the kind of thing that I wanted to protect her from, and was indeed eager to protect her from all her life. Those were things I already knew too much about, along with the sight of death and the ugliness of things I had seen in my father's office and in ambulances, hospitals, the homes of the poor, when my father was still trying to make a doctor of me. I could barely endure to see those things myself, but I was a boy. She was a girl, and in ten years or maybe less she was going to be my wife. *Then* I might tell her some of those things, but now Fatimas and kisses were as much as she was ready for.

The bell tinkled as I opened Lintzie's door and tinkled again as I closed it. I guess it was the sound of the bell as much as the Fatimas I flashed that made her giggle. "You got them?" she said. It was a throaty whisper.

"Sure," I said. "Fat-Emmas for you, humps for me. Where do you want to go?"

"Have you got matches?"

"We don't need them. I have my magnifying glass." Matches in a boy's pockets were prima-facie evidence of the cigarette habit, like nicotine stains on the fingers. A magnifying glass only created the suspicion that he had been seeing too much of Craig Kennedy, the scientific detective, in his struggles to outwit the Clutching Hand.

I WENT away to school around that time, and during vacations my hangout was a downtown drugstore. Lintzie's was not that kind of place; the neighborhood kids congregated on the sidewalk, drawn to the store by the candy and ice cream, but Lintzie and Lonnie discouraged them from remaining inside. "Get your fingers off them Easter eggs," Lonnie would say. "Stop fooling around with them searchlights. Do you want to wear out the battery?" Lintzie and Lonnie would threaten to put items on the kids' families' bills, and sometimes they made good on the threats. Sometimes they billed the wrong family; a fair amount of pilfering went on in spite of the Lintzes' vigilance, and you would see a kid who had just been driven out of the store furtively but proudly displaying a mechanical pencil or a put-and-take top or a carton of Fig Newtons that he had stolen. One of my younger brothers never came out of Lintzie's empty-handed, even if all he got was a cucumber. I did once see him steal a cucumber. The custom was known locally as the five-finger grab, and it contributed to the Lintzes' pedophobia, which did not exclude their own messy children. "Go on up and wipe your nose," Lintzie would say. "Tell your mother to sew them buttons on." As a young buck who had danced with Constance Bennett and visited the Pré Cat, I stayed away from Lintzie's as much as possible during that period.

But then my father died and I had to get a job as cub reporter on one of the town papers. Temporarily—and I never considered it anything but temporary—my sphere of activity was limited to my own county. We had almost no income, and my mother kept us going by converting her bonds to cash, a desperation measure that obviously could

CORNISH CLIFFS

Those moments tasted once and never done
Of long surf breaking in the mid-day sun—
A far-off blow-hole booming like a gun.

The seagulls plane and circle out of sight
Below this thirsty, thrift-encrusted height
Where veined sea campion buds burst into white,

And gorse turns tawny-orange seen beside
Pale drifts of primroses cascading wide
To where the slate falls sheer into the tide.

More than in gardened Surrey nature spills
A wealth of heather, kidney-vetch, and squills
Over these long defended Cornish hills;

A gun-emplacement of the latest war
Looks older than a hill-fort built before
Saxon or Norman headed for the shore;

And, in the shadowless, unclouded glare,
Deep blue above us fades to whiteness where
A misty sea line meets the wash of air.

Nut-smell of gorse and honey-smell of ling
Waft out to sea the freshness of the spring
Over the shallows green and whispering.

The wideness which the lark song gives the sky
Shrinks at the clang of seagull's nearer cry
Whose notes are tuned to storm when seas are high.

From today's calm, the lane's enclosing green
Leads inland to a more familiar scene—
Slate cottages, with sycamores between

Small fields, and television masts and poles,
And, as the everlasting ocean rolls,
Two chapels built for half a hundred souls.

—JOHN BETJEMAN

• •

not last forever. It did not make economic sense—nothing did—but very soon we were steady customers at Lintzie's instead of at the cash-and-carry a block away, where everything was much cheaper. My mother ceased to be a customer at O'Donnell's and Gottlieb's; lamb chops and asparagus seldom appeared on our dinner table. We bought a loaf of bread at a time, a jar of peanut butter, a half-dozen eggs, a quarter pound of butter, a half pint of cream, because at Lintzie's prices nothing must go to waste, to turn stale or sour. "On your way home, stop in at Lintzes' and get a can of tomato soup," my mother would say. She had never referred to it as Lintzie's and she was not going to start now. I had always been able to tell that she did not like Lintzie or his wife, and she liked them less when she owed them money twenty-nine days out of every month. They were not overly fond of her, either; she was a better bookkeeper than they, and never hesitated to prove it.

I had become, among other things, quite a drinker, although I was not yet twenty years old. How I managed to drink so much on no money is still somewhat of a mystery to me, but cheap booze was cheap, and politicians and "members of the sporting fraternity" were expected to buy drinks for newspapermen. "Why not?" an old-timer said to me. "It's small recompense for the dubious pleasure of their company." Lintzie was neither politician nor prizefight promoter, but one afternoon, when I stopped in for a last-minute purchase, he invited me to have a drink with him at Schmelinger's, a neighborhood saloon that had never bothered to pretend to be a speakeasy.

"I'm broke," I said.

"I'll buy," said Lintzie.

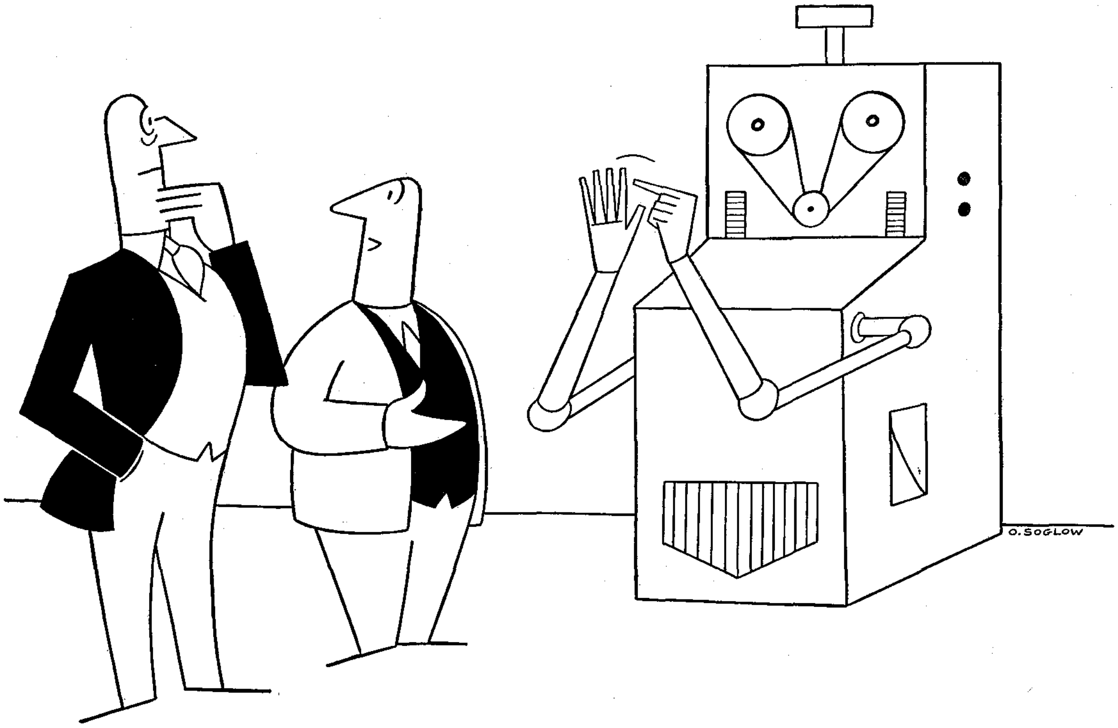
"That's a different story," I said.

Schmelinger had been a patient of my father's, and I therefore had never been a patron of Schmelinger's, but Lintzie was greeted with the gruff politeness of the barkeep toward the good customer. We sat at a table and had three or four whiskeys—straight, with water chasers—and spent a most enjoyable hour together. In that neighborhood nearly all the men were at work all day, and Lintzie had no men friends. I gathered that he would run over to Schmelinger's for a shot in the middle of the morning and along about three or four in the afternoon, before the housewives' and schoolkids' rush. That was on a Lincoln's Birthday, a school holiday. I was rather sorry that I could not count on being fitted into Lintzie's schedule, but I need not have worried. He changed his schedule to fit mine.

At that stage of my life I took my charm for granted; I did not inquire into the possible reasons why a man who was ten years older than I would want to buy me four dollars' worth of expertly cut rye whiskey once or twice a week. But slowly I began to understand, first, that he had somehow become indifferent to the difference in our ages. From our conversation it appeared that during my time away at school I had somehow added ten, not four, years to my age. Secondly, like everyone else, he needed someone to talk to. And he talked. He had certain recollections of his Marine Corps days that he liked to dwell on repetitiously: practical jokes on comrades-in-arms, small revenges on young officers, standing two feet away from Woodrow Wilson, visits to a whorehouse on Race Street, Philadelphia. From his whorehouse reminiscences he would often proceed, with unconscious logic, to some revelations concerning Lonnie. Her people had intended her to be the wife of his brother, but when Lintzie came home on his first furlough he threw her on the ground and gave her what she'd been asking for. On his next furlough he married her despite the fact that his brother had meanwhile thrown her on the ground and given her what she'd been asking for. But Lintzie had been first, and the baby was almost surely his. Now that the kid was old enough to look like somebody, he did look more like Lintzie than like his brother, so Lintzie guessed he had not made any mistake in that respect. He was not so

HAY GRAIN & FEED

sure about the second kid, the daughter. She didn't look like anybody, like a Lintz *or* a Moyer (Lonnie having been a Moyer). But by the law of averages it was probably Lintzie's kid, and he had never been able to prove anything. Lonnie hardly ever went out of the house. Most of the time she waited on customers in her carpet slippers. When she had to go back home for her brother's funeral her shoes did not fit her, so she had to stop on the way to the station and buy a new pair. Two months later, when she was taking the kids to their first day at Sunday school, the new shoes were too small for her. It was hard to believe that she had ever been pretty, but when she was seventeen or eighteen she was as pretty as any girl in the Valley. Some girls didn't care what they looked like after they got married, and Lonnie was one of them. Well, which was worse—the ones who didn't care, or the ones who cared about nothing else and flirted with every son of a bitch with pants on? In another year or two you'd be able to leave her at a hose company picnic and she'd be as safe as if she stayed home. Lintzie had told her as much, and all she said was, "Aah, shut up." That was her answer for everything. Shut up. To Lintzie, to the kids, to her mother, but most of all to Lintzie, and she had said it so often that it sank in, finally sank in, and he *did* shut up.

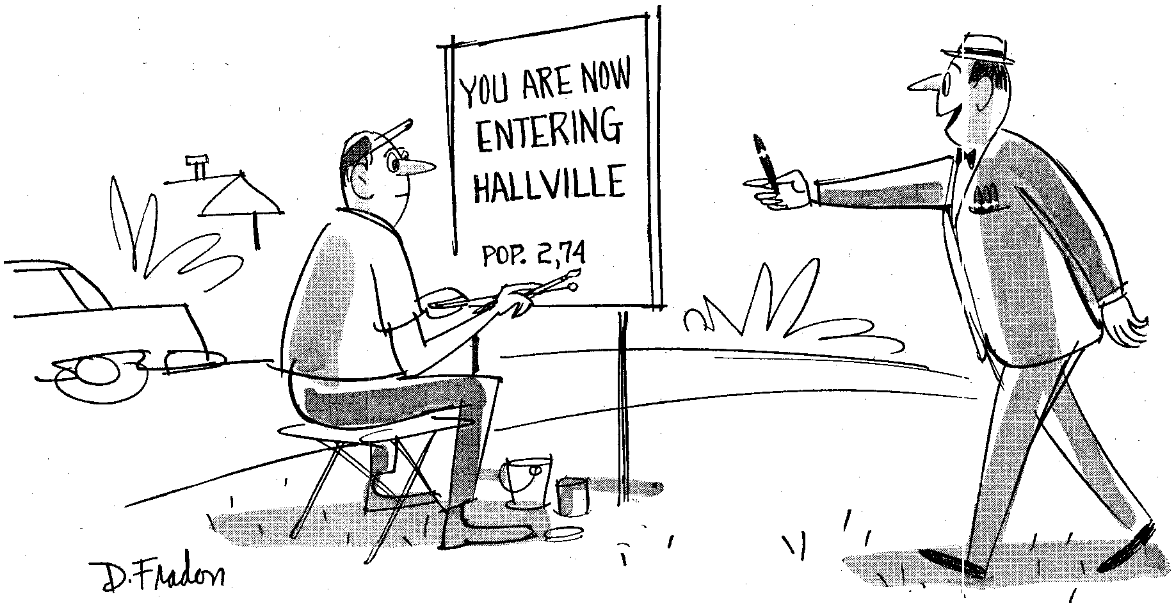


"Now, here's an earlier model I can give you a real buy on."

After a while it sank in on *her* that he had practically stopped talking to her, and she complained about it. He told her he was only doing what she had been telling him to do: she had been telling him for years to shut up, and that's what he did. If she didn't want to listen to anything he had to say, he would talk to her only when it was positively necessary. And her automatic reply to that statement was to tell him to shut up. He realized that she used the expression the way some people say "Go to hell" or "Aw, nuts," but "Aaah, shut up" was actually what she said, and he took her at her word. To some extent it made life livable, not to have to talk to her. She was not very much of a talker, not what you'd call a chatterbox, a windbag, but half of what she said was complaints, bellyaching. If it wasn't about money, it was about her feet getting bigger, and if it wasn't about her feet it was why didn't he do more about raising the kids instead of sneaking off to Schmelinger's morning, noon, and night? The funny thing about her complaining was that it was never twice about the same thing. It was probably better than if she harped on the same thing all the time, which would soon drive a man crazy, but on the other hand, she would complain about something and if you paid enough attention to go and do something about the complaint, you damn soon found out that she didn't even remember complaining about it. Like the time he went out and paid a hundred and eighty-five dollars for a new Stromberg-Carlson and she asked what the hell did he want to have two radios for, entirely forgetting that she had complained about the old radio and had specifically mentioned the Stromberg-Carlson as the one she wanted next. One day, out of a blue sky, she said to him, "Why didn't you stay in the Marines? If you stayed in the Marines we'd be living in Hawaii instead of a dump like this." It was such an infuriatingly unreasonable complaint that he hauled off and gave her a kick in the behind. "What'd you kick me for?" she said. Sometimes he thought she didn't have any brains in her head, but she was no dumbbell. In some things she was pretty smart. He let her do the ordering when some of the salesmen came around. She didn't know that seven eights was fifty-six, but she never took the first price on anything, and every time she ordered something—say, a gross of pencils—she made the salesman fork over something for nothing. Before she would even begin talking about a sale she would demand free samples—candy, chewing gum, novelties—and use them later to reward kids who went on errands for her.

In the strictest confidence and after more than the usual ration of rye and water, Lintzie told me one day that Lonnie had discovered that most housewives did not bother to keep tabs on what they bought. My mother did not let her get away with it, he said, but other women in the neighborhood did not seem to notice when Lonnie added items to the monthly bills. She was pretty good at it, too. It was hardly ever more than a dollar's worth of stuff per account, but if you added a dollar to every bill it came to around a hundred a month clear profit. At Christmas it was even more. Anyway, it was well over a thousand dollars a year, which was Gott damn good for a woman that couldn't multiply seven eights. Like picking it up off the floor. Thereafter I did not mind taking Lintzie's free drinks. I was, so to speak, the guest of the neighborhood housewives, among whom were a few who had failed to settle accounts with my father's estate.

It also occurred to me that I was receiving a bribe from Lonnie that


YOU ARE NOW ENTERING HALLVILLE
POP. 2,74
D. Fradon

"Hold it!"

supplemented the original four packs of cigarettes. It probably would have done her no good to complain, but she could have protested when Lintzie rang up a No Sale on the cash register and helped himself to the money to pay for his hospitality to me. No doubt she was glad to get him out of her sight. Nevertheless I became convinced that Lonnie was appreciative of my early silence, if possibly a little apprehensive that I might break it now that Lintzie and I were drinking companions. Ethically I was not standing on firm ground, but my ethics and my morals and my conscience were taking a continual beating in other areas as well. I was giving myself trouble over girls and women and love and theology and national politics and my incontrollable temper. Not the easiest of my problems was my willingness to spend so much time with a man whom I regarded as a moron. It was true that I was the victim of circumstances back beyond my control, but I was unable thereby to justify my association with this loquacious lout. Since I could not justify it, I gave up trying to.

Downtown, in back of a second-rate commercial hotel, was another saloon that was as wide open as Schmelinger's and served the same grade of whiskey. Unlike Schmelinger's it catered to a considerable transient trade, principally the travelling salesmen who stopped at the hotel. It was a busy joint, and often half filled with strangers. I went there one night, alone, and sat at a table to drink beer, eat pretzels, and read the out-of-town papers. At the next table were two strangers drinking rye and ginger ale. Salesmen, most likely, and getting drunk. They did not bother me, but I began to pick up some of their conversation. One was telling the other about a customer of his, nothing much for looks, but a pushover. Nothing novel about that conversation between salesmen, but the speaker gave his companion directions on how to find the accommodating customer, and the address was Lintzie's store. "I got put on to her a couple years ago," he said. "Don't look for any great beauty. This is for a quick one when you don't have a date. No money. You give her a dozen samples or shave your prices a little. And you gotta watch out for the husband. He's in and out of the place all day. A boozer. My last time in this town, I was upstairs with the broad and the husband came back from the saloon. I had to hide in a closet till he went out again. All he had to do was open that closet door and I'm cooked, but I been taking off her for a couple years and that's the first time we ever had a close one. Don't tell her I sent you. The first time, you gotta make it on your own, but I want to tell you something, that—ain't—hard. And buddy, she likes it."

I could easily have struck up a conversation with the travelling man and learned more about Lonnie's behavior, but a friend of mine joined me and we were town people against strangers. The salesman had confirmed my suspicions about Lonnie—dormant suspicions because I had not realized that Lonnie was quite so adventurous or quite so careless. Oddly enough, my immediate impulse was to warn Lonnie to use some caution, and my second, contradictory to the first, was no more than a feeling of pity for Lintzie. The practical effect of what I had overheard was to give up my pleasant enough drinking sessions with Lintzie. There was going to be trouble there, I knew it, and I had a very positive wish to stay away from it. I did not want to be drinking with Lintzie while Lonnie was using his absence to entertain a gabby salesman.

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IN later years I came to believe that Lintzie's first suspicions of Lonnie dated from my withdrawal from our sessions at Schmelinger's. My excuse to him was flimsy, although based partly on fact: that the paper had promoted me to columnist, an extra job that had to be done on my own time. It was flimsy because Lintzie did not believe me. Whenever I saw him he gave me the special look of small dignity offended, the look of small people who do not feel entitled to anger. My subsequent theory about Lintzie's suspicions of Lonnie was that without me (or anyone else) to talk to he was left entirely with his thoughts, and his world was very small. He had a wife, two kids who gave him no pleasure, and the clientele of his store, for whom he had no respect. And of course he had the memories of his ten months as a private in the Marine Corps, patrolling railway stations and piers and being sneered at by sailors and petty officers; occasional visits to whorehouses along the Eastern Seaboard; the time he stood frozen at attention when the President of the whole Gott damn United States passed within two feet of him at the Union Depot in Washington. His brother had never been as far as New York, his father had never been as far as Philadelphia, his mother had never even been to Reading before she was thirty. For a Berks County farm boy Lintzie had seen a lot of the world, but he had not been seeing much of it lately. Schmelinger ran a very sober saloon; the only decoration in the place was a pre-prohibition framed brewery advertisement, depicting a goat in Bavarian costume raising a beer stein. Schmelinger himself was a strict Roman Catholic who had a daughter a nun and a son studying for the priesthood. It was in these surroundings that Lintzie was spending a great deal of his time, probably as much of it as in his own store.

A full year and a little more passed during which I did not have a drink with Lintzie and actually did not set foot in his store. (My mother could send one of my brothers for those last-minute quarts of milk.) I was getting twenty dollars a week on the paper, and the owner, in his benevolence, allowed me to fill the tank of my four-cylinder Buick at the paper's expense. So I was coming up in the world, and I loved my column, which was one of the numerous imitations of F.P.A.'s "Conning Tower." One afternoon, after the paper had gone to press and the other reporters had gone home, the phone rang on the city editor's desk and I went to answer it. "Malloy speaking," I said.

"Oh, it's you, Malloy. This is Christine Fultz."

"Hello, Chris, what have you got?" I said. She was a "correspondent" who picked up a few dollars a week for news tips and unreadable (and usually outdated) accounts of church suppers.

"Well, I'll tell you, there's something very funny going on out here."

"Is it funny enough to go in my column?"

"What column is that?" said Chris.

"Never mind. What have you got? Spill it."

"I want the credit for the tip, mind you."

"I'll see that you get the credit for the tip, but first you have to tell me what tip on what," I said.

"It's at Lintzie's. There's a whole crowd of people standing outside there."

"Maybe they're having a bargain sale."

"Be *serious*. Somebody said he shot her."

"Lintzie shot Lonnie?"

"That's what I said, didn't I? But I don't know if it's true or not. I couldn't get very near, there's such a crowd. There was another story circulating that he shot her and the two children, but I don't know that either."

"Are the police there?" I said.

"If they are, they're inside. I didn't see no police."

"When did this happen, do you know?"

"Well, it couldn't of happened very long ago, because I went past Lintzie's an hour ago and there was nobody there. But when I came back you should of seen the crowd. So it must of happened between the time I went past there an hour ago and when I was on my way home."

"Now you're using the old noodle, Chris. What else?"

"*Somebody* said he shot a *man*."

"Lintzie shot a man?"

"Don't go blaming me if that's just a rumor, but that's what one person told me. There's supposed to be a dead man in there, and Lonnie and the two kids."

"But Lintzie? Where is Lintzie?"

"I don't know. He's either inside or he got away. Or maybe he's dead too."

"That's the old noodle again, Chris. Well, thanks very much. You'll get credit for the tip."

"Are you coming out?"

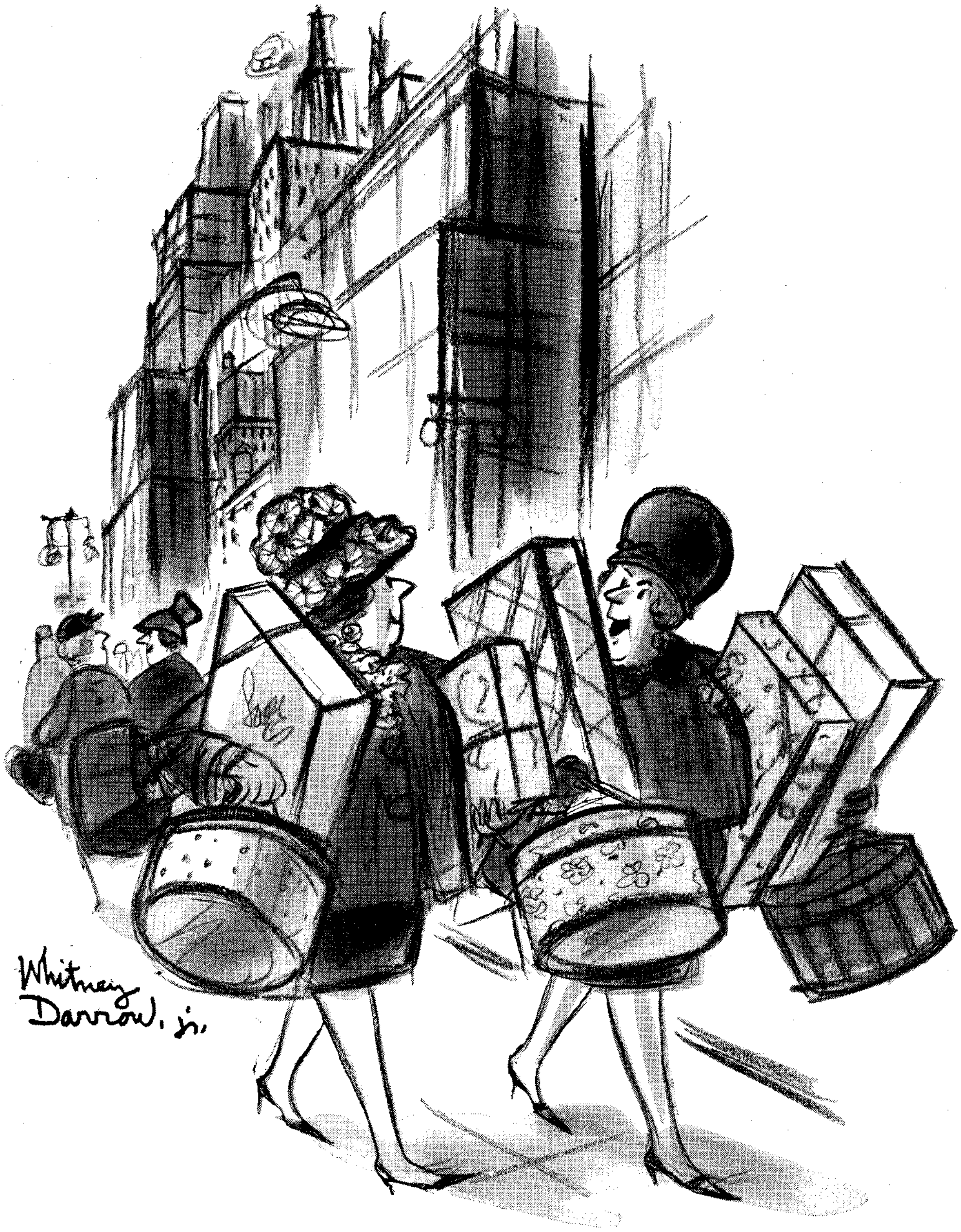
"Try and stop me," I said.

IN less than ten minutes I parked my car across the street from Lintzie's. It was my neighborhood, and everyone knew that I was working on the paper, so they made way for me. A cop, the newest on the force, got between me and the door. "No newspaper reporters," he said.

"Who said so? *You*, for Christ's sake? Get out of my way. If you'll turn your thick head around you'll see your boss waving to me to come in." Inside the store Joe Dorelli, a sergeant and detective—all detectives were sergeants—was signalling to me. "You see?" I said to the rookie cop. "I was covering murders when you were playing high-school football." It was a lie, but rookie cops were our natural enemies. I went inside.

"What the hell is this, Joe?"

"Lintzie, the Dutch bastard. He come home and caught her in bed with a guy and he shot them. Then the kids


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"If Lyndon Johnson thinks this be treason, let him make the most of it."

come running in from the yard and he shot them too. You want to see the gun? Here's the gun." On the counter was a holster stamped "USMC" and in it was a Colt .45 automatic pistol.

"Where is Lintzie?" I said.

"Back in the kitchen, talking to the Chief. You'd think he just got elected mayor, honest. He phoned in. Me and the Chief come right out and the first thing he done was offer us a cigar. Then he took us upstairs and showed us the wife and the boy friend. Wait'll you see *them*. We're waiting for the fellow to come and take their pictures. Then Lintzie took us down in the cellar and showed us the two kids."

"He shot them down in the cellar?"

"No, on the stairway, between this floor and the bedroom. Then he carried them down in the cellar. I don't know why, and he doesn't either. I said to him why didn't he shoot himself while he was at it? That's what they often do. But he was surprised at such a question. Why should he shoot himself? He looked at me like I wasn't all there."

"Is he drunk?"

"You can smell it on him, but he don't act it. He asked were you here."

"He did?"

"By name," said Dorelli. "That's what I wanted to talk to you. Did you know this was gonna happen? Nobody knows who the guy is. Well, we know his name and he was some kind of a salesman. His wallet was in his pants pocket, hanging on the back of a chair. From Wilkes-Barre, he is, but working for a company over in Allentown. Sidney M. Pollock, thirty-two years of age. But did you know about him and the Lintz woman?"

"No, but I might recognize him."

"We'll get him identified all right."

"I'd like to take a look at him."

"From the front you would. You know what a .45 slug'll do. The right-hand cheekbone it went in. She got it in the heart. Two. He gave her one for good measure. The kids he gave one apiece. Five shots, four dead. But he was a Marine, and they teach them to shoot in the Marines. I took notice there was a picture of him in the bedroom. Marksman and expert rifleman. Well, do you want to take a look at them?"

I only wanted to see the dead man, and I did recognize him. He was the companion of the travelling salesman who had talked so seductively of Lonnie Lintz. Even after a year there was no mistaking that nose and that hairless skull. I could not have recognized the big-mouth salesman; he had been sitting on my right; but Pollock had been facing him, and me. It was perhaps too much to say that if I had struck up a conversation with them that night, Pollock would not now be lying dead in his underwear on a messy bed in a strange town, in disgrace. I thought of Pollock's wife, if any, and his probably orthodox mother and father in Wilkes-Barre.

"Now you got another treat in store for you," said Dorelli. "Down in the cellar."

"No thanks," I said.

"Me either," said Dorelli. "I had to, but if I didn't have to I wouldn't have. Two kids, for Christ's sake, around the same age as two of mine. This guy is crazy, but don't you write that. That's what he'll claim—and maybe he had a right to kill her and the Jew, but not the kids. He can't pull that unwritten law on the kids. For that he deserves to fry."

"I didn't know you were such a family man, Joe."

"Listen, what you don't know about me would fill a book," he said. "You had enough, we'll go down and see if the Chief'll let you talk to Lintz."

I waited in the store while Joe conferred with the Chief. A cop named Lundy came in while I was there. "That's something you don't often hear in this town," he said.

"What's that?" I said.

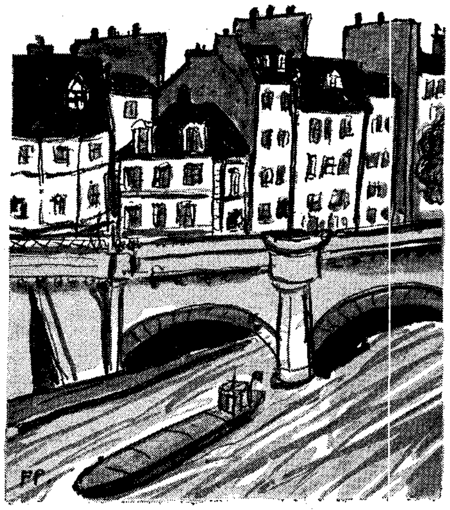
"Them women out there, they want to lynch him."

"We've never had a lynching in this town," I said.

"We never will. It's just talk, but you don't often hear that kind of talk in Lantenengo County. Just talk, but all the same I'm gonna tell the Chief to get him outa here."

"You mean you're thinking of *suggesting* to the Chief," I said.

"Aah, smart guy," said Lundy. "I hear Lintz and you was great buddies."



"Doing some detective work at Schmelinger's, eh, Lundy? Do you think you'll solve this case?"

"I'll solve you one right in the puss, Malloy," said Lundy.

"Then you'll be right back on the garbage truck. We supported *this* mayor," I said.

Dorelli, at the rear of the store, beckoned to me.

"Any message you wish me to convey to the Chief, Lundy?" I said.

"No, you wouldn't get it right, just like that rag you work for," said Lundy. He laughed and I laughed. Lundy was a good cop and he knew I thought so.

"I'll put in a good word for you, then," I said.

"Jesus, don't do that. That'd be the ruination of me, a good word from you."

I joined Dorelli. "You can talk to him, but one of us has to be there."

"Oh, come on, Joe. There's no mystery about this case. Let me talk to him alone."

"We'll do it our way or not at all," said Dorelli.

"Then we'll do it your way," I said.

Dorelli led me to the kitchen. A uniformed cop was standing outside the kitchen door; the Chief was sitting across the table from Lintzie, his chin on his chest, staring at him in silence. Obviously the Chief had momentarily run out of questions to ask Lintzie. Lintzie turned when I entered. "Oh, there's my buddy. Hyuh, Malloy."

"Hello, Lintzie," I said.

"Say, Chief, let me send over to Schmelinger's for a pint," said Lintzie. "I'll pay for it."

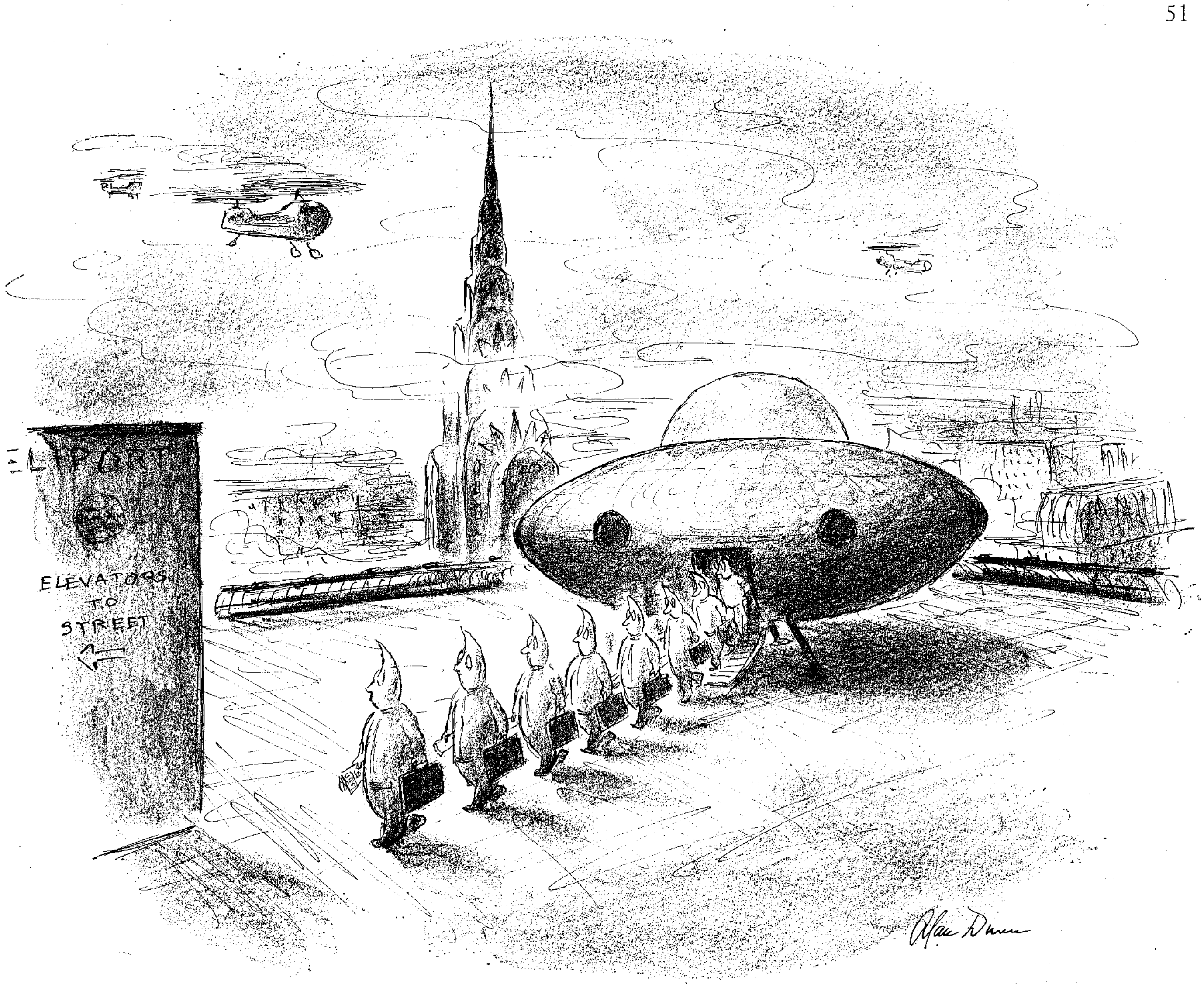
"Pay for it? You got a lot to pay for, you son of a bitch," said the Chief.

"I'll be down in the cellar," said Dorelli, and left.

"Well, I guess I went and done it," said Lintzie.

"How did you happen to pick today?" I said.

"I don't know," said Lintzie. "I was over at Schmelinger's and I guess I started to thinking to myself. There was a whole truckload of stuff piled up on the kitchen porch, waiting to be unpacked. I knowed Gott damn well Lonnie wouldn't start unpacking it. It had to be unpacked and put down in the cellar out of the way. So I said to myself if I got it all unpacked I could make the kids take it down in the cellar when they got home. It was a truckload of stuff from the wholesaler. Canned goods. Heavy. In wooden boxes. All I needed was my claw hammer and I could unpack the stuff and



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the kids could take it down the cellar a couple cans at a time. Ten or fifteen minutes' work for me and I could be back at Schmelinger's. So I said to Gus I'd see him later and I come home."

"What time was that, Lintzie?" I said.

"Search me. I lost track of time," said Lintzie.

"About quarter of three," said the Chief. "Between half past two and three, according to Schmelinger."

"I come in the store door, and I took notice to the salesman's car outside. But I went inside and no Lonnie, and no salesman. The Chief don't believe me, but I caught her once before with a salesman, only it wasn't the same one."

"Why don't you believe him, Chief?"

"Because this was a deliberate murder. All this stuff about the packages on the back porch, that's the bunk."

"Look outside, the boxes are there right now in plain sight," said Lintzie.

"He pretended he was going to spend a couple hours at Schmelinger's, the way he usually did. But he only went there long enough to give his wife and the salesman time to go upstairs," said the Chief. "He admitted himself he usually kept the .45 upstairs but today he had it hanging on a peg in the cellar stairway. This was a planned first-degree murder."

"How about that, Lintzie?" I said.

"The Chief don't have to be right all the time."

"But why was the gun hanging in the stairway?"

"To get it out of the way of the kids. Lonnie said she caught the boy playing with it and I was to get it out of the way. So I took and hung it on a peg in the cellar stairway, where he couldn't reach it. That was two-three days ago. Lonnie could— I was just gonna say Lonnie could back me up on that, but I guess not now."

"No," I said. "So then what?"

"Yes, listen to this part, Malloy," said the Chief.

"Then what? Then I went upstairs and caught them in bed."

"Wait a minute, Lintzie. You're skipping a lot. Did you get the gun and then go upstairs?" I said.

"Me? No. I went upstairs and caught them and then I got the gun."

"Did you, before you went upstairs, did you call Lonnie to see where she was? Upstairs or down-cellar?"

"Well, she could hear the bell when I come in the store."

"But you could have been a customer. You didn't call her, or did you?"

"He didn't call her, and he *didn't* come in the front door," said the Chief. "He told Dorelli one story and me another, and now he's an altogether different one. He told Dorelli he went around the back way and got his claw hammer and started opening the boxes. There's no mark of a claw hammer on any of the boxes, and anyway you make a certain amount of noise opening a wooden box with a claw hammer. You know, you put the claws under the slats and you start using leverage and it makes a peculiar kind of a noise. But that would have warned the people upstairs. No, he came in the back door, where there is no bell, and he got the .45 and sneaked upstairs and took careful aim and killed the salesman. One shot. Then he let her have two slugs right in the heart. I had a look at the .45 and I'll tell you this much, Malloy. If all my men kept their guns in as good a condition I'd be satisfied. I know something about guns. If you leave a gun in a holster for any length of time, the oil gets gummy, but not this gun. This gun was cleaned and oiled I'd say in the last twenty-four, forty-eight hours."

"I always kept my gun in good condition," said Lintzie.

"Yes. For just such an occasion," said the Chief.

"Tell me what you did, Lintzie," I said.

"I shot them, for Christ's sake. And then the Gott damn kids come yelling and screaming and I shot them, too. I ain't denying it. Go ahead and arrest me."

"Oh, we'll arrest you, Mr. Lintz," said the Chief. "You *were* arrested, nearly an hour ago. Sergeant Dorelli placed you under arrest, but you don't have a very good memory."

"You shot the kids on the stairway, and then you told Dorelli that you carried them down to the cellar."

"That's what I done. Yeah."

"But I understand that a bullet from a .45 has a terrific impact, that it'll knock a grown man back several feet. So I was wondering, maybe when you shot the kids the impact knocked them down the stairs, and then you picked them up and carried them to the cellar. Is that about right, Lintzie?"

"No," he said.

"What did happen?"

"I held the kids, one at a time, and shot them," said Lintzie.

"Jesus," I said, and looked at the Chief.

"They wouldn't hold still," he said.

"Jesus Christ," I said.

"Oh, this is quite a fellow," said the Chief. "It takes a real man to grab hold of a kid with one hand and shoot him with the other. And do the same thing all over again with another kid."

"Which did you shoot first, Lintzie? The girl or the boy?"

"Her. Then he come at me. I don't remember holding him."

"The boy tried to defend his sister," said the Chief.

"He didn't try to defend nobody, that kid. He was getting ready to shoot me. Him and Lonnie."

"But I thought Lonnie told you to hide the gun," I said.

"Till he got older, that's all. She was gonna wait a couple years till we had more money saved up."

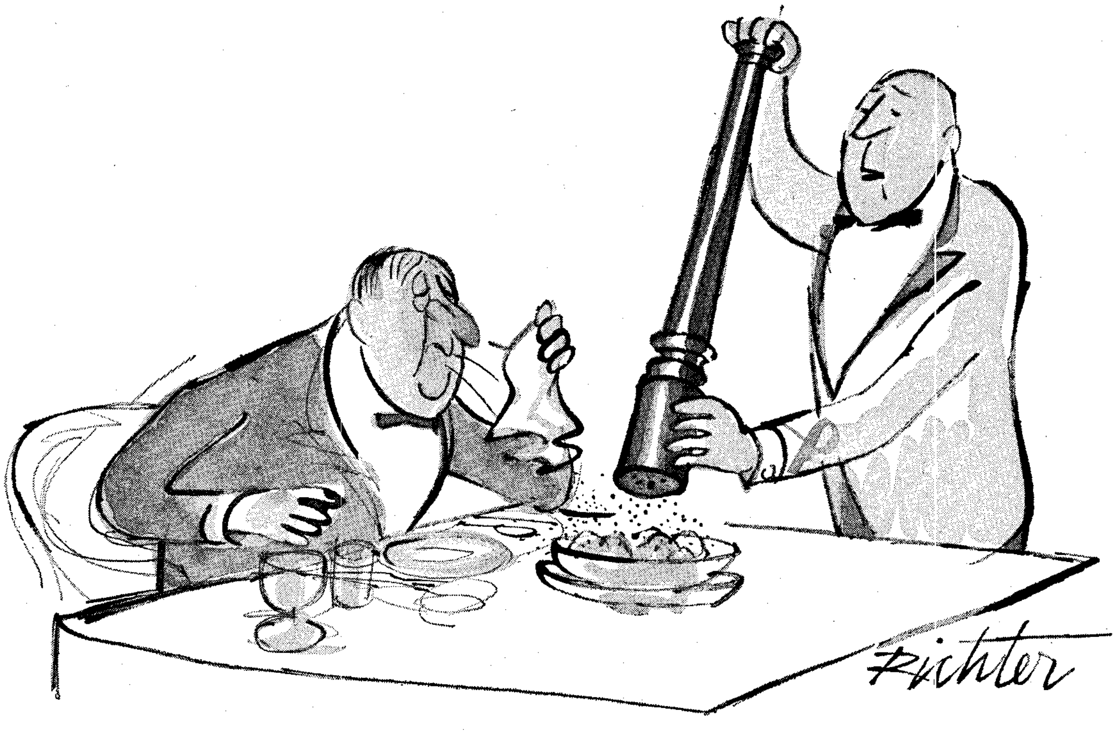
"Oh, and then she was going to let him shoot you?" I said.

"You got the idea," said Lintzie. He grinned at me and sneered at the Chief. "She thought I was dumb, but I wasn't so dumb."

"You said something about catching her with another man once before," I said. "You never told me about that."

"Yes, I did. Didn't I?"

"No, you never told me that. When did you catch her? Was it like today, you came home and found her with another man?"



"God bless you!"

"Night," he said.

"Oh, you came home one night and found her?"

"No! I was home. Upstairs. The night bell rang and she went down to see who it was."

"You thought it was a late customer," I said.

"I thought it was, but it was a foreigner. He had whiskers and he wore those funny clothes. You know. He had whiskers on his chin, all the girls were stuck on him."

"Oh, yes. Once I had a billy goat, he was old enough to vote. He had whiskers on his chin. I remember the song."

"This was *him*, though. Not a song."

"Oh, really? And he came in the store and made passes at Lonnie?"

"*She* made passes at *him*. She made passes at everybody except you. She didn't like you, or your mother, or any of you. Boy, oh, boy, the things she used to say about your old man."

"She never knew my old man, but what did she say about him?"

"How he used to operate on people when they didn't have nothing wrong with them. Any time your old lady wanted a new dress, your old man would operate on somebody."

"Oh, well that was true, of course," I said.

"Stop humoring him," said the Chief.

"And that's why Lonnie never made passes at me, because she didn't like us. But what about this foreigner with the beard, Lintzie? Did you ever see him anyplace else? Did you ever see him at Schmelinger's?"

"He used to come in there but I never talked to him."

"He did come in there, though?"

"I seen him there," said Lintzie.

"He had whiskers. Did he wear a kind of a coat with little straps across the front?"

"Such a coat, yes," said Lintzie. "But I never seen him when you were there."

"No, but I think I knew the fellow you mean."

The Chief looked at his gold hunting-case watch. "You had long enough, Malloy. I'm taking this fellow down to the squire's office."

"Charging him with

first-degree murder?" I said.

"We sure are. An open-and-shut case, like this watch."

"I'll make you a small bet he never goes to Bellefonte," I said.

"I wouldn't take your money," said the Chief.

"Bellefonte? Where the electric chair is?" said Lintzie. "Huh. Not me."

"See? He doesn't think so either," I said.

"Who did I used to guard during the war? Tell him, Malloy," said Lintzie.

"Woodrow Wilson, the President of the whole Gott damn United States," I said.

"Can I go upstairs a minute, Chief?" said Lintzie.

"No. You mean you want to go to the toilet?"

"No. I want to get something for Malloy."

"Call Lundy, tell him what it is and he'll get it," said the Chief.

"My picture of me, upstairs on the bureau," said Lintzie.

"Oh, for Christ's sake. All right," said the Chief.

Lundy went upstairs and brought down the photograph, which I had never seen before, of Private Donald Lintz, U.S.M.C., in his greens and the old-style cap that sat squarely on the top of his head, two badges for shooting pinned to the blouse.

"Put that in the paper, Malloy," said Lintzie.

"That I promise you," I said. "And how about pictures of Lonnie and the kids?"

"You want them too?" said Lintzie. "What do you want them for? I don't want them in the paper."

"Are there any more up there, Lundy?" I said.

"Sure," said Lundy. "Plenty. Her before she got fat, and the two kids."

"No, you can't have them," said Lintzie.

"Get them, Lundy," said the Chief.

"You son of a bitch, Malloy," said Lintzie. "You want to make people feel sorry for them."

"Maybe he doesn't, but I do," said the Chief. "Malloy, why do you think this fellow has a Chinaman's chance? You can tell me. The D.A. prosecutes, I don't."

"Can you spare five minutes?" I said.

"What for?"

"Will you come with me? It'll only take five minutes at the most," I said.

The Chief called Dorelli, told him to keep an eye on Lintzie, and accompanied me to Schmelinger's. I pointed to the old-time beer ad on the wall. "There's Lonnie's other boy friend," I said. "Any fifty-dollar alienist will keep Lintzie out of the chair."

"Maybe you're right," said the Chief.

"Something on the house, gentlemen?" said Schmelinger.

"No thanks, Gus," said the Chief.

"You, Malloy?"

"Not on the house," I said. "You've just lost your best cash customer."

"I won't miss him," said Schmelinger.

"He was good for fifty bucks a week and he never gave you any trouble," I said.

"I won't miss him," said Schmelinger. He ignored me and addressed the Chief. "After this fellow stopped coming in with him he just sat there and stared at the Bock beer picture. And I bet you he don't even know it was there."

"Is that so? Well, thanks, Gus. Next time I'm out this way I'll have one with you," said the Chief.

We walked in silence halfway to Lintzie's, then the Chief spoke. "I thought a great deal of your father. What's a young fellow with your education throwing it all away when you could be doing some good in the world?"

"What education? I had four years of high school," I said.

"You were away to college," he said.

"Away, but not to college."

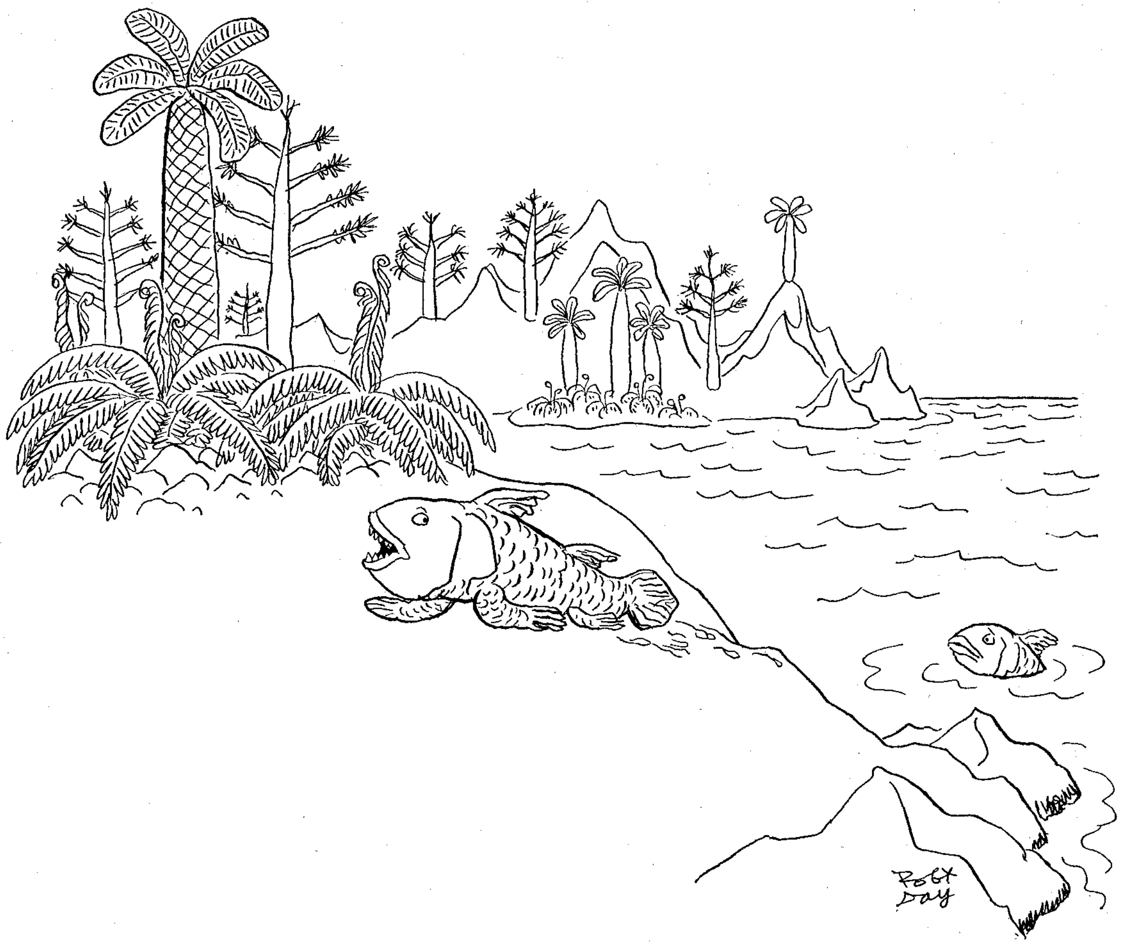
"Oh, then you're not much better than the rest of us," he said.

"I never said I was, Chief."

"You never said it, but you act it. Your father *was* better than most of us, but he didn't act it."

"No, he didn't have to," I said.

—JOHN O'HARA



"Because this is where the action is going to be, Baby."

• •

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There are excellent reasons why Beethoven evinced inordinate pride of authorship apropos of these works, even after he had turned decisively to other challenges. For one, he had ample grounds for being proud of them. For another, the . . . —*Notes on a Beethoven record album.*

Let's get back to that first excellent reason.

NOTES FROM A EUROPEAN DIARY—1963-64

I—PARIS

The Decline of Glamour: Paris, I am rather surprised to find, has no longer much glamour for me. In some ways it seems commonplace. After the war, one felt that Europe had been wrecked, and this gave it a certain tragic interest, but now a country that has to any extent recovered is inevitably seen as belonging to a more and more standardized, a more and more Americanized world.

I went one night to the Olympia Music Hall, which I remembered from the early twenties as a rather uninspired imitation of the similar theatres in London. I had seen Little Tich there. Now I sat through a first half that consisted of vaudeville acts, some of them very good, but was astonished by a second half which featured American-type entertainment of the coarsest and most raucous kind: a jazz orchestra, a spasm of the Twist, women torch singers, tremendously applauded, who never let up on their nervous Twist steps. They sing into a microphone, which is sometimes held in the right hand and sometimes comes out of the corsage, with a great cable like a garden hose. When a guitarist accompanies the songstress, also with a microphone cable, it looks as if they are going to skip rope. The singers and the *compère* and the comics and the monologuist all deafen you and grate upon you with their horrible magnified voices. It is impossible to escape from these voices. If you move to the rear of the balcony, they come out of the backs of the seats in front of you. I had been puzzled by the posters and the names in lights outside, which announced such American-sounding stars as "Billy Holladay," of whom I had never heard, but they all turned out to be French. It was fashionable to be American, and they occasionally sang an American song, which I imagine they had learned by rote. The men often had Beatle haircuts. One called himself Leny Escudero, but actually came from Belleville, one of the more squalid sections of Paris. The teenagers in the audience sometimes made such a row that one could not even hear the blaring voices. When the Beatles appeared at the Olympia, one could not hear a word or a note.

Versailles Under de Gaulle: We took our daughter to Versailles on a holiday. Gray weather; a great flock of *petit-bourgeois* visitors. These French seemed dreary and dwarfed, and so alien to the royal château, with its gardens and its great galleries, its huge portraits and wall-filling paintings of crowded historical scenes, that these latter had themselves the appearance of something discarded and shopworn, shoved away behind museum barriers, no longer felt by the people—who moved past them with no signs of interest—as having any real relation to themselves. The glorious past was no longer there, though, remotely, it lurked in the background in the anachronistic figure of de Gaulle. He seems to make no contact with the people. We encountered no enthusiasm for him. I don't think they particularly enjoy him, but they don't know what they would rather have.

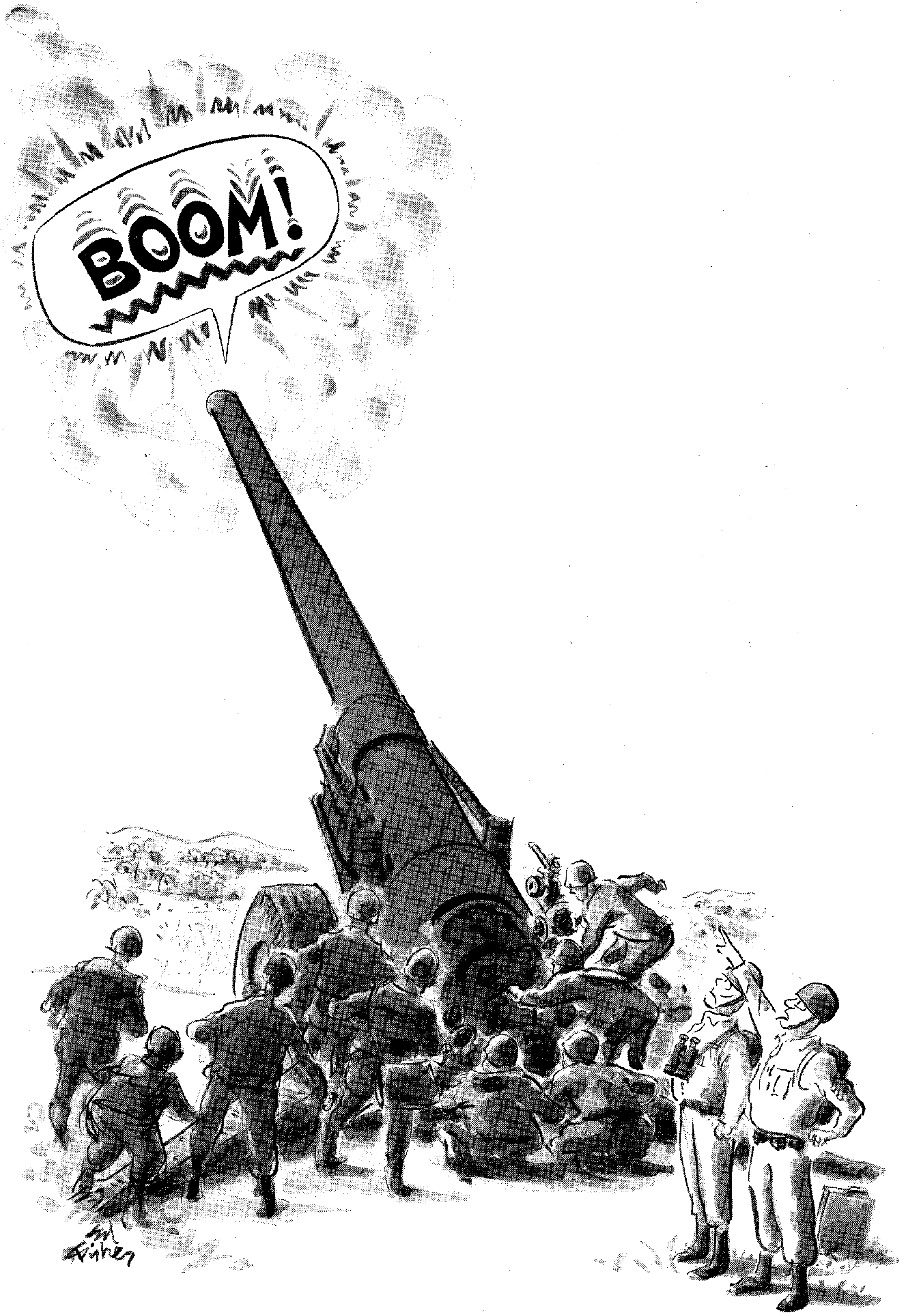
Gleams from the Past: I was reminded for a moment, in the restaurant at Versailles, of my winter excursions to Contrexéville, in the company of Army friends, when, at the time of the first war, I was stationed at Vittel, in the Vosges: the cold tiled floor, the bare winter light, the red wine that warmed us at dinner, the smell of the cold tiled toilet; and in Paris I remembered the excitement of my visits to Paris on furlough, when I stayed at the American University Club, in the Rue de Richelieu, and was enchanted by the bookshops in the Avenue de l'Opéra, with big price signs on the second-hand sets, and by the productions of Sacha and Lucien Guitry, with the delightful *gamine* Yvonne Printemps, at that time the wife of Sacha. I thought, in the Bois de Boulogne, of a scene there with my first great love, when I went to France in the summer of 1921, and this brought back my many evenings at the out-of-door Théâtre de l'Oasis, for which Mme. Picabia had been

"In 1927, George was Mr. Right."

able to recruit Yvette Guilbert, Aristide Bruant, and other vedettes of the nineties. And then there was the autumn of 1935, when I stopped over on my way back from Russia and saw the Jolases, the Malraux, and the Joyces, and, coming from the Soviet Union, was charmed by the coiffures and general chic—so little in evidence now—of the women one saw in the theatres.

But all such things had now fallen back onto the map of a much flatter world, in which Washington and Boston and New York were centers at least as active as Paris; in which France and England seemed comparatively supine, while the United States was energetic and aggressive. Paris now is almost a provincial city, though de Gaulle, with *la gloire* and *la France*, hovers high in the empyrean and Malraux tries to make the place shine by cleaning up the ancient monuments—it is somewhat disconcerting, however, to find the Louvre turning yellow—and ringing changes on the opera houses and theatres. The Opéra has been given a new lease on life; we heard an excellent "Wozzeck," sung in German, and the best production of "Carmen" I remember, realistic rather than romantic, with costumes and sets out of Goya.

FRENCH CANADA: It is curious to find that French Canada, about which I am now writing articles, does not seem so remote in Paris as I had been expecting it would. In its present nationalistic phase, it makes, in the French-speaking world, a point of intense vivacity. For the first time since Louis XV refused to send the French Canadians reinforcements against the English and sold them out at the Peace of Paris, the mother country has been taking some interest in them. De Gaulle is making passes at French Canada, has established a center there, and Malraux has visited Quebec and orated to the Québecois, telling them that they, too, are French—*démarches* which, however, I gather, have not always been well received; they cannot compensate for two centuries of scornful indifference. We have seen a documentary French film in which the Province of Quebec is presented as a patriotic French colony which ought to be recognized as an integral part of the realm of France. It included a short speech by one of the leaders of the nationalist movement, who aimed, as it was explained, to be President of a French Canada independent of English Canada, and the new big buildings of Montreal were exhibited with the ap-



"Sir! Look! There it goes again!"

• •

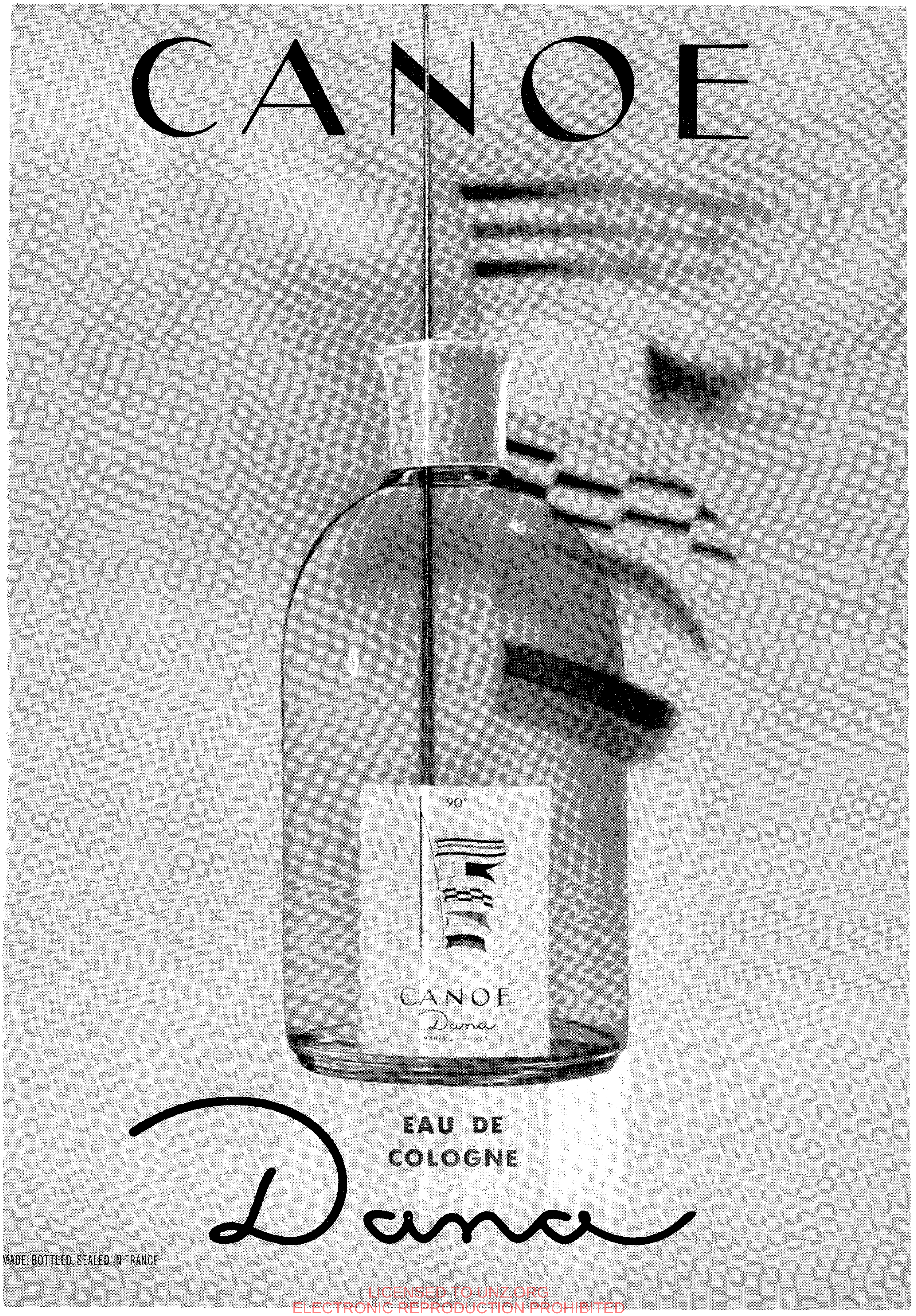
parent implication that they were the work of French Canadians. There is a French-Canadian library in Paris, from which I have been getting books through a young French-Canadian friend, who works both in a Paris news agency and on the Larousse Encyclopaedia. Professor Etiemble, in his book, "Parlez-Vous Franglais?," suggests that the obnoxious *living*, now used instead of *salon* for "living room," be eliminated by substituting for it the French-Canadian word *vivoir*.

The Details of Change: It was some time before I was able to take account of all the things that made Paris seem so different: the abolition of urinals, the prostitutes driven off the streets (both the results of a de Gaulle cleanup), the disappearance of the Paris *Herald*, the absence of that strong-smelling petrol that I had always remembered as of the essence of Paris, the almost total disappearance of the pretty and well-turned-out Parisian. Then the signs, which are likely to be printed in German and English as well as in French—and there are many American signs. Frenchmen still take hours for lunch, locking up their offices and banks, but they also today have quick-lunch rooms, which they can only describe as "snack bars," since—the institution being quite new—there is as yet no word for this in French. And, finally, the atmosphere of official repression, which, I suppose, has been partly brought on by the struggle against the Algerian conspirators. I have never before felt this in Paris. The government now censors books and papers for both moral and political reasons. De Gaulle's opponent Defferre, the Socialist Mayor of Marseille, is never allowed to be heard on either radio or television. It is dismaying to find Parisians, in a place like the Café de la Paix, looking about them, as people used to do in Moscow, to make sure that they will not be overheard.

"I know more about art than you do, so I'll tell you what to like."

The Young People: But perhaps the most striking change is in the attitude of the young toward the old; the traditional submission to parents and acceptance of established conventions now seem largely to have broken down. A young professor at the Sorbonne told me that he would never, in his student days, have ventured to address a professor—if you wanted to communicate with him, you had to write him a letter—but that nowadays his own students did not hesitate to speak to him with the utmost freedom; they did everything except *tutoyer* him. The young people now have for their elders—for anybody, that is, over forty—a whole pejorative vocabulary. The first and commonest term was, I believe, *les croulants* ("the crumbling ones"), but this is now being improved upon with more ingenious ideas: *les son-et-lumière* (*Son et Lumière* is the official name of the program for lighting up the old châteaux and broadcasting historical information) and *les pas cotés dans l'Argus* ("not listed in the *Argus*," a paper entirely devoted to the trade in second-hand cars). Old ladies are *les viocques*. (This last, I understand, is not recent.) Other examples of young people's slang are such superlatives as *formid*, *sensass*, and *bouledum*, the last of which, it seems, is a contraction of *bouleversant d'humanité*. The equivalent of our "terrific" is *vachement terrible* or *bovine terrible*. One slang phrase that particularly amuses me is *les zozoteurs*, for *les auteurs*, which has a suggestion of *zozoter*, "to lisp."

"La Reine Verte": We took our daughter to "La Reine Verte," which sounded like an interesting novelty. It is amusing in a circuslike way, but not a serious artistic exploit, as a review had misled me to believe. This entertainment is simply a concoction of variegated and now mostly dated clichés: Surrealism, Dürrenmatt, Cocteau, jazz, electronic music, "*toute la boutique*." After the first shocks and mystifications, you learn that it purports to deal with three large and obvious subjects—"*l'Amour, la Mort, et l'Homme*." Death is also somehow Nature and Vegetation; the character who represents her has much in common with both Cocteau's Sphinx and Dürrenmatt's Old Lady. The author or the producer has evidently been car-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ried away by Grandville's illustrations for "Les Fleurs Animées," and the costumes are straight out of these. You have Grandville's frogs and insects as well as his flowers, and even his elegantly stylized watering pot. L'Homme, like Adonis and Attis, seems to be a "vegetable god," who, after being slain by Nature-Death, is eventually resurrected. Enough sentimental music to offset the electronic loopings; some bizarre clowning and tumbling in a now rather ancient vein, which would undoubtedly have left Cocteau unmoved. At the close of the first act, somebody yelled something about "*blague*," but if the producer had hoped for anything like the demonstrations over "Le Sacre du Printemps"—the reviews having suggested audacity—there was no possibility of it. Even for a really audacious talent such as that of Jean Genet, it is probably impossible, in the theatre, to become so outrageous as to rouse the public. All the horrors and the moral perversities have become accepted routine; all the grotesqueries have been calmly digested; no dissonance any longer jars. They have all been absorbed by the boulevard, and "La Reine Verte" is nothing if not boulevard. (Since this was written, however, a semi-private attempt to put on the stage "La Philosophie dans le Boudoir" of the Marquis de Sade has been stopped by the Paris police. The de Gaulle administration has been very strong against pornography.)

LE DOUX TRAIN-TRAIN DE NOTRE VIE PAISIBLE ET MONOTONE: Here in Paris, at the Hôtel de Castille, just opposite the Ritz Bar—where Henry James once lived in a building now owned by Chanel, and Turgenev in the Rue de Rivoli, just around the corner—with our daughter away at school, we have settled down to a life which resembles unexpectedly our life in Cambridge, Massachusetts. As usual, I read and write and buy the English weeklies, as well as *L'Express*, *Paris-Soir*, and sometimes *Le Canard Enchaîné*, which is today making fun of de Gaulle in exactly the same systematic and rather monotonous way as, at the time of the first war, it made fun of Clemenceau. In the evenings, we go to the theatre or, just as we did on Brattle Street, to some promising French or foreign movie. Usually, we take advantage of our *demi-pension* arrangement by dining at the hotel here. Altogether, it is very pleasant.

For me, it is especially a pleasure—after having, in connection with writ-

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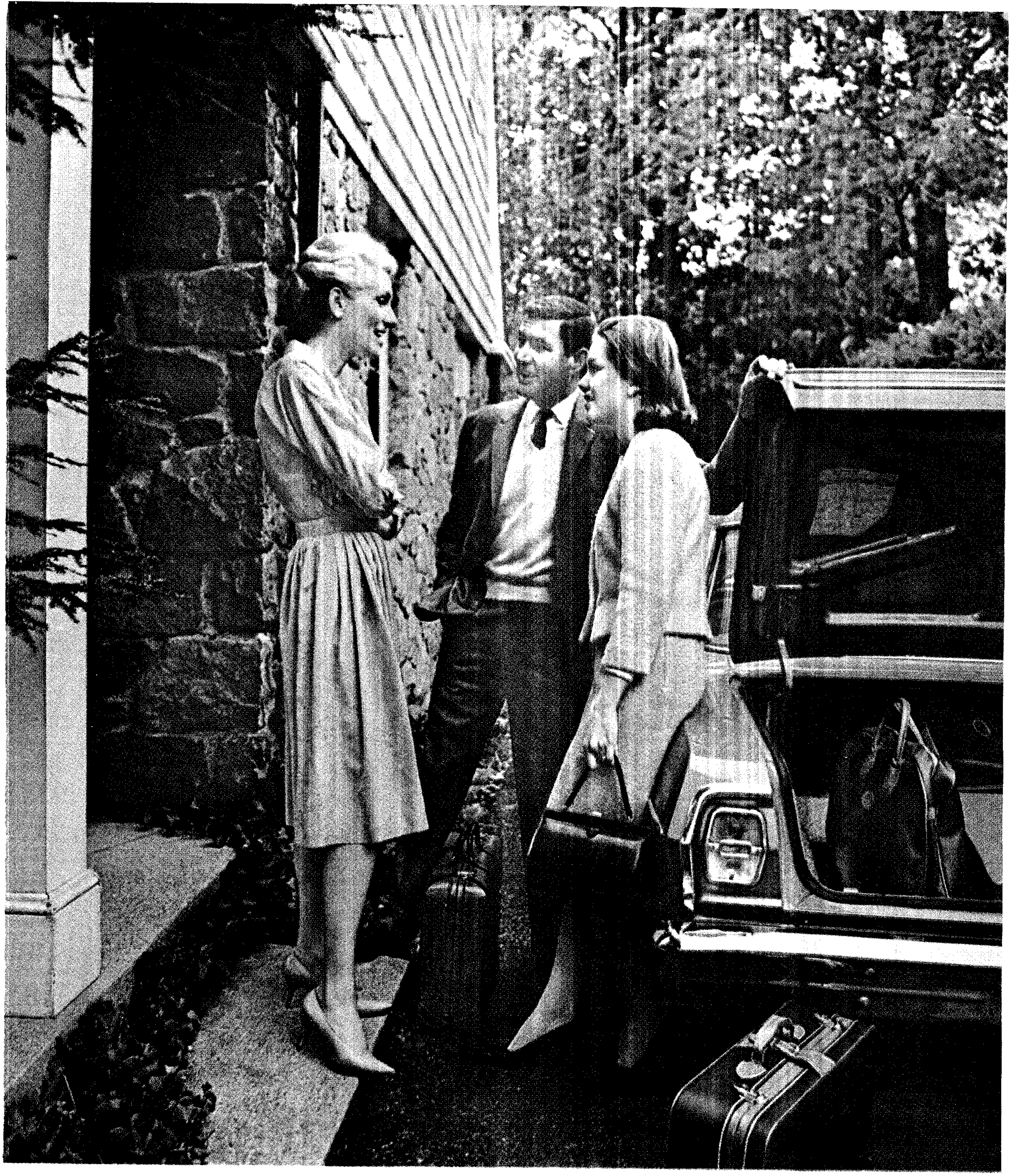

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ing about Canada and our Civil War, had to read so many mediocre books—to be able to enjoy at last some really well-written ones: Smollett's "Travels Through France and Italy," the excellent selection by Auden of Walter De la Mare's poetry, a volume of Saintsbury's called "Miscellaneous Essays," which I had never seen before but picked up at Blackwell's in Oxford (Saintsbury at his best, in his middle period: 1892)—a masterly study of the differences between English and French literature, little essays on minor French writers such as Chamfort, Parny, and Dorat, and essays on the development of English prose which contain the first sketches of his later long work on the history of English prose rhythm. If these papers were ever read by the *Partisan Review* boys and the other New York critics of their school, they would either not understand them or, if they did, be filled with despair. By the "explicating" New Critics and the academic myth-and-symbol men they could never be read at all. An essay on the English novel is less satisfactory than the others. Saintsbury is supercilious about Howells and Henry James, and seems to believe that the return to romantic fiction—which I think produced nothing lasting except, perhaps, Robert Louis Stevenson, who is best when he is *not* being too romantic—is a perfectly splendid thing.

INEDIBILITY OF PAUL CLAUDEL: I saw that the Barrault company was doing Claudel's play "Le Soulier de Satin." I thought that I ought to go, and got the text to read it first. Though I had never been attracted by what I knew of Claudel, I had a certain curiosity about him, and especially about this play, which a lady whose taste I respect had told me she read at twenty, when it made a deep impression upon her. But I only lasted halfway through, and I felt I couldn't face a performance. I have rarely disliked a book so much. There are occasional gleams of poetry, but the combination of rhetoric and religiosity, the supersexual and antisexual idealism that seems so effortful and not quite sincere, was rejected by my literary stomach. The preposterous hero and heroine are prevented from consummating their passion by the fact that the latter is married, and they are supposed to be enjoying a higher bliss through the self-denial this imposes. It turned out that what had impressed my friend was that the heroine had safeguarded herself from temptation by pledging herself to the Virgin. She says that this had

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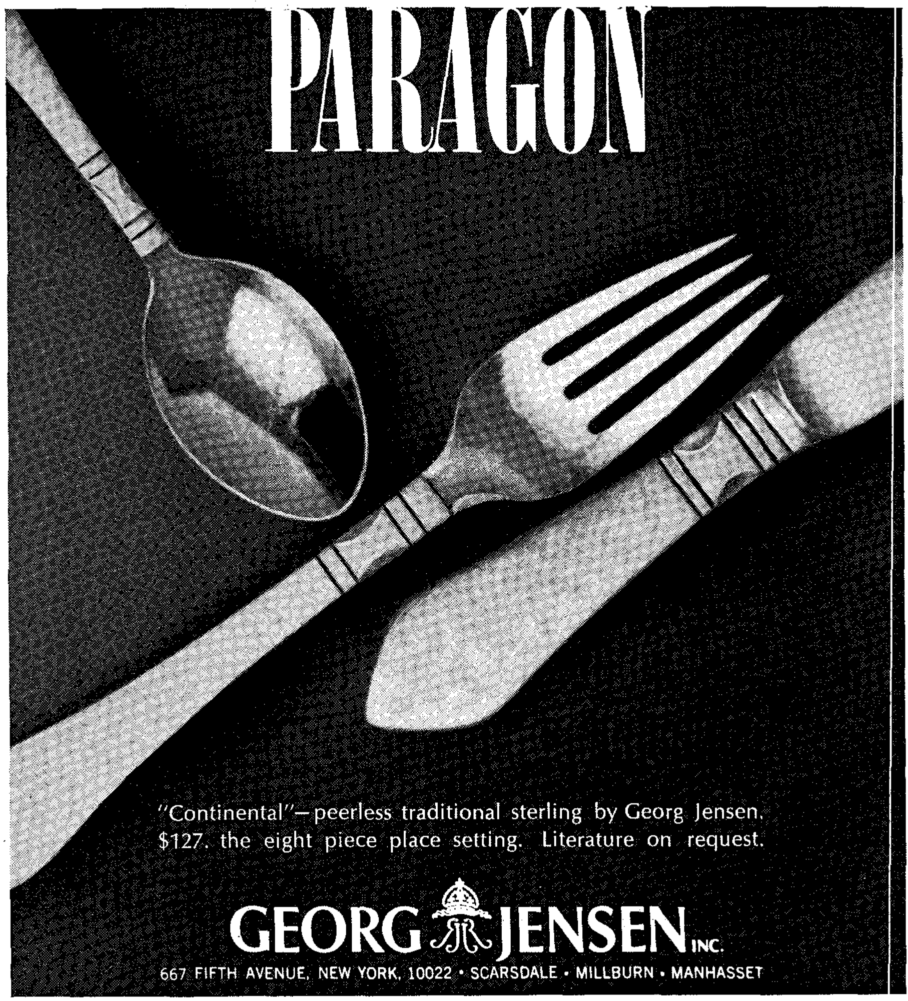

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the effect of persuading her not to flinch from exposing herself to temptation.

Yet some passages in "Le Soulier de Satin"—in which the characters do a great deal of travelling and which does aim at a certain universal scope—made me feel again the flimsiness of human life. Surrounded by the void of the universe, we agitate ourselves, one must sometimes feel, to very dubious purpose. Our little lives soon go out, and is it really at all surprising that in order to fulfill our immediate desires we should not shrink from extinguishing other lives, from sending them out into the void before us? Eventually, *we* shall go blank. What difference does it make, after all, if we terminate a few other existences in order to prolong our own?

LIVID DAYLIGHT: The French naturalistic novelists were always talking about "*un jour blafard.*" You would find in them such descriptions as "*Un jour blafard était tamisé au travers les rideaux de guipure sale.*" You have to spend a winter in Paris really to know what this *jour blafard* is. It is what you get most of the time. I composed a short poem on the subject:

HIVER PARISIEN

Le jour blafard
Donne le cafard.

It makes you, as Elena [my wife] says, sympathize with the eagerness of the boy in Proust to see real sunlight falling on the balcony, which means that he can go out to the Champs-Élysées.

ASSASSINATION OF KENNEDY: Elena much upset emotionally. We both had had bronchial and sinus colds, and that weekend we sat dismally in the hotel room, surrounded by the ghastly newspapers. The whole thing is sickening: the sordidness of the assassins—a schizoid boy who had thought he was a Marxist, a boastful crook who ran a small night club; the ineptitude of the Dallas police; the humiliating position of the President, who had had to run around the country soliciting political support. I was surprised at the reaction in France and, as I gathered, in Europe generally. The Parisians had been putting on a great show of anti-Americanism. Elena has been more aware of this, in her everyday contacts with people, than I have. She says that when she has asked in a shop for anything that sounded American, the reply was "*Ce n'est pas français, ça,*" but that now the people in shops and even the

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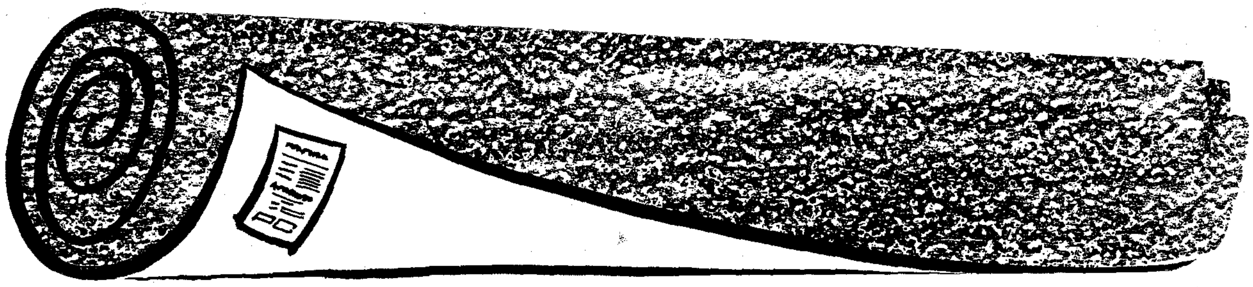

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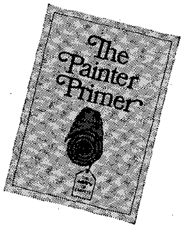

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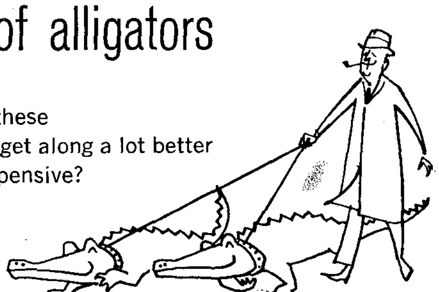

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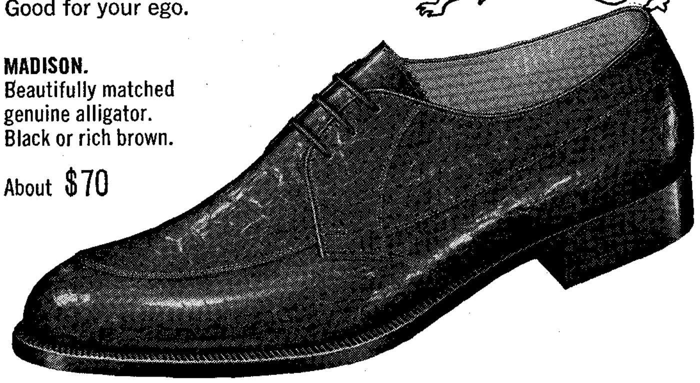

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taxi-drivers are likely to commiserate with her. This shows how much, in Europe, they have really been counting on us, with Kennedy at our head, to come to the rescue of the West. Though they rail at us, they have envied and idealized us. They do not know what the United States is like now; they imagine that we are safe and comfortable. And now Kennedy, who had been doing his best, against truculent and well-organized opposition, to establish an enlightened administration—to work for a reduction of taxes, a guarantee of civil rights for the Negroes, and a peaceful settlement with Russia—has fallen victim to the worst elements in American society: the gangsters, the delinquents, the baboons of the South. When Kennedy was received in Dallas, according to Henry Brandon, who was there—the Washington correspondent of the London *Sunday Times*—there was a plane overhead with a streamer that said, "Coexistence Is Surrender," and pickets protesting against his policy in regard to the Negro. Someone is reported to have said, "Whoever did it, I'm glad he got the nigger-lover!"

"HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD": Helen [our daughter] writes from her school in Switzerland that she has been homesick, since the murder of Kennedy, to talk to other Americans. I feel sometimes—since seeing Don Stewart and Tom Matthews in London—that I need to talk to Americans, but I should dread going back at this moment. I was finding it a strain before I left, and now it seems even more forbidding. Nicolas Nabokov tells me that when he was last—not long ago—in New York, he had a certain feeling of apprehension that he might not get away without being beaten up. A bullying taxi-driver had tried to convert him to Seventh Day Adventism. I was told by the wife of the Washington correspondent of one of the Paris papers that she had been oppressed in Washington by the fear of she didn't know what and was anxious to be back in Paris.

Lee Oswald's violent acts have obviously something in common with the riotings and wreckings that have been going on at home. The recent student riot at Princeton was one of the worst on record. The students tore down the President's fence and destroyed a lot of other property. When I talked about this with the former Master of one of the Yale houses, he asked me whether I had ever been involved in a riot, and

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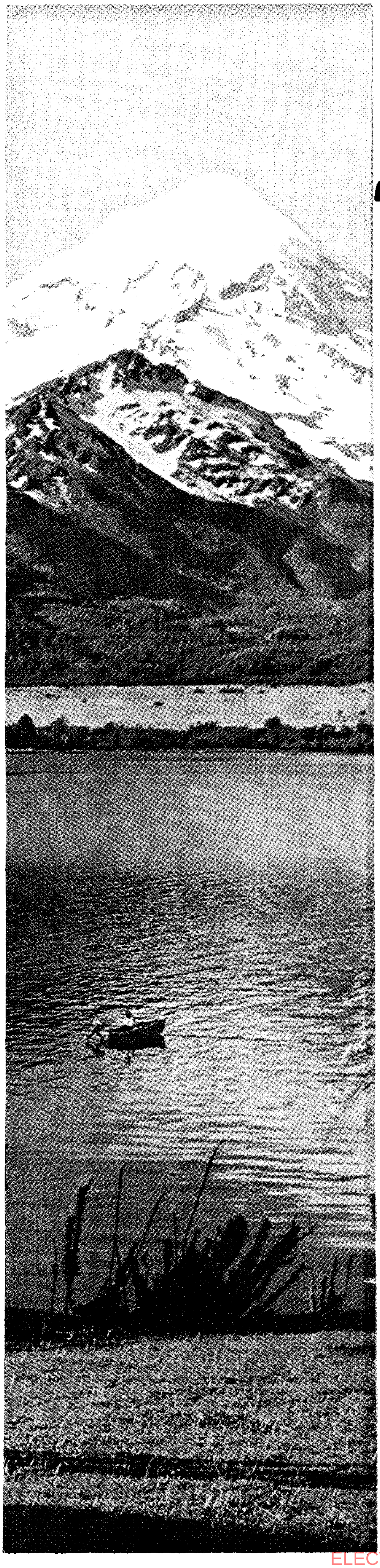

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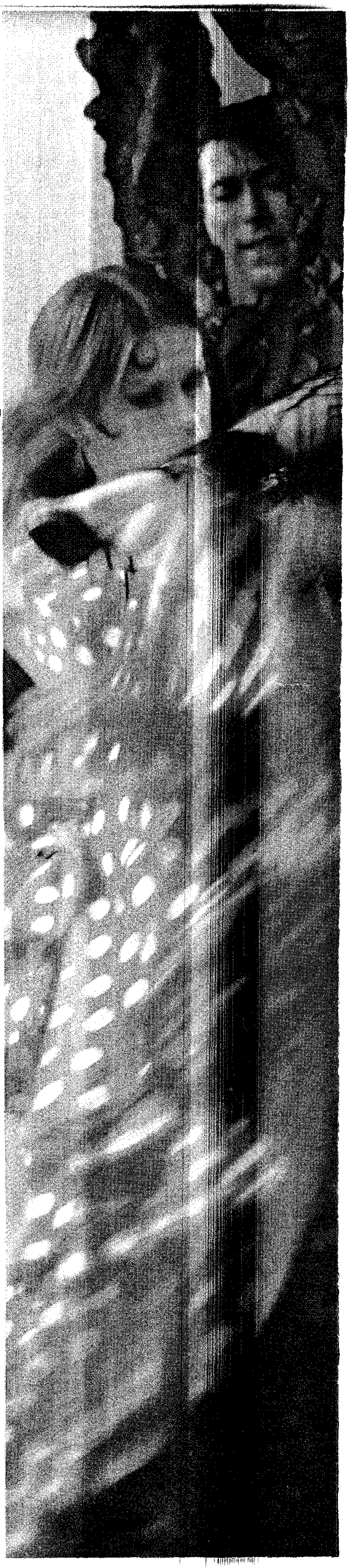

told me about one at Yale. He found that he had lost all authority: if you tried to say anything to restrain them, they would simply throw something at you. There had been, also, before I left, the meaningless outbreak of young people—who did thousands of dollars' worth of damage to an expensive Long Island house—as the aftermath of an engagement party.

Later, in Manchester, when I saw Marcus Cunliffe, one of the Englishmen who know most about the United States, he was speculating as to whether the very distinction, combined with the advantages, of Kennedy had not aroused an envious resentment in the breasts of a good many of his countrymen. That the President of the United States should be rich, good-looking, full of charm, young-appearing yet extremely competent, married to a beautiful wife—surely all this was hard to forgive. How a Lee Oswald must have hated him! And how relieved many people must have been at seeing this brilliant figure extinguished! I think there may be something in this. There is certainly a sulky rebellion against all forms of seriousness and superiority, the acceptance of standards of excellence. The beatniks represent it in literature, the Abstract and Pop painters in art, and in music you have it in such exploits as those of John Cage, when, for example, he asks people to listen to six radios simultaneously playing different programs. In all this, mediocre abilities or men with no ability at all are trying to divert attention by demonstrating against discipline.

The much advertised film "Cleopatra," of which, just before I came over, I saw the first half in Boston but couldn't stand to stay for the rest, is so stupid, in such bad taste, and so incoherent and senseless that, made at such tremendous expense, I thought at the time that it indicated some great emptiness and bankruptcy in American life.

MONTMARTRE: On Sunday afternoon, December 1st, we went for a walk on Montmartre—Place Pigalle, Place Clichy—where I don't think I have been for years. There were a good many people out—small and dark and unenlivened, quiet and almost morose, as they strolled past the five-franc strip-tease joints, the booths that sold cheap sausages and pastry, and the posters for movies full of violence and vice. They reminded me of the low-spirited strollers that I had seen in Moscow in 1935, trying feebly to enjoy

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THE RAT IN THE PLACE DE L'OPÉRA: We have been both more or less ill all winter. The winter weather has always been bad in Paris, but I have never had to spend a whole winter here before. Nowadays the air is bad as well as the weather: impregnated with the damp, it is poisoned by the fumes from the cars and made stifling by the central heating. You wake up half asphyxiated. We went finally to a nose-and-throat doctor. I remarked that the air was bad, and he said yes, of course it was: it had become a serious problem for the city. He told me that an experiment had been performed to find out just how bad it was. A caged rat had been exposed to the fumes of the Place de l'Opéra, very near which we have been living: "He was dead at the end of half an hour." We found that the chambermaids had heard this impressive story. One wonders whether anything more—now that the lethal character of the air has been so definitely "*constaté*"—has been done about the situation.

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR: I have read, or rather skipped through, the second and third volumes of Simone de Beauvoir's memoirs: "La Force de l'Âge" and "La Force des Choses." She is certainly a very boring woman and a very unattractive writer. She has absolutely no sense of humor and no sense of proportion or of literary form. She tells you about every movie that she and Sartre went to together, very often without adding any comment. Her attitude toward distinguished contemporaries with whom she has been acquainted is entirely determined by their relations with Sartre. Camus did not approve of Sartre's politics, and a serious rupture occurred; Jouvet did not produce Sartre's plays; in the case of Malraux, it is difficult to know precisely what Simone de Beauvoir's grievances are, but it is obvious that the de Gaulle Minister and the obstinate supporter of the Communists must be unsympathetic to one another. It is embarrassing to read her account of her relations with Nelson Algren and Sartre. One ends by feeling rather sorry for Mlle. de Beauvoir. I do not see why the threnody on advancing age with which the book ends should have made some women readers indignant. I found it quite honest and touching. Elena has read her book "Le Deuxième Sexe" and says that Simone de Beauvoir tells you

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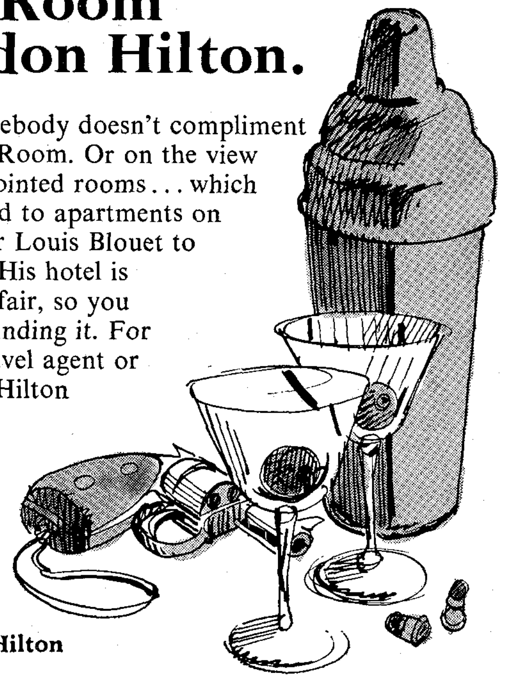

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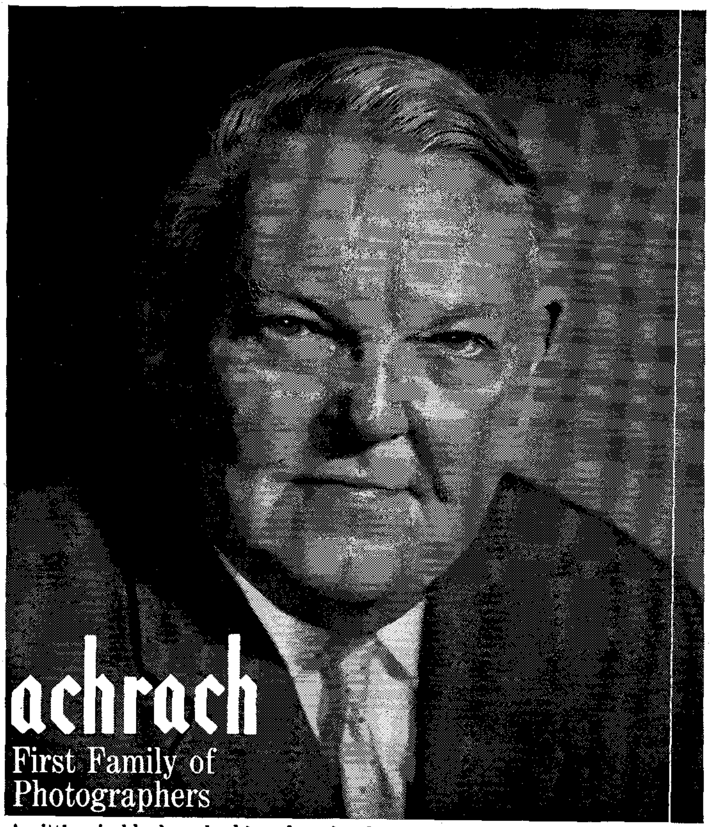

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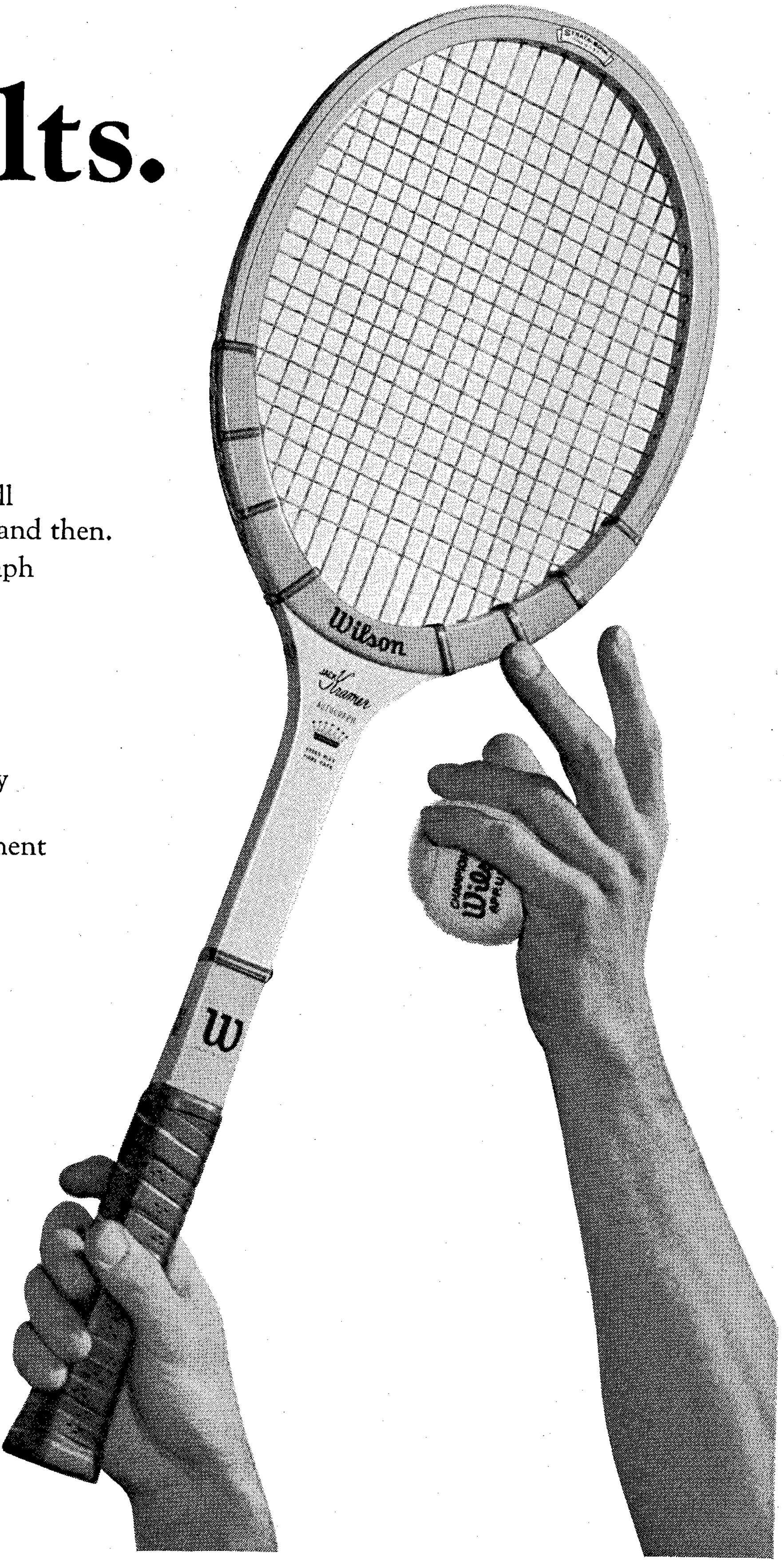

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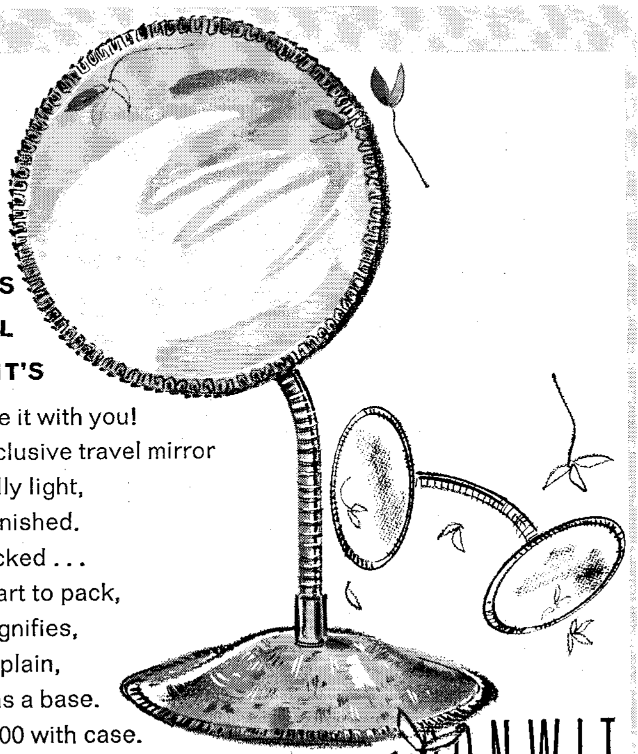

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A Winter Mood: Nowadays, from time to time, in almost any connection, I find myself tending to feel that human works of art are futile because the beings who create them must die. Why go to so much trouble, expend so much energy and thought and taste when we are so perishable ourselves and even the things that we construct to outlast us must eventually perish, too? This mood has just been brought on by reading an essay on the rococo in a book by Cyril Connolly. He tells us to hurry up if we want to enjoy the rococo: "Even as I write some façade is crumbling; a ceiling flakes, panelling is being stripped, plasterwork crushed, chimneypieces torn out, a Chippendale looking-glass cracks and innumerable pieces of china are thumbed and shattered."

"Der Stellvertreter": The great theatrical sensation of the season has been Rolf Hochhuth's "Der Stellvertreter," done in Paris as "Le Vicaire," in London as "The Representative," and in New York as "The Deputy" (these names apply to the Pope, "The Vicar of Christ on Earth"). I do not know whether there has ever in the history of the drama been a case like that of this play. Here is a work on so huge a scale that it would take seven hours to perform, and on account of the nature of the work this would hardly be practicable even if it were performed on successive evenings, like "Back to Methuselah," or in the afternoon and evening of one day, like "Mourning Becomes Electra." It contains a good deal that is theatrically moving and it is written in a kind of rough free verse, but too much of the dialogue consists of what are really editorial matter and news bulletins, which on the stage would be intolerably tiresome. The subject is the situation in Germany created by the murder of the Jews, and the attempts of a Jesuit priest to induce the Pope, Pius XII, to protest against these massacres. He is unsuccessful in this and decides to die a martyr's death. He puts on the Star of David and allows himself to be sent to Auschwitz, where eventually he is shot. The exploit of Hochhuth's hero was derived from the career of a real priest, whose story was, however, somewhat different, and there are real persons who are presented under their own names: the Apostolic Nuncio in Germany, the Pope, Eichmann, and Kurt Gerstein, that mysterious S.S. officer

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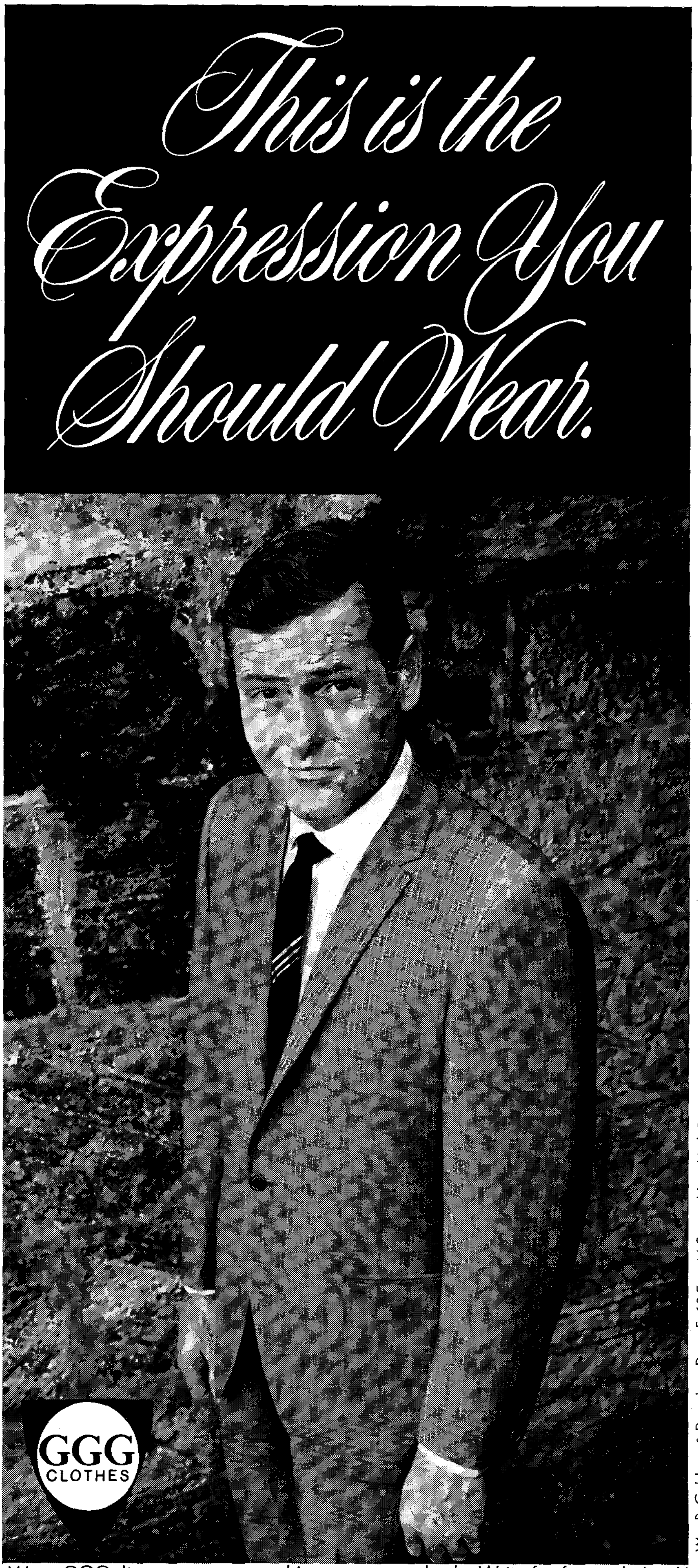
who, wearing the Nazi uniform, worked clandestinely against the Nazis. The play includes a whole panorama of the forces involved in the situation: the Nuncio's house and the Vatican, a Nazi beer cellar, a Jewish household, an Italian religious order which is hiding Jewish refugees, and, finally, Auschwitz in all its horror. One of the author's effective ideas is to have the large cast of characters played by a limited number of actors, who sit at the back of the stage in a kind of drab uniform, only putting on occasional robes and headwear to come forward and play different parts, regardless of the side or faith to which these characters are supposed to belong. The implication is that any one of us might find himself in any of these roles. The play has tremendous dramatic values and is important, like the novels of Günter Grass, in representing the first efforts of German writers to confront and to deal with the immediate past. But its peculiarity is that its producers in the various countries in which it has been performed, with so wide-ranging a text to choose from, and one not well organized, have in each case made a different selection and constructed a different play.

We saw the London and Paris productions and read the original text, and these differences between them were revealing. All the Jews had been banished from the London production, and all the women except the pretty waitress Helga, and she only in the beer-cellar scene. Not to have followed her through makes this character rather pointless, for she turns up again in Auschwitz, still serving and sleeping with the soldiers and apparently hardly conscious of what is going on about her. The Nazis here were merely rowdy officers. The Auschwitz scenes were played down and, with abominable theatrical results, the whole play was bracketed between films of the prisoners and the corpses in the concentration camps. In Paris, there were Jews but no women at all, and the Nazis were as brutal and cruel as the author meant them to be. A cosmopolitan German who had been following the progress of the play said to me that it was quite impossible to induce an English actor to behave like a Nazi on the stage, but that this was not so difficult in France. At the end of the Vatican scene, the Pope, in writing the proclamation in which he fails to condemn the Nazis for their persecution of the Jews, is made by Hochhuth, as a result of nervousness, to get ink upon his hands, and a basin is brought for him to wash them. This is, of course, a ref-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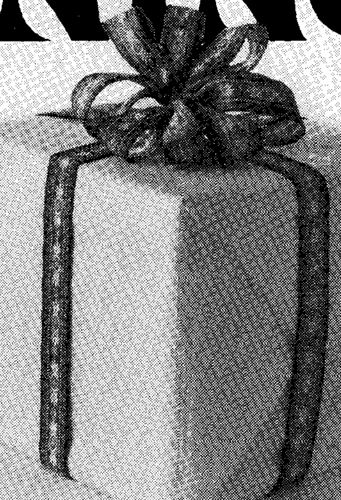
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erence to Pilate, and though the English included it, the French left it out. In France, there were riots at first, even with this omission, but they did not last very long, and finally petered out with the releasing in the theatre of a number of mice, which, it was hoped, would create a panic among the women in the audience. A lady who liked animals, however, and was not afraid of mice succeeded in catching a good many of them and put them away in her handbag.

In Italy, we were told that the play could never be produced in Rome. An attempt was later made by some independent group, but the performances were stopped by the police. Yet "Der Stellvertreter"—written by a Protestant and in the spirit of the Reformation—is essentially a religious play. In Germany, the set was dominated by a cross at the back of the stage. The interest of the final scenes is centered on a diabolical "doctor," who is performing anatomical experiments and exults in sending women and children to their deaths. He is a well-educated man and has studied for the priesthood, and he keeps his arguments with the Jesuit, and hence the play itself, on a theological level by explaining that his present activities are in the nature of "a question asked of God." "And so I risked what no man had/ yet risked since the world began to turn. . . ./ I took an oath that I would provoke the Old Man so measurelessly,/ so totally beyond measure, that he would have to give an answer./ Even if it was only the negative answer, which,/ as Stendhal says, is all that *can* excuse Him: that he does not exist." But all the good people are destroyed, and the doctor, though he knows that the war is lost and that the Allies, if they can catch him, will hang him, goes sardonically on with his crimes. This last act is perhaps too harrowing as well as too long to be performed on the stage. Hochhuth says that he has thought about this problem and wants to have the scenes at Auschwitz as little realistic, as dim and abstract, as possible, but even so, if performed as written, they would try the nerves of any audience.

LE STRIP-TEASE: This form of entertainment—imported from abroad: another case of a foreign word for something which had not existed in France—has now become such a feature of Paris that I thought I ought to see what they were doing with it. This turned out to be something entirely unlike our old burlesque shows of Fourteenth Street and Minsky's. I first

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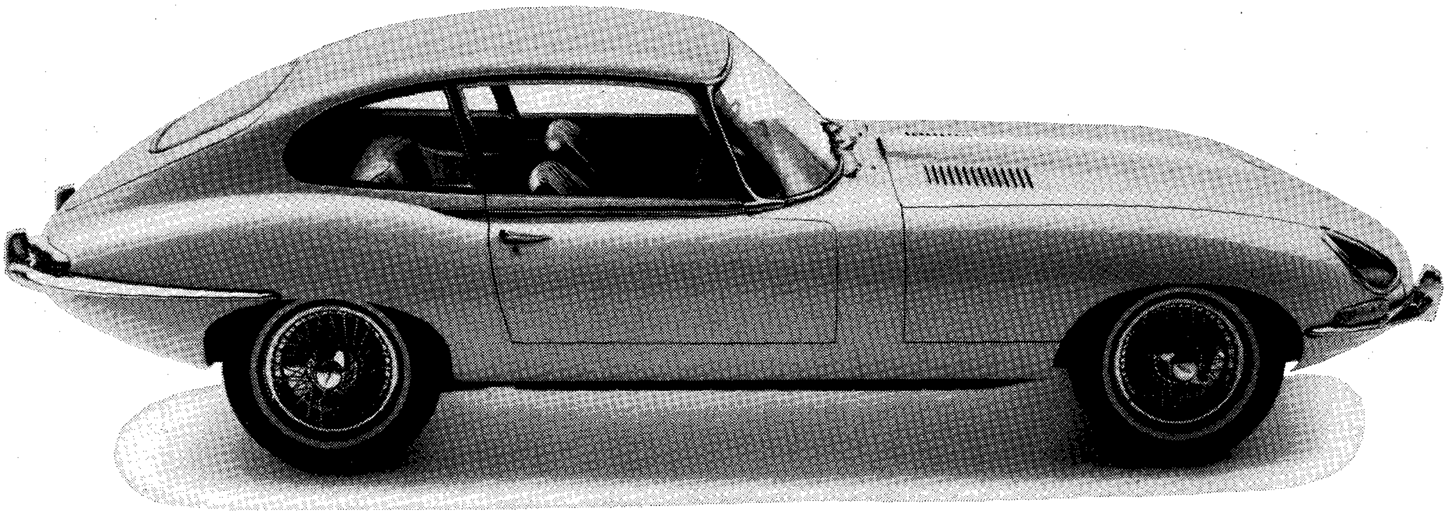

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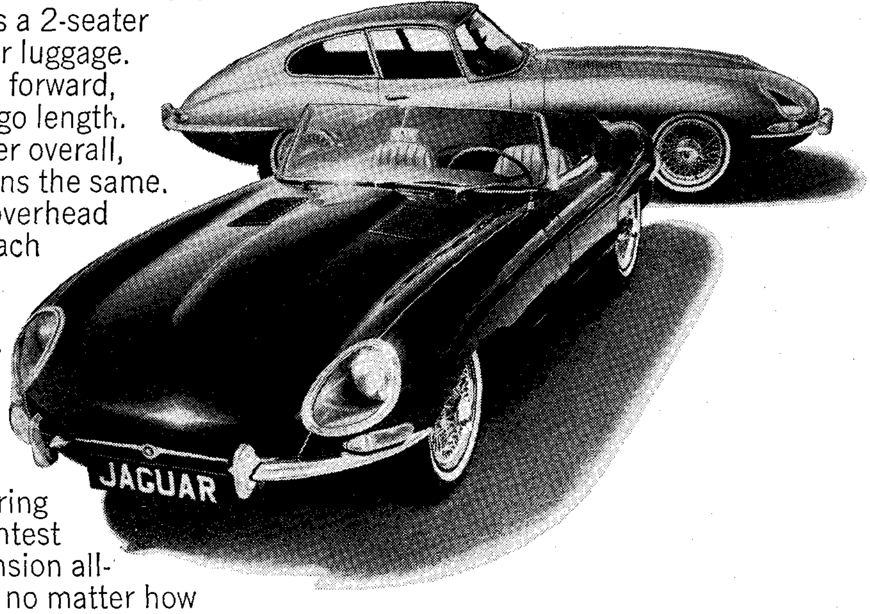

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visited La Tomate, in the Rue Notre-Dame de Lorette. The theatre was small and sordid. The audience consisted exclusively of rather heavy middle-aged men who sat in their overcoats, as silent, unstirring, and solemn as if they were attending a funeral. One man in the front row with thick lenses read a newspaper all the time except when the girls were appearing. The intervals between these appearances were dark and rather long. A piano was played backstage. Then a voice from a loudspeaker would announce, "*Je vous présente la charmante Suzanne.*" But the girls did not dance or sing, as our American girls used to do, and they were not called back by the audience to take off another garment. They were simply revealed in the nude in the poses of the nudes in the cheap magazines. A few obliged with a smile, but most of them were perfectly stolid and seemed to be thinking about something else. When they went through a mild routine, they might as well have been doing setting-up exercises. The applause was no more than perfunctory, and there was something rather awful about these women displaying themselves to an audience with whom no rapport was established.

I went later to another strip-tease, a smart show with a certain reputation. Here you could order drinks, and the men brought their wives and mistresses. You were received with an oily obsequiousness which put you at once on your guard. There were two not bad-looking pickups, one blonde and one brunette, obviously attached to the house. The headwaiter tried to put me at a table against the wall next to the one where the brunette was sitting. I made a point of choosing one further away, but the brunette immediately moved in on me. She talked politely and sensibly enough, as these girls in Paris often do, and I was almost sorry to disappoint her. She said that she came from Corsica, where she had learned Italian and French at school: Corsican was different from Italian. She was "a dancer," and she had been in Paris only three years. Before that, she had been in Geneva, where business had apparently not been good; she said the town was "*très sévère.*"

The show far surpassed La Tomate. There was not, from the American point of view, any real strip tease here, either. The girls would first come on in some enveloping garment, then discard it and appear quite naked. They did not even wear the conventional G-strings but only little patches. One had a pink patch in the form of a rose. The first

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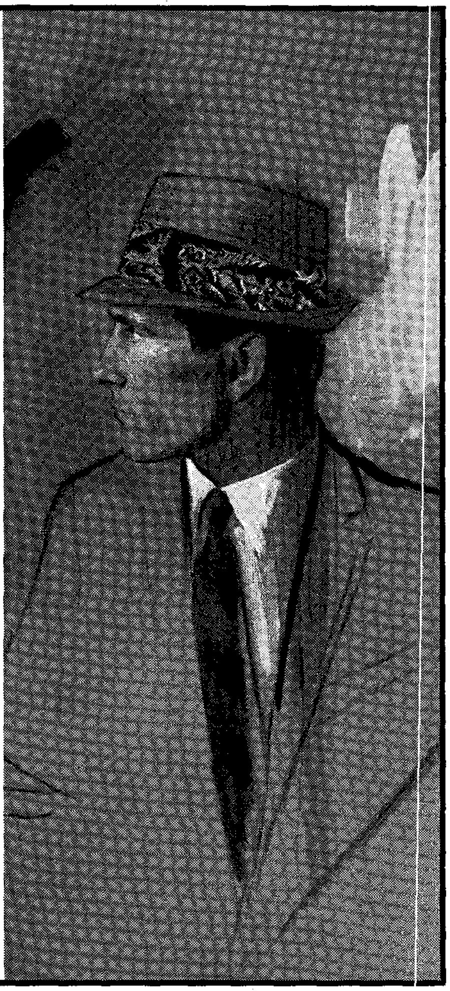

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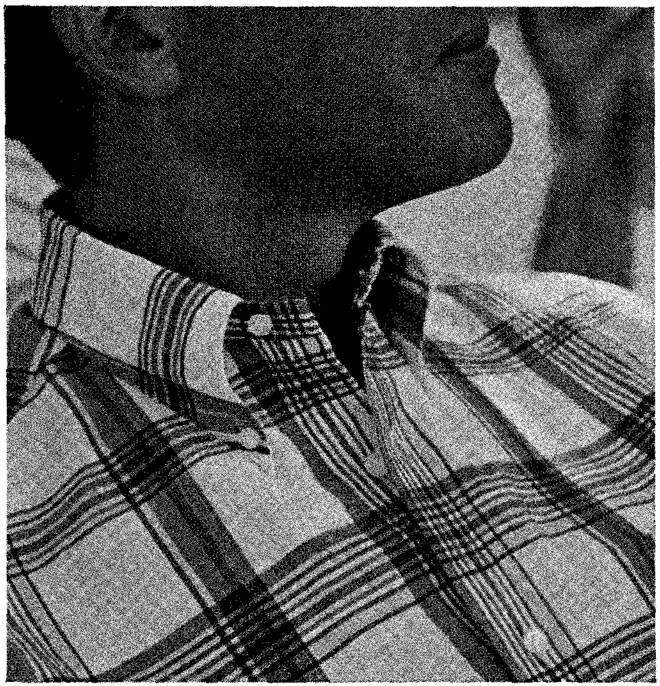
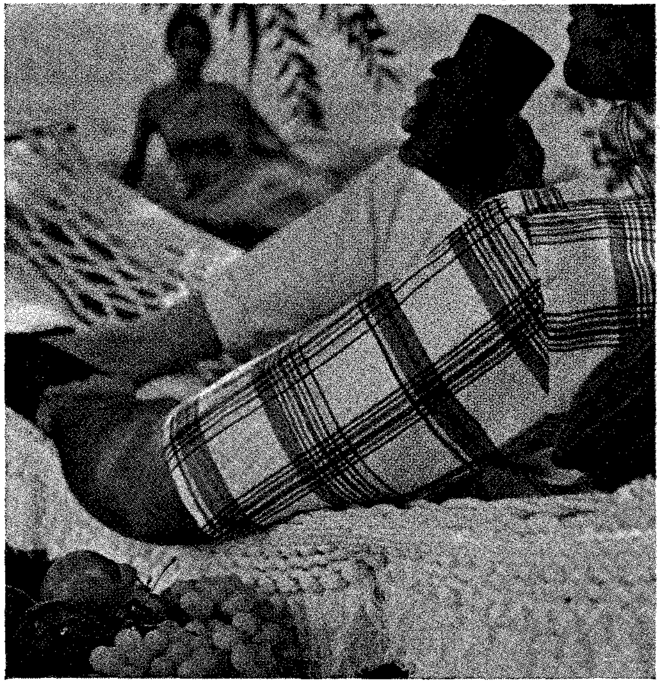
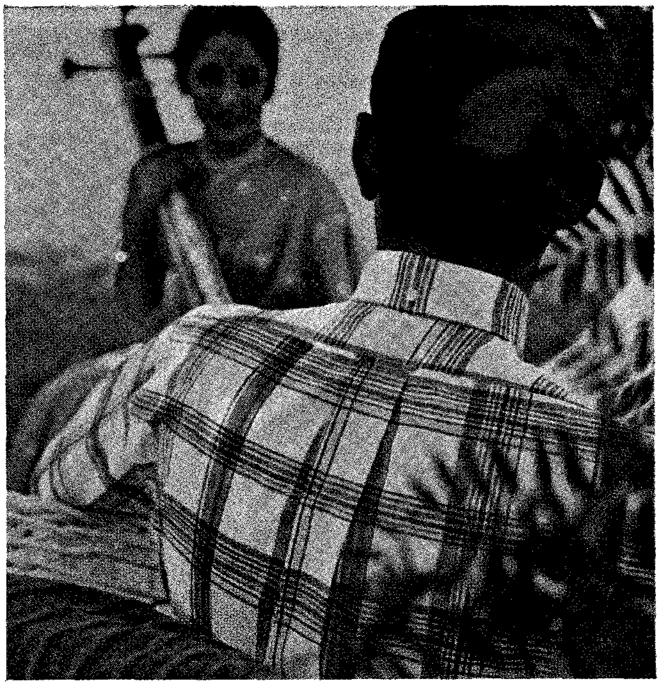


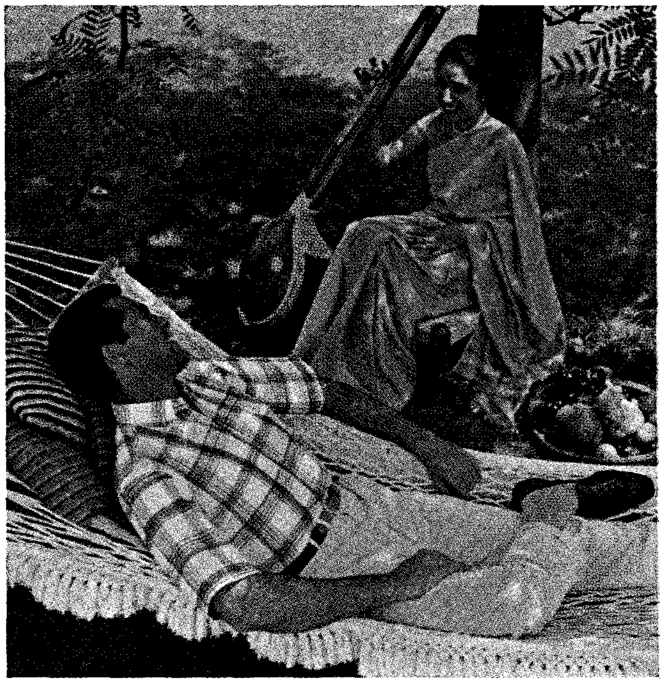
one whole day...



to hand-loom 3 yards...



of this Gant...



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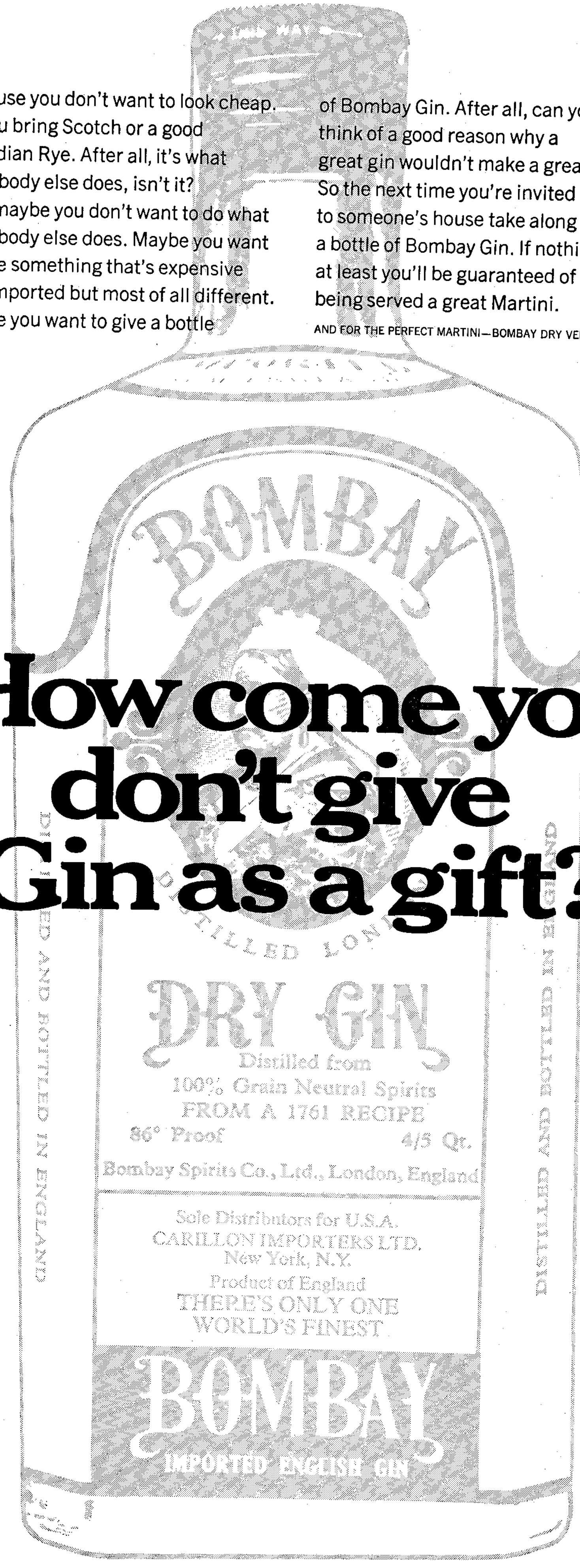
girls were slim and extremely pretty; they were followed, in order to please other tastes, by more ample blond types, with prominent breasts and behinds. The production, like "La Reine Verte," was self-consciously avant-garde. In one tableau, the girl was posturing in back of a long brown object that looked like a huge stuffed seal. But this turned out to be abstract art. In the intervals between the tableaux proper, there was a chorus of men and girls, who did thumping and twisting dances. I decided after a time that I had had enough, but the siren said I mustn't miss the following number, which was indeed worth seeing and which I recognized as a daring novelty about which I had already heard. This was a man on a speeding motorcycle, with a girl riding pillion behind him. She was evidently representing the Spirit of the Motorcycle, for she very soon threw off her cloak and, now nude, floated into the air and stretched out above the cyclist, who from time to time lifted his face and kissed her on the thigh. I have a certain interest in stage "illusions," but I could not see how this was done. The waiter wanted to bring another bottle of champagne, and my companion had of course to beg for it: "*Ça me ferait plaisir*." But, after the waiter left, I told her that if I was going to spend anything more, I'd rather give it to her than to the house. I slipped her something under the table, wished her good luck, and left. I was curious now to see what they would do to top the motorcycle, but didn't want to have to be further bothered fighting off the waiter and the siren.

CHRISTIANE ROCHEFORT: A new best-seller in Paris was a novel called "Les Stances à Sophie," by a writer I had never heard of called Christiane Rochefort. A review I read led me to buy it, and it turned out to be remarkably interesting. I later got the author's other books, and I believe she has a certain importance. Mlle. Rochefort's three novels are "Le Repos du Guerrier" (1958), "Les Petits Enfants du Siècle" (1961), and "Les Stances à Sophie" (1963). They have all been translated into English, with the titles "Warrior's Rest," "Children of Heaven," and "Cats Don't Care for Money." I have looked into the last of these, translated by Helen Eustis and recently published by Doubleday, and was surprised to find how good it was. I had supposed that the novel was untranslatable. But Miss Eustis has not been daunted by the bad language, the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How come you don't give Gin as a gift?

Paris argot, or the sardonic hipster cracks; she has found American equivalents, and the book reads with perfect naturalness. These novels are three studies of women, each from a different milieu, in every case told by the woman herself and each in her own idiom, which is sometimes, like the point of view, extremely tough. I cannot think of anything to compare them to except such a novel of Dawn Powell's as "Angels on Toast," in which the antics of advertising men are mostly seen from their women's point of view, or Elaine Dundy's "The Old Man and Me," in which a hardboiled young charmer from New York describes her adventures in England. The second and third, at least, of Mlle. Rochefort's novels are not only amusing but also to be taken seriously as studies of contemporary France.

The first of these, "Le Repos du Guerrier," has interested me the least. The narrator is a young woman of the bourgeoisie who has inherited a little property. She falls in love with a brash but attractive man, ten years older, who proves to be an incurable alcoholic. He lives on her, humiliates her, torments her, estranges her from her friends and family, and resists her attempts to reform him. She finally leaves him in a clinic, with no real hope for his recovery. One gets bored by his outrageousness and worthlessness, and by the woman's masochistic loyalty. It is explained on the back of the jacket that both the man and the woman are typical of the postwar world. He, having fought in the second war, has no longer any vocation or ambition; she "belongs to a generation which has not even learned to hope, which knows of nothing better than Personal Happiness, nor of any other love than personal possessive love, enjoyed in a happy security." But in the novel itself nothing is made of all this. The title has been used for a film featuring Brigitte Bardot. I have not seen this film, but I cannot imagine that it had much in common with the novel. The heroine does not resemble in any respect the types played by Brigitte Bardot.

The heroine of "Les Petits Enfants du Siècle" is the daughter of a fairly well-paid factory worker who describes his occupation as "making a fool of himself all day filling cubes with a lot of nasty mustard." The sole aim of the parents' lives is to acquire the new household devices: *le frigo*, *la machine à laver*, *la télé*, and, of course, *la voiture*. (The corresponding acquisitions of the young are *la moto* and *le scooter*.) The parents have as many

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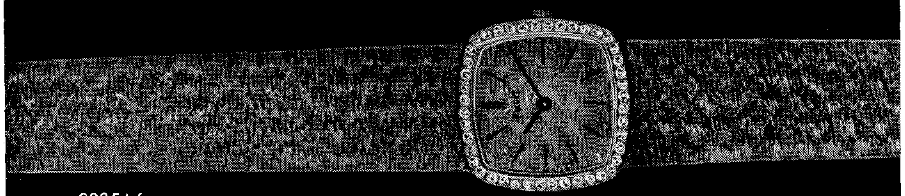

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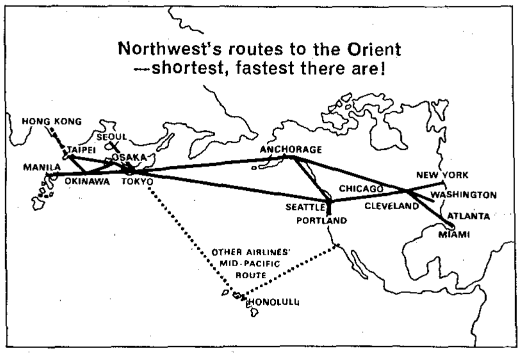
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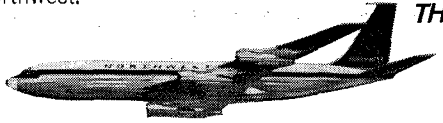

How to understand a woman

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children as possible because every baby brings a bonus which will enable them to get something new. The narrator is the eldest daughter, Jo. She is obliged to take care of her sisters and brothers, which include a set of twins. One of these children is sickly, another is feebleminded, one of the boys is a delinquent and goes to jail. Jo, who is the ablest and brightest, is always carrying on in her own mind a bitterly sarcastic commentary. One of her most devastating soliloquies takes place on a trip to market, when she observes the matrons of the neighborhood all in different stages of pregnancy. A woman who has already acquired a mixer and a fur rug pats her belly and boasts, "And my Frigidaire is here!" "In order to get *our* Frigidaire," Jo reflects, "we'd have to have triplets at least." Another woman, five weeks behind the first, gives her rival a mean look. "And I'll even get to the washing machine." "We've got that already," says the other. "A long time ago. In my belief, it's the most important thing in the house. For the laundry," she makes it quite clear. This woman's children were always boys, of which she is very proud. "She could furnish all by herself," thinks Jo, "an execution platoon for the fatherland; it's true that the fatherland would have paid her in advance, as was right. I was hoping there would be a war in good time to make use of all this material, which would otherwise not be much good, because they were all complete nitwits. I thought of the day when they would say *'En avant!'* to all of the Mauvin boys, and bang, they'd all lie dead on the battlefield, and a cross would be planted over them: here fell Mauvin TV, Mauvin Jalopy, Mauvin Frigidaire, Mauvin Mixer, Mauvin Carpet, Mauvin Pressure Cooker, and with the pension they would get they could afford a vacuum cleaner and a family vault."

Jo is overworked, loudly disdainful. She has never known any affection except from one of her little brothers till she attracts an Italian workman who is employed in building construction. This man becomes genuinely fond of her and initiates a love affair, but when her father's factory shuts down in August she has to go with the rest of the family for a vacation in a country hotel, travelling in the new car, to the tune of much weeping and quarrelling, because the father is a very bad driver. When she gets back, the buildings are finished and the workmen have gone away. She is desolated, and takes to going out with other teen-agers into the

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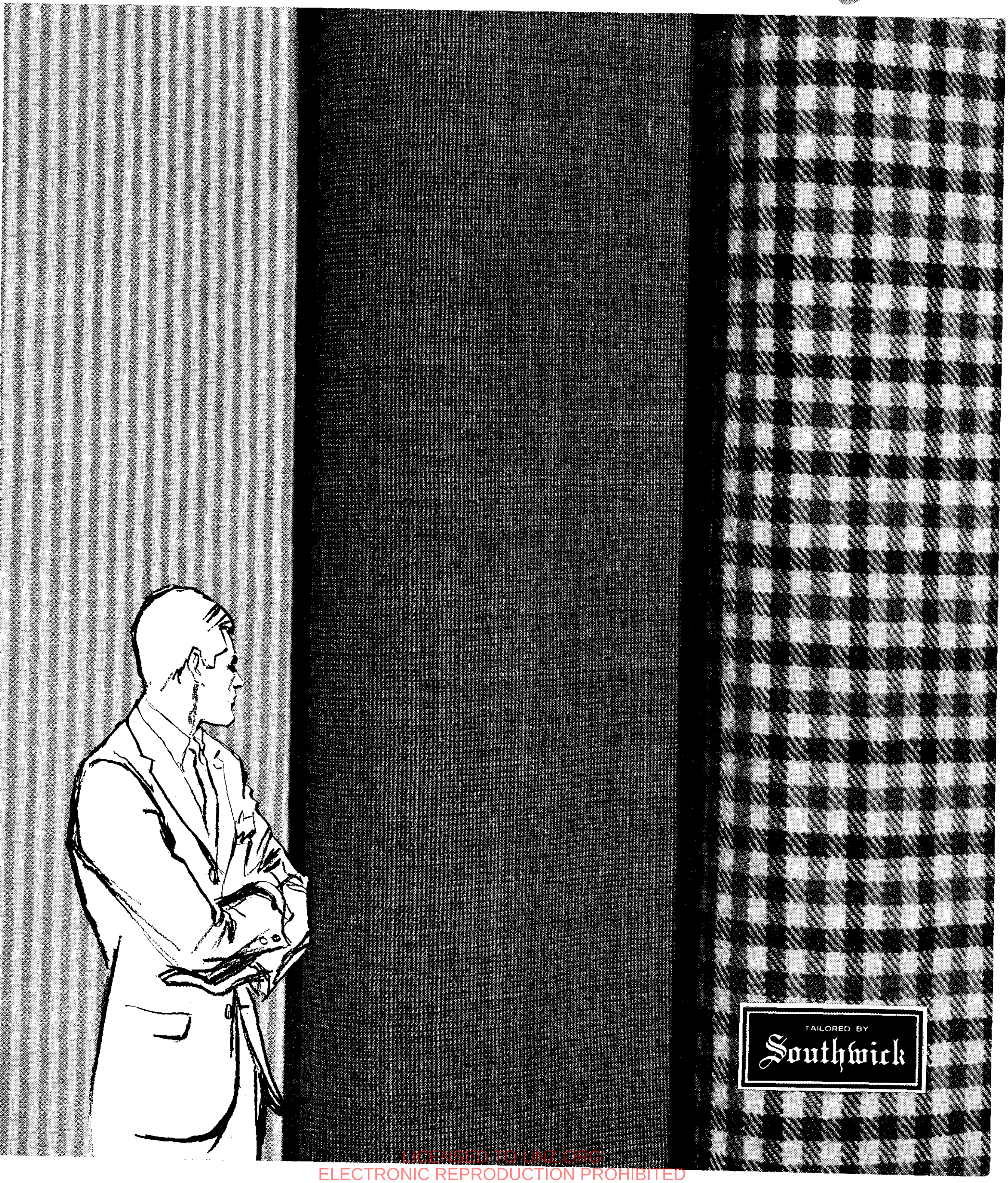

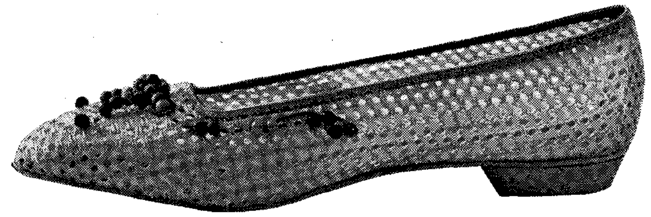

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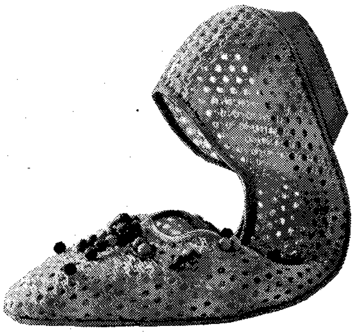

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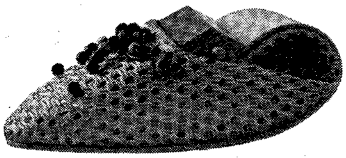

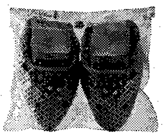

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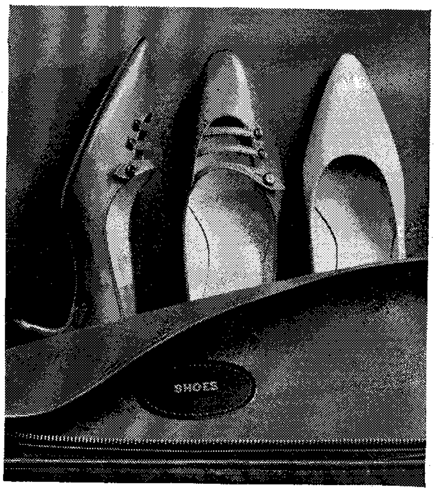
woods, but though all the boys will lend her their scooters, she is longing still for her Guido, and, hearing that Italian workers are now employed by a new housing project, she goes to look for him there. She does not find him, but is enchanted by the suburb. "*Ça c'était de la Cité, de la vraie Cité de l'Avenir! Sur des kilomètres et des kilomètres, et des kilomètres, des maisons, des maisons, des maisons. Pareilles. Alignées. Blanches.*" Rue Paul-Valéry, Rue Mallarmé, Rue Victor-Hugo, Rue Paul-Claudel. A playground, a library, new shops "in the middle of each rectangle of houses so that each *bonne femme* has the same number of steps to take to go to buy her noodles." Then Mr. Right comes along. Jo's mother has just produced another set of twins, bringing the children to the number of eleven. She is asked whether she is going to complete the dozen. But she now has double phlebitis and cannot attend to the babies. Jo and her father take the new twins to the hospital. The babies are there found extremely cute, and people ask which is Caroline and which is Isabelle, but neither Jo nor her father knows. Jo sees a blond young man admiring her, and later he makes her acquaintance. He is *un monteur de télévisions*. They go for walks in the woods. When she tells him that she is pregnant, he is quite ecstatic: he first saw her with a baby in her arms, and a baby by her is just what he has longed for. They get married, and she suggests that they might go to live in that new suburb which she has thought so heavenly. For her, it is the next step up in technological civilization.

The narrator of "Le Repos du Guerrier" is an educated woman who writes good French. The narrator of "Les Petits Enfants" is talking her story in the language that she would use if she were telling it to a friend. The author is trying to escape from the literary fashions of French fiction and to show us what life in modern Paris is really like for the ordinary people submerged in it. She continues this in "Les Stances à Sophie," on a higher social level. This is, I think, the best of her books up to date. The heroine of "Les Stances à Sophie" is a clever, independent girl, Céline, who leads a bohemian life, wears her hair short, prefers slacks to dresses, and talks the wisecracking slang of Paris. She has a genuine passion for a bourgeois young man who, against her better instincts, puts such pressure on her, threatening to give her up, that, after going through a kind of nervous breakdown brought on by her reluctance to forfeit her freedom, she



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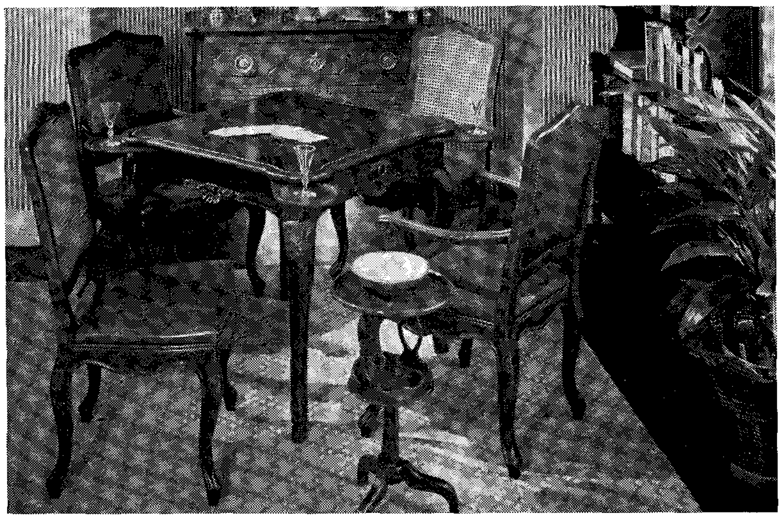

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finally consents to marry him. But she finds that his conventional family drive her to malicious revolt: outrageous opinions, bad language. When she is asked what she was doing before she married, she tells them—although not truthfully—that she was *une strip-teaseuse*. She continues—despite her husband's disapproval—to wear slacks and not let her hair grow long. He begs her not to say *merde* so often. His friends—*les jeunes ménages*—are as bad as his family. They entertain one another, play poker, and go out to *boîtes* together. None of these couples has children. Husbands and wives are in general faithful, but occasionally one of the men tries making a pass at Céline. In this case, she simply tells him to go look in the glass or arranges to have her husband find out about it, with the result that he will quarrel with his friend. For this group, the frequenting of strip-tease shows is *"notre petit libertinage, avec filet . . . Une façon de rester prudes tout en se donnant des airs."* The couples I saw at the smart strip-tease show seemed exactly to answer this description, as did those, three or four of them together, that we would see at such restaurants as La Tour d'Argent. So many of the features of the new modern Paris by which we had already been struck are touched upon in this book: the Spanish servants who do not know French; *le living*, which has taken the place of *le salon;* the bad air (Céline predicts that a certain number of babies will have to die before the city does anything about it); the indifference of the people in the shops and the increasing standardization and ugliness of the goods they have to sell. Céline sets out to buy some curtains but cannot find the material she wants. " 'I want some cotton voile, but not dotted Swiss.' 'They don't make that kind, Madame.' 'Why?' 'Because this is the way they make it, Madame.' 'And why is it made like this?' [She's beginning to get sore.] 'There's no demand for it, Madame.' 'But am I not asking for it?' No, that won't get me anywhere: there's no demand for it, so I who am asking for it must not exist. They deny that I exist. They're just waiting for me to go away. A subtle strategy for turning people into sheep. I'll have no curtains if I go on like this. Or else I'll have to give in—then they'll have got the better of me; they're strong. They've decided that this year my saucepans will be tangerine, turquoise, or dove's-neck—just like the other ladies'."

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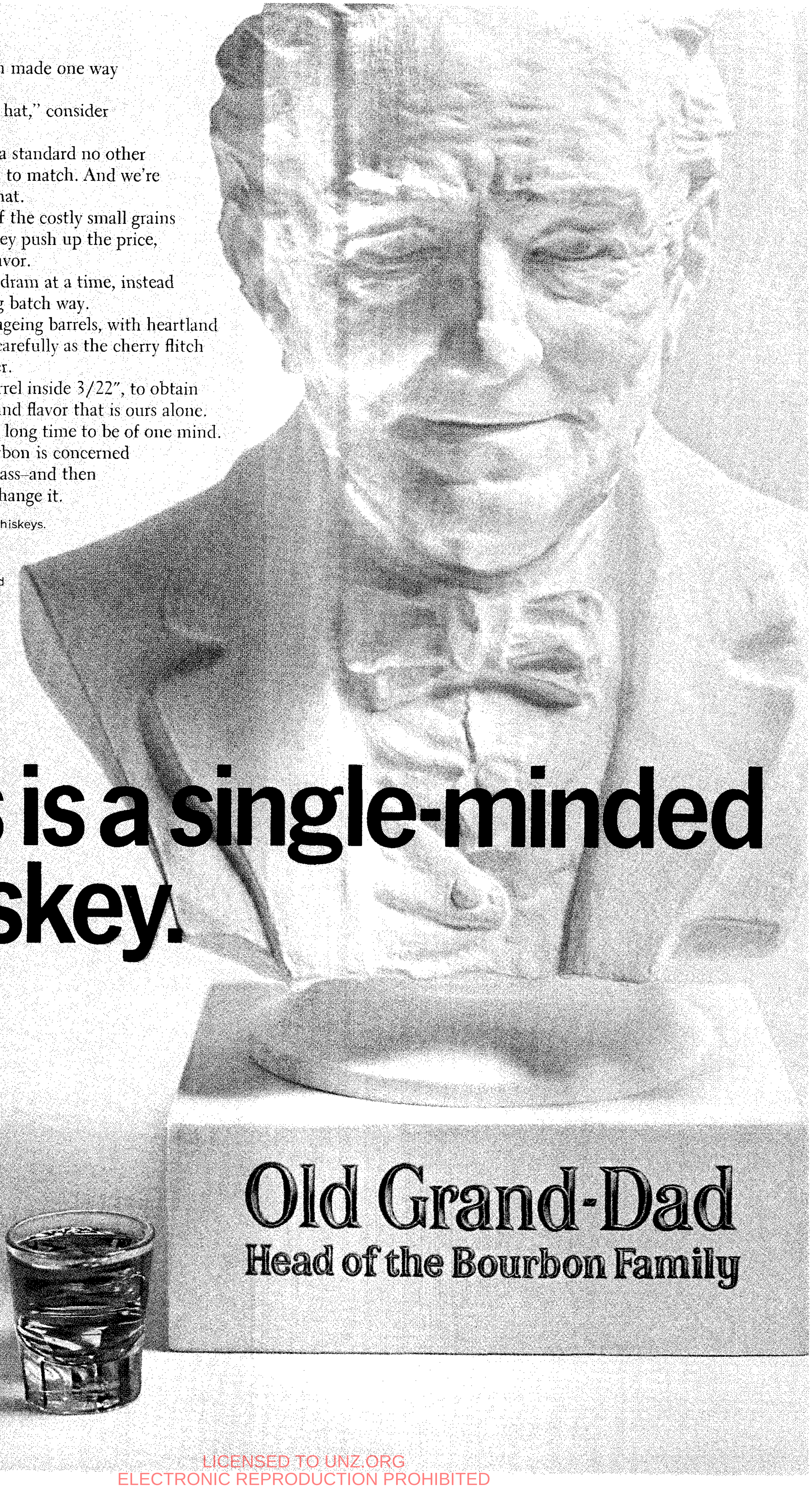
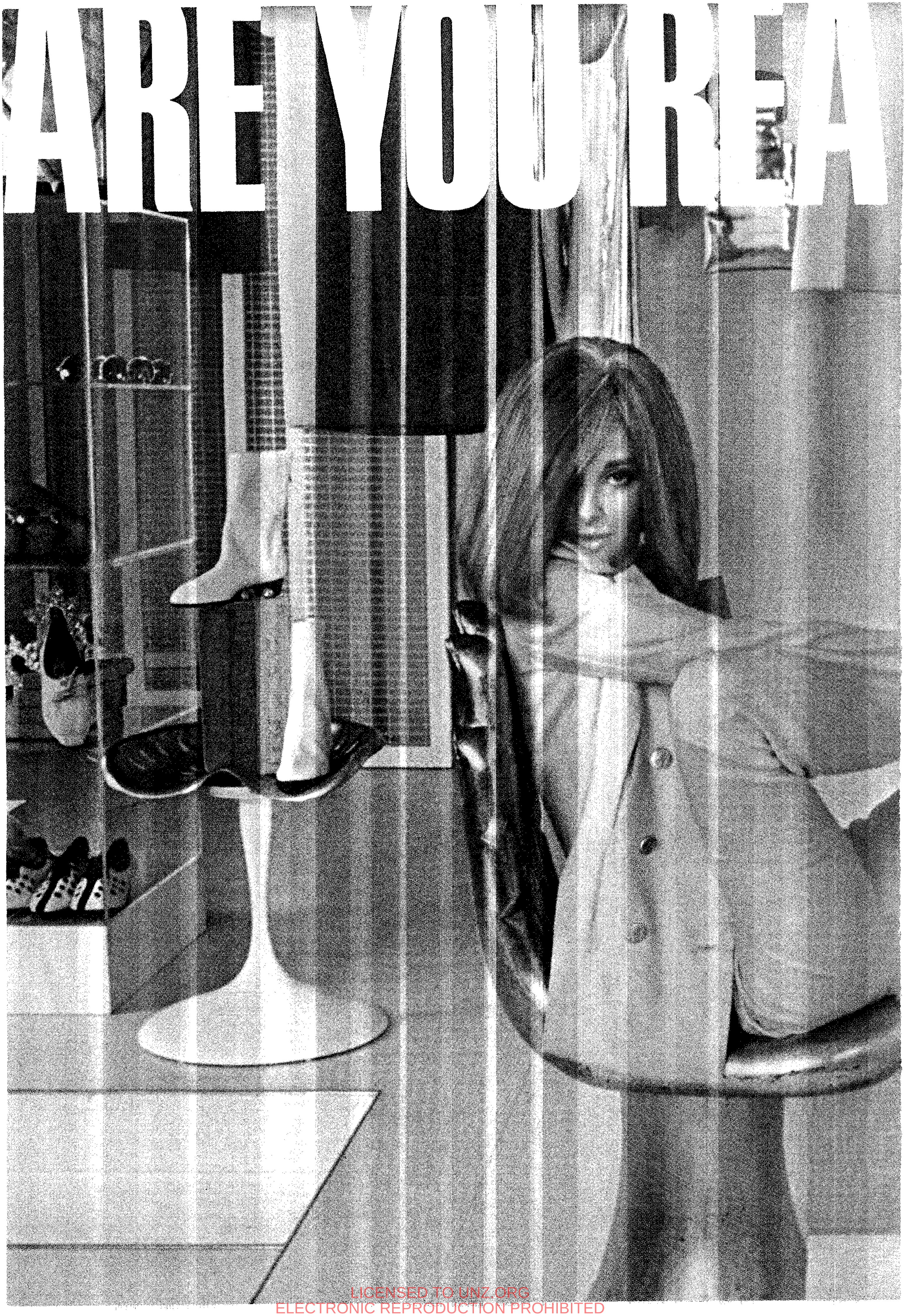


ARE YOU REA



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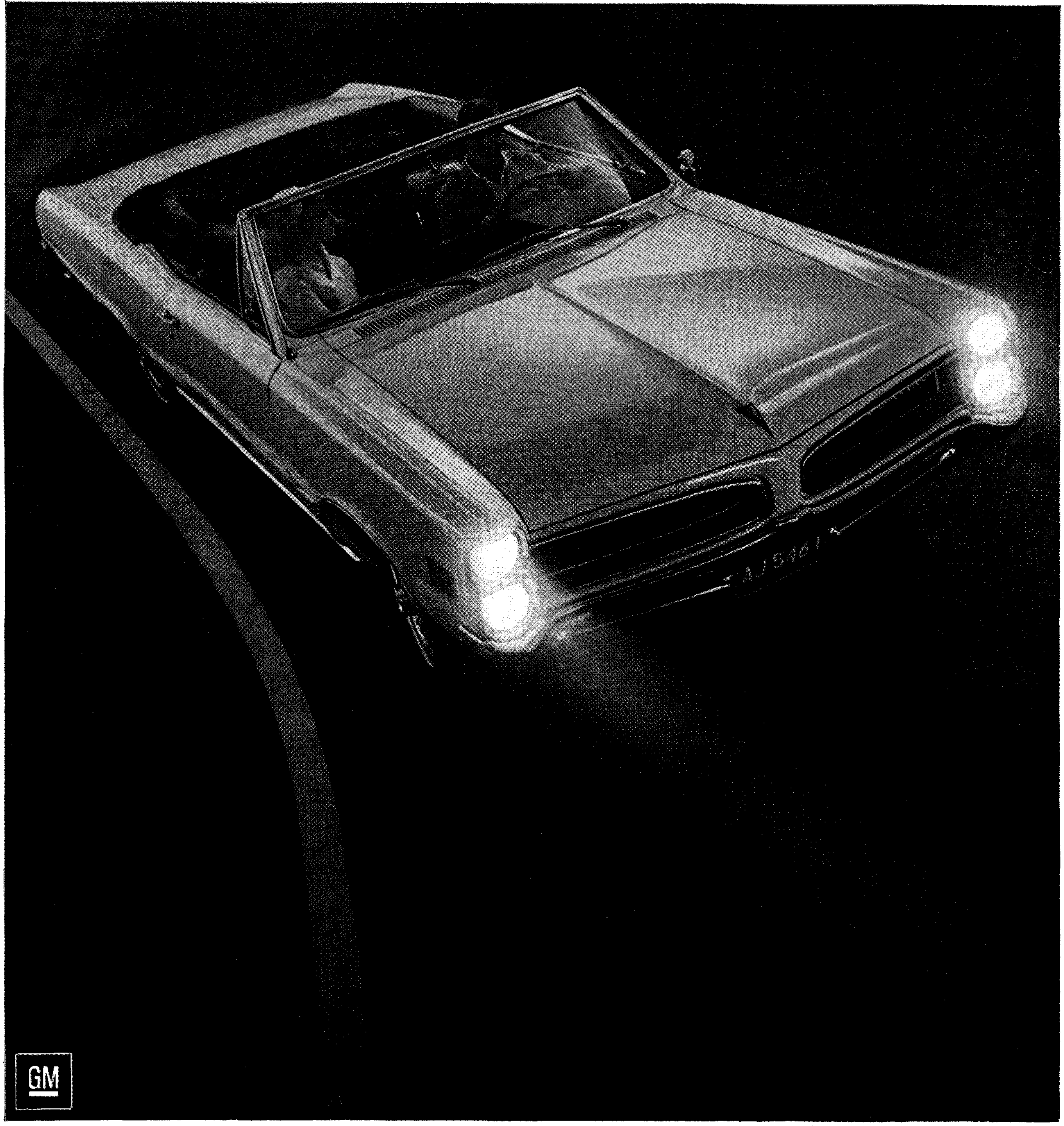

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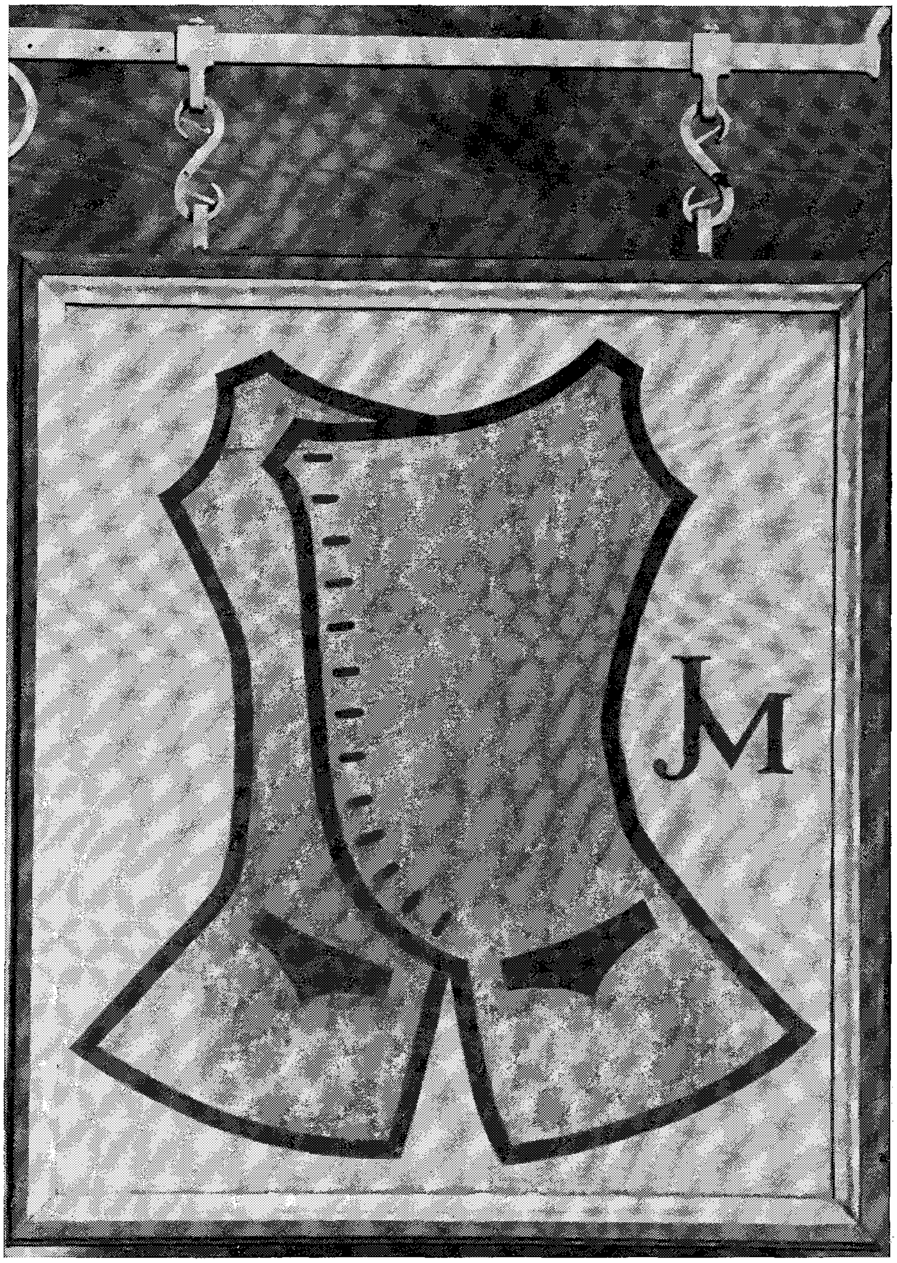
way. She will go in for wifemanship; she will impersonate the perfect wife. She wears all the right things. "*Je ne dis pas 'merde' en public.*" She becomes a great success as a hostess, and learns to pay no attention to the monotonous conversation of the men but to study their expressions and their tones of voice, as if she were an anthropologist. Céline's husband works on the municipal plan in the Department of Decentralization, and his closest friend also works on it in the Department of Regroupment. Like the vacationers of "Les Petits Enfants du Siècle" on their lower social level, these husbands of the young marrieds talk most of the time about cars, and they are engaged in a feverish rivalry. When they go on their vacations, their great idea is to race one another. Céline and her husband pass a smashed-up car, with people standing around it, but do not stop to find out what has happened. When they get to their destination, they learn that this car was that of their friends. The wife is dead and the husband has six broken ribs. This has been his eleventh accident. Céline, out of sheer boredom, having completely lost interest in her husband, has been having a Lesbian affair with the wife. She goes to see the husband's friend in the hospital and brutally bawls him out.

Now her husband decides to run for Deputy. He abandons what he has imagined to be his radicalism in order to get in with the winning group. He tells Céline to make herself attractive and buys her a lot of new clothes. But she feels that he is behaving like a pimp. She has in the meantime met an old lover, who is organizing a chain of strip-tease joints. He has asked her to supply him with new ideas for acts, and she finds that her clever mind is "a veritable fountain" of such ideas. She realizes that she cannot face playing the role of a conservative Deputy's wife, and when she comes to feel reasonably sure that her husband will be elected, she writes him a letter and leaves, explaining that the new clothes he has bought her are for the future "*Députée.*" She can count on being paid for her work on the strip-tease show, to which she is now adding the duties of hostess, and takes a room in her old apartment house. She brushes off a would-be lover. "I breathe again. At last. Alone."

The title of "Les Stances à Sophie" is likely to mystify the foreign reader, since there is no one named Sophie in the novel. But "Les Stances à Sophie" is well known in France as an extremely dirty *chanson de corps de garde*,



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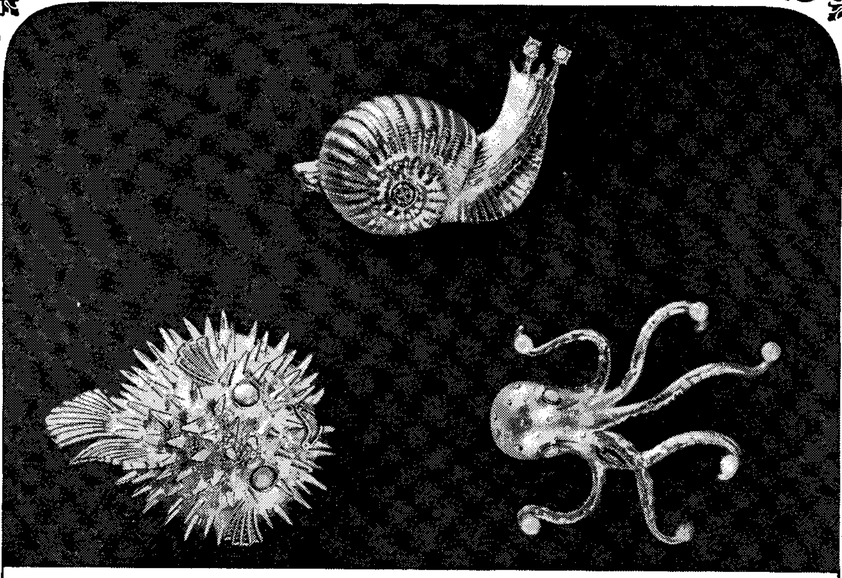
which deals with the misfortunes of a man who picks up a disgusting and degrading woman. The first line of the song is the epigraph of the novel: "*Quand jt'ai rencontrée, un soir dans la rue,*" etc., and the third line of this stanza is what she and her friend imagine her husband will be saying to himself: "*Ah, si j'avais su que tu n'étais qu'une grue!*"

BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE: I had not been in the Bibliothèque Nationale since the summer of 1921, when I was trying to find some biographical information about the novelist Octave Mirbeau. The materials offered were extremely meagre, and it turned out to be so hard to get anywhere with the antiquated library system that I had never been able to bring myself to look anything up there again. I now wanted some information about a figure of the same period, the caricaturist Sem, a great admiration of mine, whose albums I had been collecting. These albums are almost never dated, and the names of the people caricatured are almost never given, though occasionally someone has written them in. I was expecting a bibliography and hoping for perhaps a key. But what was supposed to be the great library of France turned out to be just as antiquated and just as unsatisfactory as it had been forty years ago.

You have to get a pass, in the first place, to be admitted to the building at all. But this was the least of my difficulties. Inside, I asked one of the snippy old ladies by whom the place seemed largely to be staffed where I could find Sem's albums and information about him. "*Il faut choisir,*" she enjoined. Couldn't I see them both? "*Pas la même fois.*" I consulted the catalogue and discovered, to my astonishment, that the entries had never been typed but were still being written out in an old-fashioned early-nineteenth-century hand, to keep up the tradition of which, I reflected, they must now have to train special scribes. And these entries have not been arranged all in one alphabetical catalogue but are divided up into sections, each of which is supposed to cover books published between certain dates, and I was informed by a frequenter of the library that titles were often assigned to the wrong years. I found only one entry for Sem. I was told to make out two slips. When I handed them in at the desk, the old frustrater presiding there snapped at me with "*Comment voulez-vous que j'accepte des fiches au crayon?*," so I had to borrow a pen and make out an-



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other pair. I was then given information which must have been intentionally misleading, for I was told to go up to the third floor. This involved climbing a high marble staircase, getting sidetracked in an exhibition of the manuscripts and portraits of Alfred de Vigny, for which I had to pay two francs, and making my way through long marble corridors till I finally discovered an elevator, by which I ascended to more marble corridors, and found myself at last confronted by the door of the print department. I inquired of a young man, who told me to go down to the ground floor. I explained that I had been told to come up there. He called up the reading room to check, then said yes, I must go below. There I handed in my slips and was directed to a numbered seat, to which presently my single item was brought by a very old man. It was an article of about five pages, written by a friend of Sem at the time of the latter's death. The albums, I was now told, were kept in the print department, from which I had just come. I went above again, and the helpful young man got them out, but *there were only four or five of them*, whereas I had myself a great many. He could throw no light on the dates; he explained that there was no bibliography of Sem.

A woman friend whom I told about this had had an even more discouraging experience and had eventually become so intimidated that she had precipitately escaped from the library, leaving her winter coat. She could not bring herself to go back again and her husband had had to retrieve it. Now, it is not perhaps a bad idea to scrape the crust off the old buildings in Paris, but if a cultural overhauling is going on, why isn't something done about the Bibliothèque Nationale? France at the present moment is constantly asserting her title to the cultural hegemony of Europe and implying that the other peoples are all barbarians, but the facilities for study in France seem in every way to be wretched. This winter a student riot, caused by the overcrowded classrooms and the deficient equipment of the Sorbonne, was broken up by police clubbings.

—EDMUND WILSON

(*This is the first of a series of three articles.*)

•

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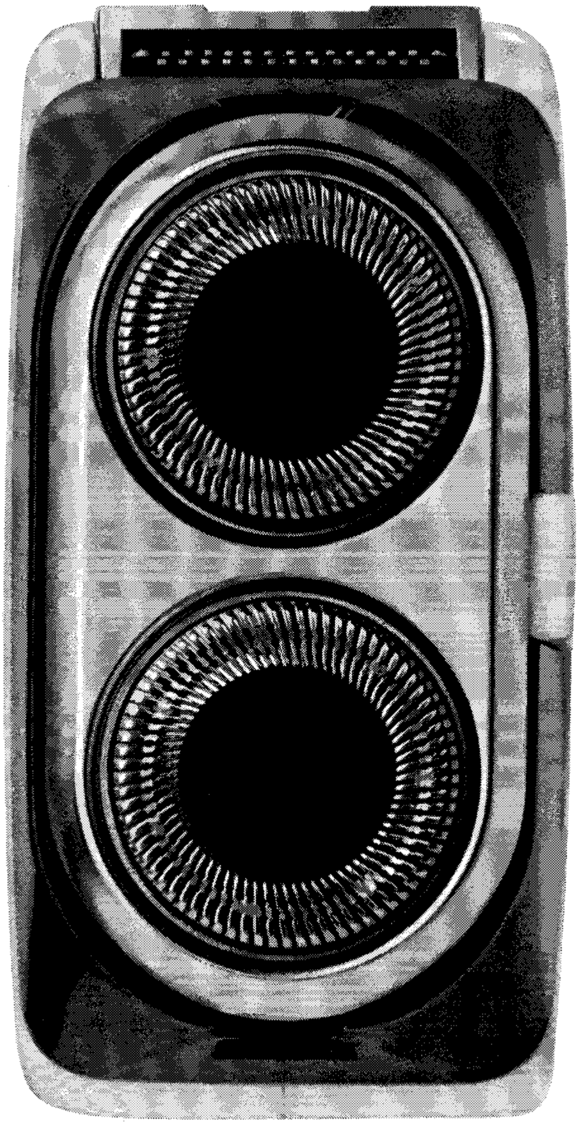

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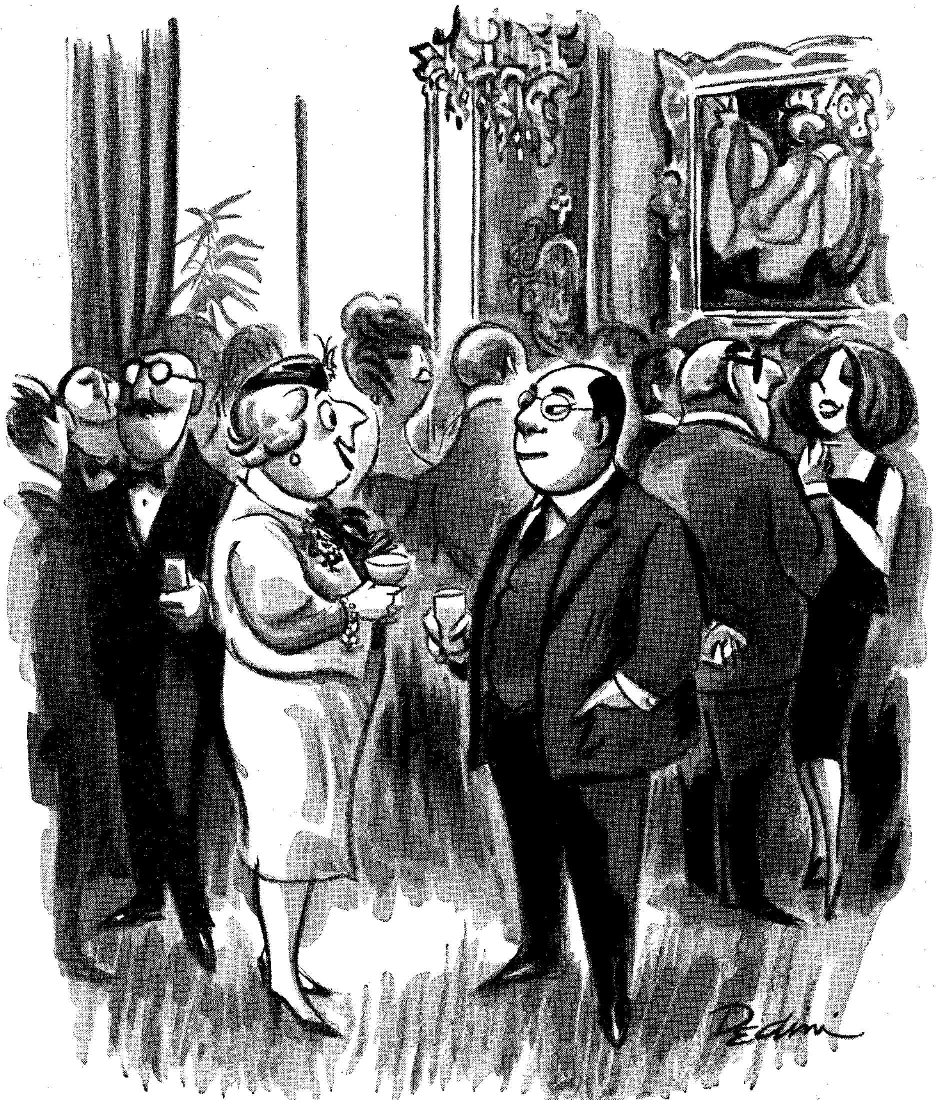
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

THE action of "Sunset," by the late Russian writer Isaac Babel, takes place in the Jewish section of Odessa. Its theme is the overthrow of a tyrant named Mendel Krick by his put-upon, fifth-rate sons—the elder a sharpie named Benya, and the younger a dolt named Levka. The play is strong, passionate, ironic, and frequently funny, but its current production, which opened last week at the new 81st Street Theatre (formerly the R.K.O. 81st Street), comes nowhere near any of these. The acting is generally weak, though noisy, and Aldo Bruzzichelli, employing a deadly literalness and a pesky inventiveness, has directed the performance to within an inch of its non-life, so that the actors, portraying people with hair-trigger emotions and capable of any number of subtleties and shifts of mood, seldom appear to be doing anything whatever on impulse. They are just obedient. It is that inch, though, plus the high quality of the script and the general strangeness of the background and habits of the characters (the Jewish section of Odessa is an interesting place to find out about), that justifies any sort of discussion of the project. There is a scene in a synagogue, where the men of the congregation quietly gossip and talk business and chant the responses to a cantor, who interrupts his own chanting with complaints about the rats that infest the building; when the cantor shoots a rat, the men are outraged at him for disturbing the peace of what amounts to their club. But Babel is no mere local-color man; everything is done for a purpose. For all its amusing, seemingly irrelevant touches—irrelevant to the plot, that is—the synagogue scene precipitates the climax of the play and all that follows it. This climax, a poorly done scene, is a fight between Mendel and his sons, with everyone else looking on. Odessa appears to be a kind of Slavic frontier town. After the fight, Mendel becomes a vacant old man; his power gone, he shuffles into the generation where he belongs. Almost without our noticing it, Babel slowly switches the sympathy of the audience to abdicated old Mendel, erstwhile wencher, drunk, and brute, but better on all counts than any of his children.

With a few exceptions, the actors rarely showed that they even understood the rich parts they were assigned. The exceptions were Michael Wager as the thin-lipped Benya, a shyster suddenly become respectable; Roberts Blossom as a quiet, humorous rabbi who appears in the last scene as a self-invited guest at the large banquet that ends the play and, talking directly to the audience as well as to the company—of all dreadful ideas!—tucks everything into place; Marc Victor as the cantor; and perhaps one or two others among the large cast. Kim Swados's scenery is, as usual, wonderfully ingenious and practical, and Gary Harris's lighting is effective, too. The translation, by Mirra Ginsburg and Raymond Rosenthal, certainly sounded all right. But the show is a dud. Most of the time Off Broadway (and, no doubt, On), what is spoiled by bad performance was scarcely worth doing in the first place and can be just brushed off, but when something really good is ruined, moderate comment is out of the question. Mr. Bruzzichelli's direction of "Sunset" is as destructive as anything that has come along in years.

—EDITH OLIVER



"I just love the way all of you have a natural sense of flower arranging."

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From a news release of the Daniel and Florence Guggenheim Foundation*]

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Airplane accidents will increase in number unless the accident rate is drastically reduced, an aviation authority warned leading military and civilian government aviation officials here today.

The Whichwatch

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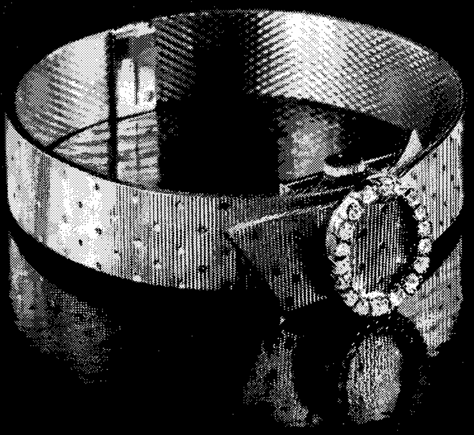

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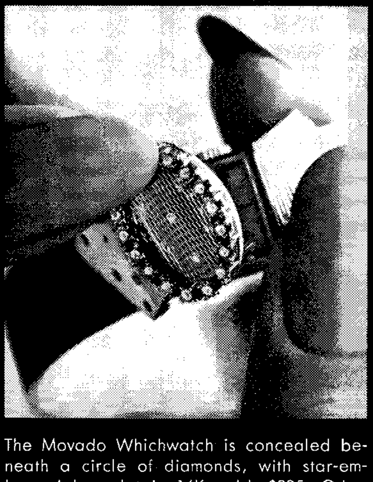

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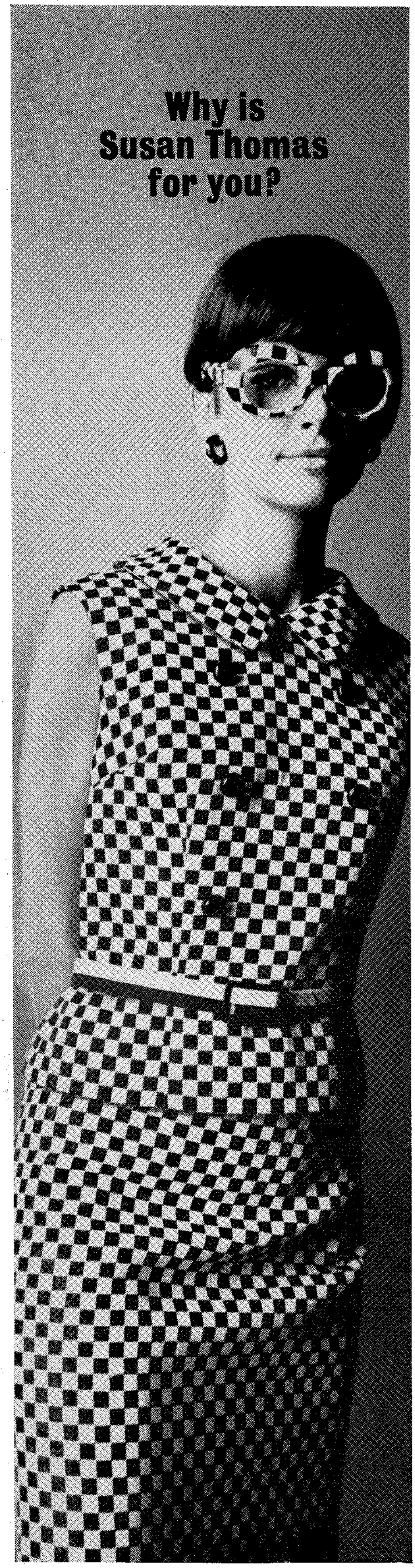

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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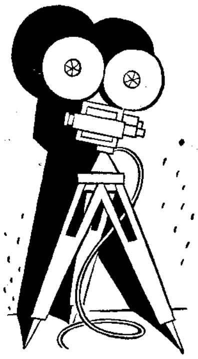
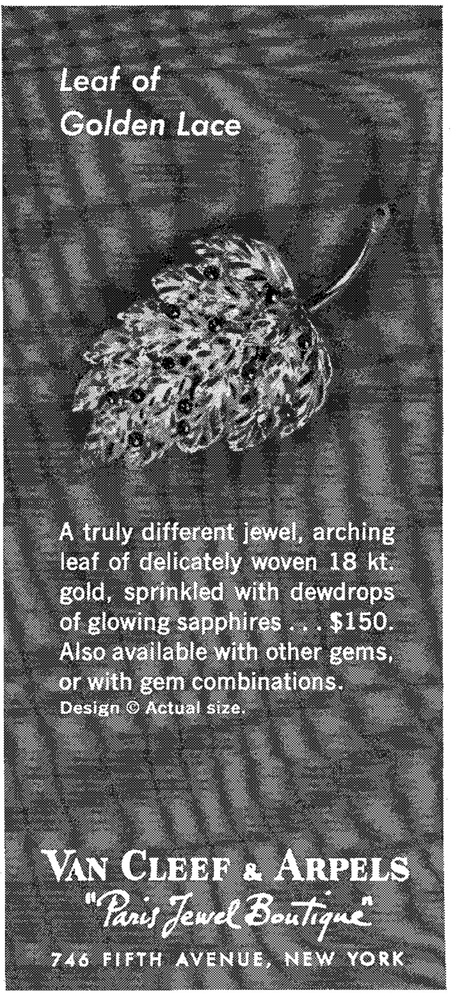


HEAVEN be praised for Peter Ustinov, who is such a funny man that when things under his command begin to go askew, he is able to convey the impression that askewness is the very cream of his jest and that he would be profoundly disappointed to have things going otherwise. I've no doubt that if Mr. Ustinov had been aboard the Titanic on its famous first and last voyage he would have had passengers and crew in stitches with a gracefully improvised imitation of the sound of an iceberg melting. I say this because "Lady L," a movie for which Mr. Ustinov wrote the screenplay and which he directed, is nearly always witty enough and extravagant enough to make one laugh and so fail to notice that it is also on the edge of falling apart. The movie, which comes from a novel by Romain Gary, is a harmlessly old-fashioned O. Henry-like charade about a poor girl who delivered laundry to a fashionable house of assignation in Paris in her extreme youth and who in her extreme age has become one of the richest and most celebrated *grandes dames* in England, widow of a duke and mother of eight stalwart members of the Establishment. With Mr. Ustinov's lively encouragement, not a single episode of her pell-mell long life is to be believed, or is intended to be believed. "Lady L" is spread before us as an exemplary feat of fantasizing, in the course of which everyone is permitted to eat his thickly frosted cake and have it, too, and not the least delectable aspect of the movie is that much of it was shot at Castle Howard, an eighteenth-century collation of domes and pillars set down, with the perfect inappropriateness of a dream, in the empty green moors of Yorkshire.

The title role of "Lady L" is played with zest by Sophia Loren, who, like any beautiful young woman, evidently enjoys the notion of being made to lose youth and beauty (for a short time only) behind masses of false hair and wrinkled plastic skin. Miss Loren turns out to be, at eighty, just such a grandmother as most of us have wished to be descended from. The dashing Parisian



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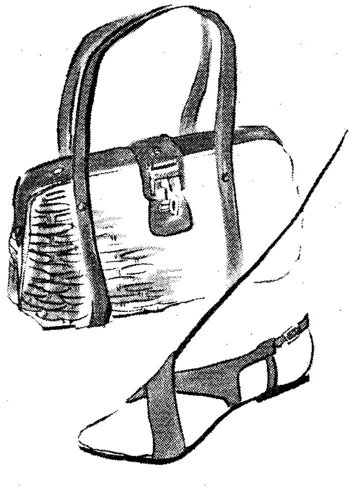

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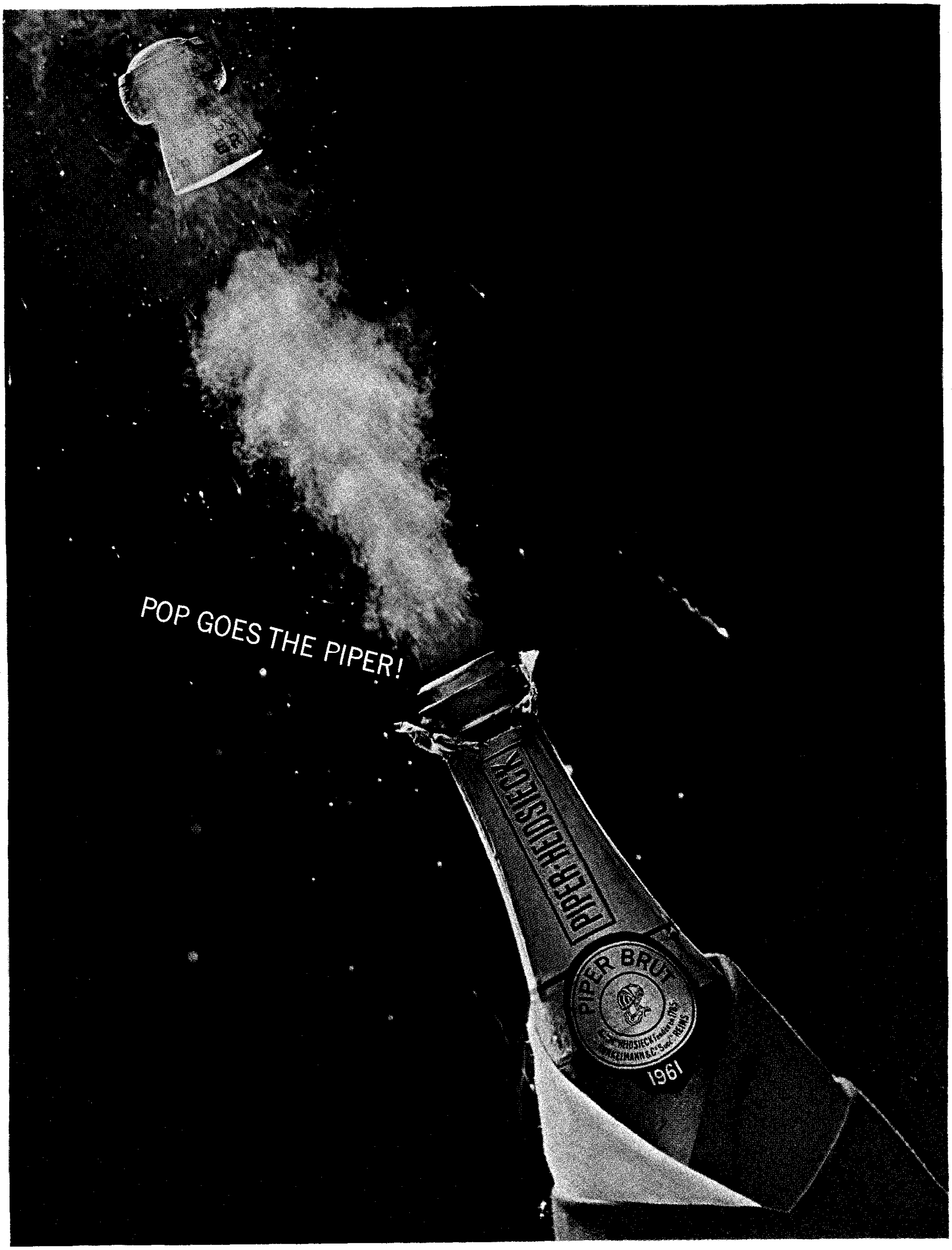
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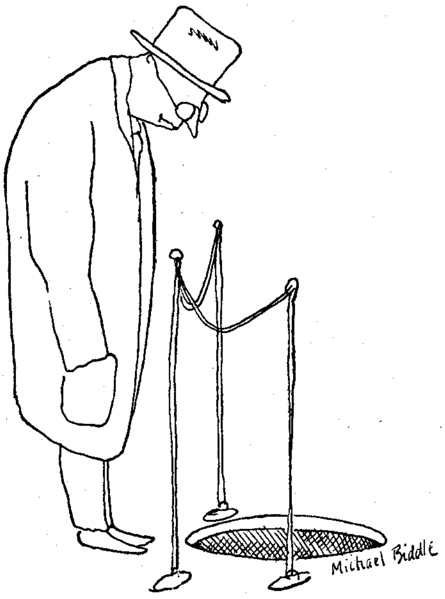
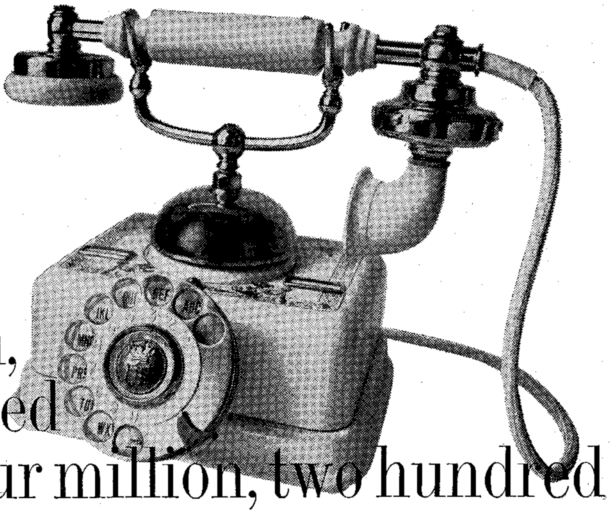
lover of her youth, an anarchist who has never thrown a bomb in anger and whom we fear she has lost along the way, is played by Paul Newman. Mr. Newman has not troubled to think himself very deeply into his silly role and seems about as far from Paris and anarchism as, say, Akron and the Young Republicans are, but what he lacks in verisimilitude is more than made up for by David Niven as Lord Lendale, consort and protector of Miss Loren. In appearance, manners, elocution, and world-weariness, Mr. Niven is a model aristocrat, and the sooner the Queen sees fit to slip him into the House of Lords the better.

SADLY, I have to report that in his latest movie my old hero Philippe de Broca, the director of such charming and modest inventions as "The Love Game" and "The Five Day Lover," has unaccountably mislaid charm, modesty, and inventiveness, and has produced a movie of truly smothering tiresomeness. The movie, a joint Franco-Italian effort, bears the not very winning title of "Up to His Ears" and has a screenplay by Daniel Boulanger, based on a novel by Jules Verne, whose poor bones have been picked over so often of late. It stars Jean-Paul Belmondo and Ursula Andress, and Mr. Belmondo's role is something of a reprise of the one he played in "That Man from Rio," which Mr. de Broca also directed. Charged with the necessary acrobatic high spirits, Mr. Belmondo is required to expend them in situations that, each having been fastened with desperate laboriousness to a particular sight gag, are merely numerous and preposterous, and never novel. Miss Andress has been called on to show off her pretty face and body





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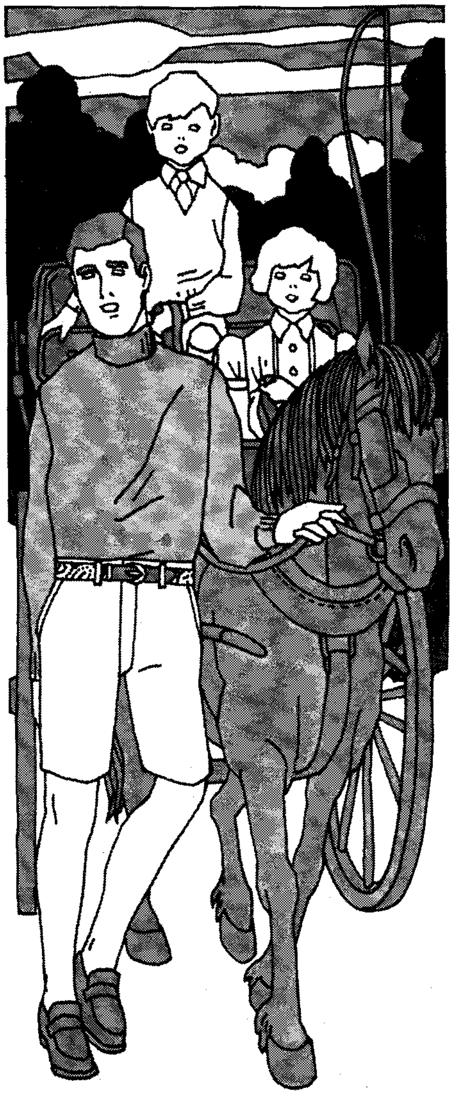

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and, from time to time, to run like the wind, and she does.

WHILE "Up to His Ears" pretends to be about a series of frantic misadventures in the Orient, "A Man Could Get Killed" pretends to be about a series of frantic misadventures in Portugal, where a young Manhattan banker is mistaken for a British secret agent and— But you *know* all the rest. James Garner is one of the least comic comedians now at work, Melina Mercouri is one of the least seductive seductresses now at work, and Sandra Dee is Sandra Dee, across whom I would someday love to hear Mary call the cattle home. Also in the cast are Tony Franciosa and Cecil Parker. The picture was directed by Ronald Neame and Cliff Owen. Two heads are rarely better than one. —BRENDAN GILL

•

> Dea New Look: I am well awae of the pofesso's theoy and I do have an opinion which has been einfoced by a distinguished Washington, D. C. psychiatist —also Havad tained. I think you pofesso's theoy is as sappy as a maple tee in Apil.
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—*Ann Landers in the Hendersonville (N. C.) Times-News.*

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•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN SIMILES DEPARTMENT

[*From "Conversations with Berenson," by Umberto Morra*]

Salammbô leaves the taste of a thick turtle soup in your mouth. —*Page 56.*

I recently tried to read *Salammbô;* it has the same effect on me as swallowing a ton of turtle soup. —*Page 154.*

Flaubert was prey to an obsession that his world was bleak and sordid, and when he tried to move out of it he was unable to do anything but evade it in a ponderous and mechanical phantasmagoria; he passed from the mysteries of the darkroom to the cooking of mock turtle soup. —*Page 206.*

Salammbô is like an eternal turtle soup, which sticks to one's lips. It is reading matter which one cannot follow for any length of time without becoming nauseated. —*Page 250.*

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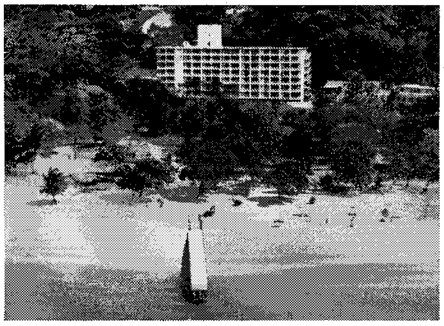

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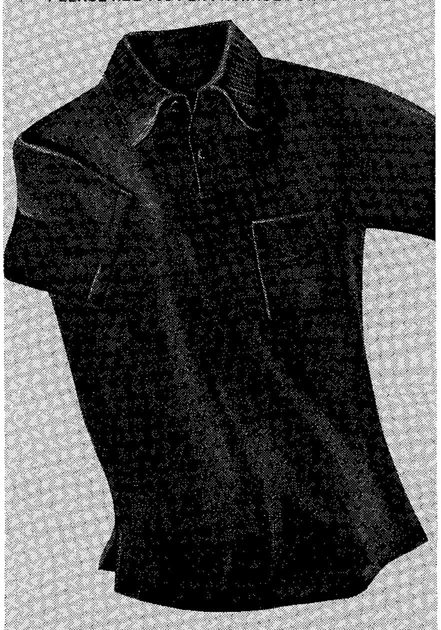

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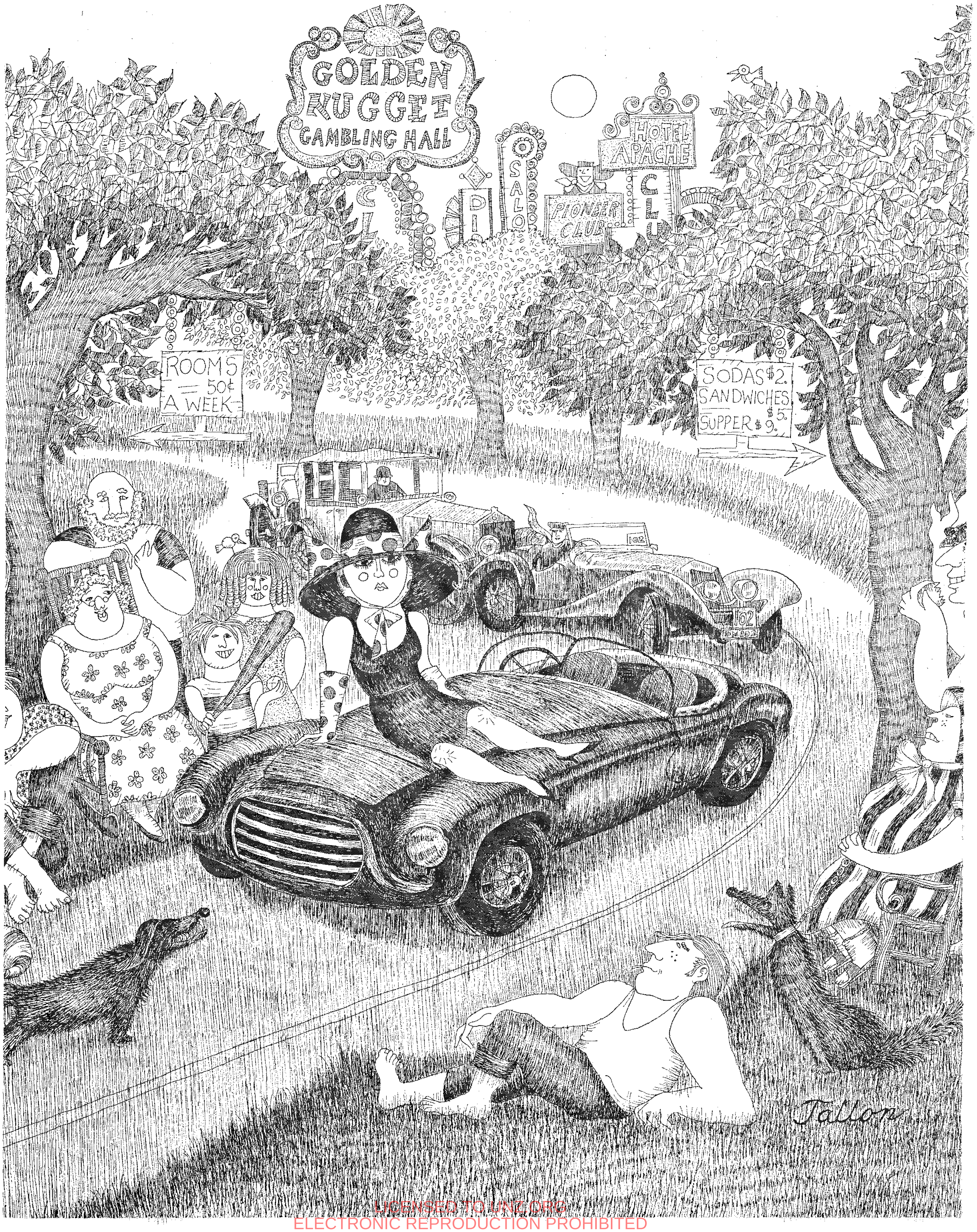
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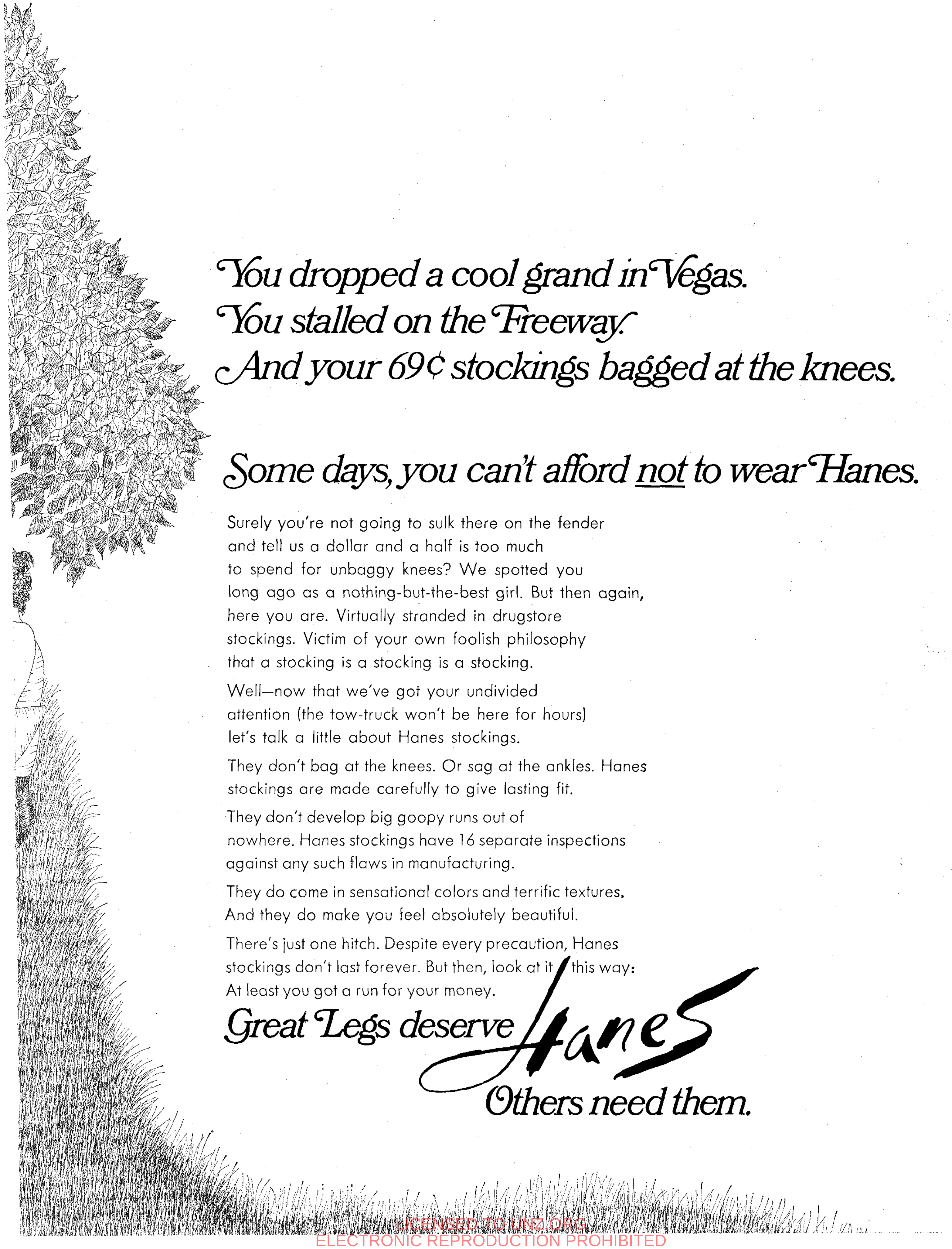

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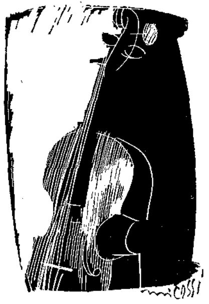
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Knight-Errant



I SUPPOSE that one's competence to judge "Don Quixote"s depends to some extent on how many "Don Quixote"s one has seen. Having recently encountered the vaudeville spectacle that goes under that name in the Bolshoi Ballet repertoire, I found myself last Friday night at the State Theatre looking at George Balanchine's "Don Quixote" with new eyes. It is a ballet that I have been successively warm and cold toward, and the reasons for both the warmth and the coldness are still there. But, taken as a whole, the lofty dream that Balanchine has realized here is one of exquisite poetic content and broad human reference. The Knight of La Mancha, who must have presented problems ever since the time of Petipa, simply because he cannot be danced but must be mimed, has been handled by Balanchine with the reverence and tenderness that he deserves, and somehow all the dancing falls into place around him with the utmost naturalness. Again Suzanne Farrell represented the *Ewig Weibliche* in all its manifestations, with beautiful point work in the scenes of fantasy and fitting innocence in those that represent the simple farm girl who set the hero's imagination on fire. The scene of Don Quixote's dream was a masterpiece of gentle, ingenious choreography. And the dancing of many others besides Miss Farrell—Gloria Govrin, Patricia Neary, Suki Schorer, Mimi Paul, Marnee Morris, Michael Steele, Arthur Mitchell, John Prinz, Conrad Ludlow, Anthony Blum, and Francisco Moncion—added no end to the work's effectiveness. There is only one matter remaining about the visual side of this Balanchine ballet that strikes me as out of place and in slightly bad taste, and that is the soapsuds, or shaving cream, or whatever it is that is hurled into the hero's face by a member of the court at the end of Act II. For all I know, this incident may be a part of Cervantes' original, faithfully followed. But since liberties are necessarily being taken with Cervantes anyhow, I don't see why this episode should be present. The point of Don Quixote's humiliation at court has already been

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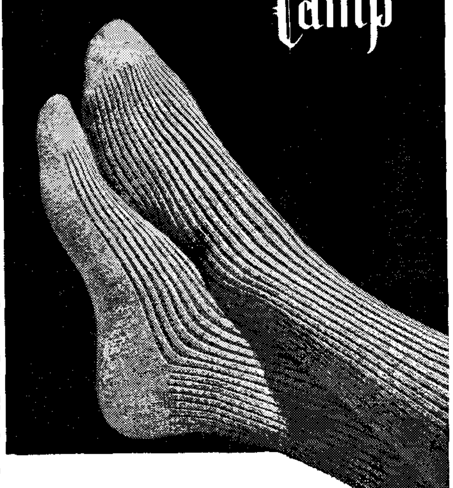

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made thoroughly evident. The gesture recalls the Keystone Cops.

I now realize that my coolness toward the work last time around was due entirely to the score, which is, to say the least, a very uneven affair. And yet, with the art of musical composition in its present state of disintegration, I can't think of any other composers, including the most celebrated, who could have done better than Nicolas Nabokov, the creator of the present music. Nobody deeply set in the anti-romantic groove could have touched this work without damage. Nabokov has done certain episodes beautifully. Examples are nearly all the passages in which Miss Farrell appears, the pas de deux Mauresque in Act II (which is danced by Miss Schorer and Mr. Prinz), and many frankly baroque scenes. Elsewhere, the Nabokov score frequently runs dry and sounds like second-rate Stravinsky. At the beginning of the village-square scene, one sees spirited dancing by an ensemble of townspeople. But it is not supported by the spiritless music that accompanies it. The same thing happens in the first scene of Act III, beginning with Miss Farrell's divertissement (which has the only music written for her that is inadequate) and continuing to the end of this scene. These musical lapses are not, naturally, Mr. Balanchine's fault. In a way, they are not even Mr. Nabokov's fault. They are the fault of an age that has pretty much lost the capacity for writing serious music that is worth dancing to. But the passages I object to are not sufficiently prominent to mar the ballet as a whole, and it remains a lovely allegory of life, essentially the allegory one finds in Cervantes—a masculine allegory, a romantic allegory, and one of the great allegories of Western civilization.

EARLIER last week, on Monday night, the American Symphony Orchestra brought its season to an end in Carnegie Hall under the direction of its veteran conductor Leopold Stokowski. Mr. Stokowski has lost none of his gifts as a program builder, and most of the evening's events were of special interest. Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" Overture, which led things off, is not exactly a novelty, but then it isn't played very often nowadays, either. It was followed by Haydn's early "Horn Signal" Symphony (No. 31 in D Major), which is so seldom done that I cannot recollect offhand having heard it before. There was a ceremonial performance of Tchaikovsky's "Marche Solennelle," to commemorate the open-

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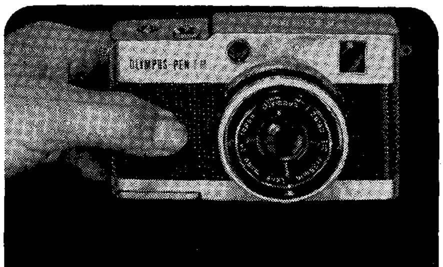
SAN JUAN

ing of Carnegie Hall and the start of its seventy-fifth season, and then there was Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana," a work that Mr. Stokowski introduced to New York in a brilliant performance in 1954. I like "Carmina Burana." To me, it is a joyous Rabelaisian hoot that burst upon us at a time when many very studious and very boring composers were taking themselves not only seriously but with a touch of obligatory misery that I have always found tiresome. Solemn twelve-tonists consider "Carmina Burana" distasteful. The established musical faith has, in fact, long since excommunicated Orff and all his works. Perhaps it is for this reason that, at least within my memory, no performance of the last item of the trilogy to which it belongs—something called "Trionfo di Afrodite"—has taken place hereabouts. (The second, "Catulli Carmina," *has* been done here, and it is almost as delightful as "Carmina Burana.") Mr. Stokowski again showed that he still has a special way with the work—a special feeling for its asymmetrical rhythms, its strumming accompaniments, and its rather brassbandish cadences. The chorus was composed of the Dessoff Choirs and the Boys' Choir of the Church of the Transfiguration, and there were three young soloists unfamiliar to me: Lucille Perret, soprano; Henry Nason, tenor; and Leslie Guinn, baritone. At least one of them, Miss Perret, is a real discovery. She handled those fearfully high phrases with complete assurance and beautiful lyric quality. I suspect that we will hear more from her in the immediate future.

As for the Haydn symphony, it is not made up of the maturest sort of Haydn, but Haydn could not write badly, and it was a pleasure to hear this early composition. Of course, it showed off the American Symphony's horns, which are, like so many components of this young orchestra, of excellent calibre. High Ds and low Ds were negotiated with the utmost smoothness; there wasn't a crack anywhere, and the tone was well balanced and pure. The horn parts are, of course, written for the old valveless horn of Haydn's period—the first and second being in D, the main key of the symphony, and the third and fourth being in G, which is the key of the slow movement. The ingenuity with which the composer manipulated these instruments is something that probably only specialists are interested in, but it is profound, and it leads to an impression of complete ease—as if there were no



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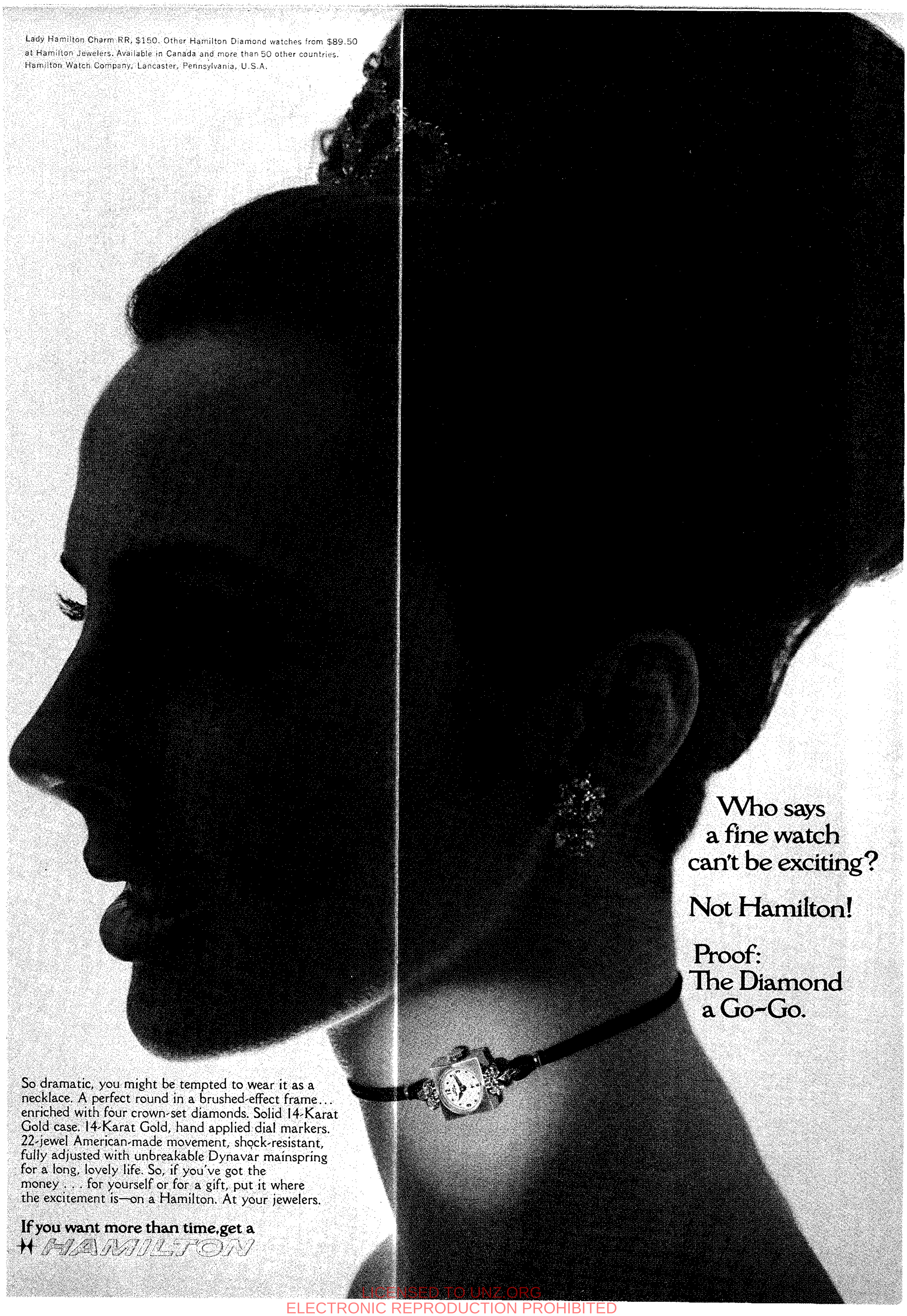

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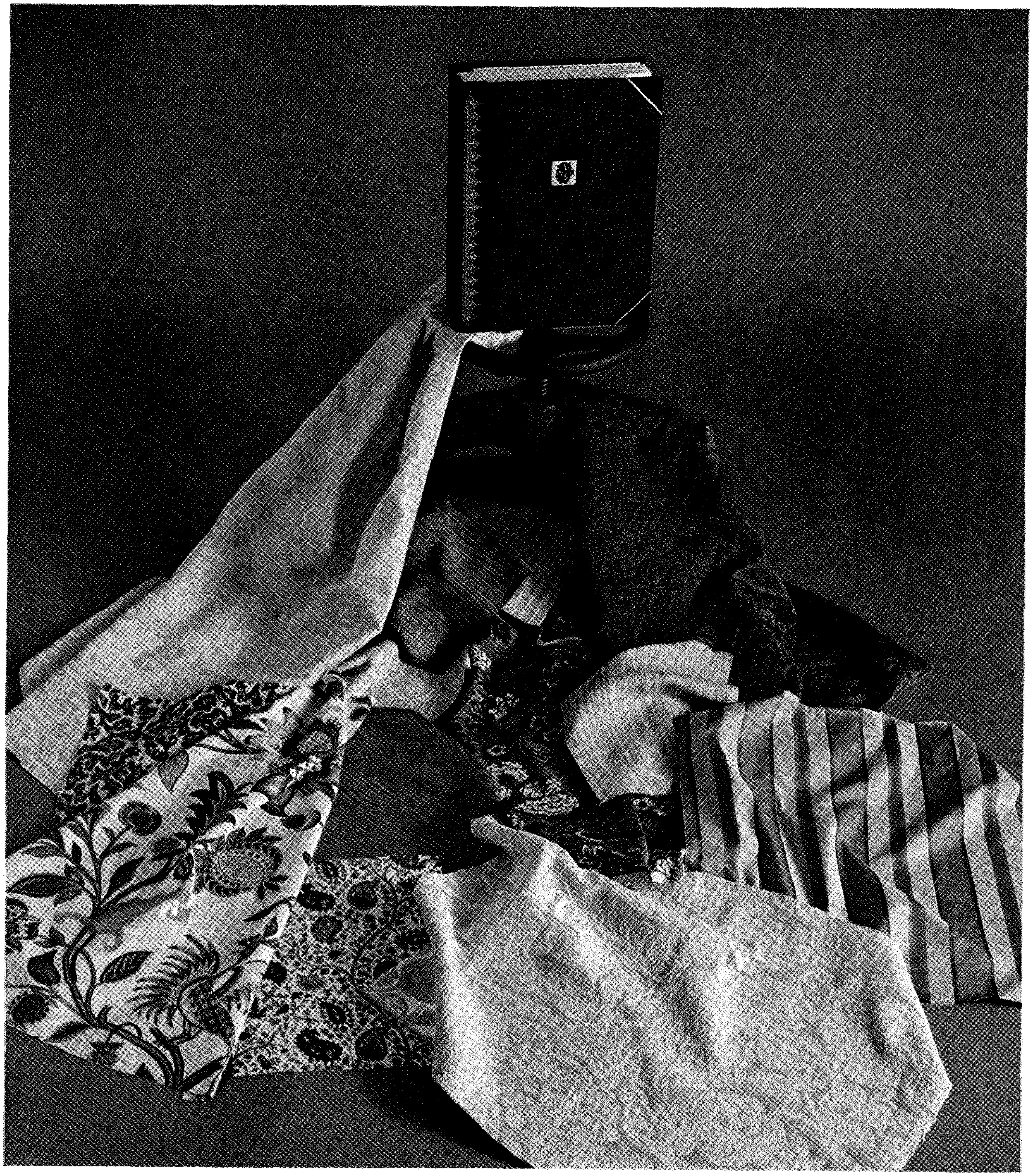

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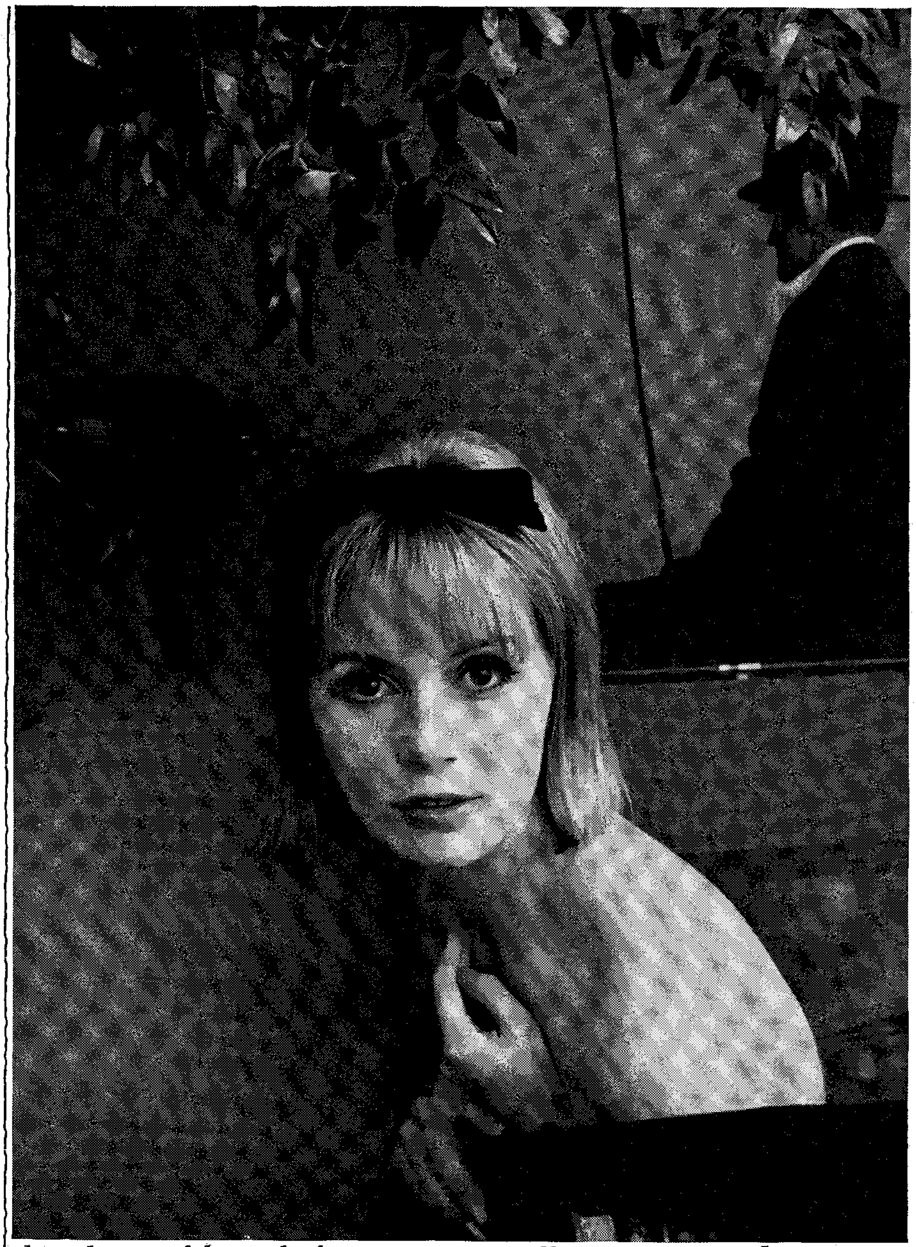
problems involved at all. Incidentally, as is usual in this orchestra, the third horn was played by a young woman. Most of the flutes and oboes were played by women, too—a point that is not surprising nowadays but that would have surprised people a generation ago.

OF Haydn's two great oratorios, "The Seasons" is unquestionably the more charming (the most charming, in fact, of all oratorios that I am acquainted with), while "The Creation" is the more powerful, and the more interesting for those who like to find harmonic devices that turned up frequently in the work of much later composers. But "The Creation," like all of Haydn's music, has its portion of charm, too, and I am afraid that this ingredient did not manifest itself much in Leonard Bernstein's and the New York Philharmonic's performance of it in Philharmonic Hall last Thursday night. The soloists—Judith Raskin, Alexander Young, and John Reardon—were all of fine quality, and Abraham Kaplan's Camerata Singers, who formed the chorus, were entirely adequate. But for my taste Mr. Bernstein's conception of how this venerable work should sound was dreadfully overdramatic. At the words "Let there be light!" the chorus jumped to its feet and shouted as if it were waking the dead on the Day of Judgment. As things progressed, the orchestra frequently drowned out the soloists. (This may not have been Mr. Bernstein's fault. There is still something wrong with the acoustics of Philharmonic Hall. From where I sat, Miss Raskin, whom I know from experience to be a full-voiced singer, was often scarcely audible.) In the aria "With verdure clad the fields appear," sung by her, the horns cracked note after note in the high register, and there were other faults, among them some exaggerated bassoon snorts in Raphael's aria "Now in full splendour shine the heavens." On the whole, I found Mr. Bernstein's performance an external one, offering little of the inner glow that this music contains. It was, however, theatrical enough to hold the audience more or less spellbound. The text (despite the quotations I have given above) was sung in German, which some time ago musicologists discovered to have been "The Creation's" original language. Disturbing fellows, these musicologists. Most people have for generations considered "The Creation" one of Haydn's English works.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT



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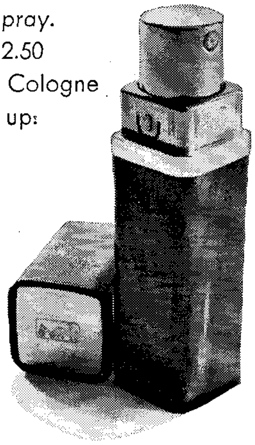

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE JOB CORPS

FOR a first-hand look at the action in one of the campaigns of the War on Poverty, I drove over to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, one morning recently and reconnoitred the part of the old Army post that has been taken over by the Job Corps, the national program whose primary goal is to transform fifty thousand or more of the country's least-likely-to-succeed youths—underprivileged, unemployed high-school dropouts aged sixteen to twenty-one—into productive citizens, mainly by teaching them skills that they can practice to earn a decent living. The London *Observer* has called the undertaking in general "one of the most extraordinary emergency efforts in the Free World" and the Kilmer Job Corps Center in particular "a sort of technical college for the totally unqualified." Both descriptions are apt, though on approaching Kilmer one is not likely to be put in mind of the campus of a college of any sort. The entire tract is surrounded, as it was during the Second World War, when some five million men were processed there, by a high, barbed-wire-topped fence bearing signs that warn, "U.S. GOVERNMENT PROPERTY. KEEP OUT." As I drove inside the gates, I was waved to a halt at a wooden sentry booth by a uniformed guard, who asked me to state my business. I told him that I had made arrangements to see the director of the Center, Mr. Paul C. Ketchersid. Then, obeying instructions, I got out of my car, followed the guard into the booth, and waited there while he confirmed the appointment. That done, he asked me to sign a visitor's registration form, filled out and gave me a pass, and said, "You may proceed and park your vehicle in the visitors' parking area. The director's office is in the building opposite that. Hold on to your pass, and return it here when you leave." Suppressing an impulse to salute, I proceeded.

The prospect beyond the entrance was no less bleak. Trees, hymned by the man for whom this place was named, were not in sight. Except for an occasional weed-filled ditch, the landscape was a table of hard-caked clay, intersected with a few walkways made of coarsely crushed stone. The sense of sparseness was heightened by the surprising neatness of the setting. No discarded cigarette packages or candy wrappers testified to casual living here. Nearly all the buildings were former Army barracks—one-story black-roofed cement-block structures laid out in orderly rows. Their exteriors had been freshly and uniformly painted white, but a riotous palette of bright colors had been used on the doors. If, despite all the tidying up, the layout still had the appearance of a detention colony, it did at least look like a most sanitary one.

On checking in at the administration building—it, too, was a former barracks—I was shown into the office of Mr. Ketchersid, a tall, slender, conservatively dressed man in his early fifties with the cordial, confident, no-nonsense manner of a high-school principal, which he once was. The Kilmer Center, he explained after we had sat down at his small conference table (the only other furniture or decoration in the office were a metal desk and a chair), is one of a hundred Job Corps Centers scattered around the country. The great majority of these installations are called Conservation Centers. They occupy public lands and are operated by either the Department of Agriculture or the Department of the Interior. Each Center accommodates from a hundred to two hundred Corpsmen, who learn skills such as surveying, forestry, and power-tool operation while performing conservation work. (These Centers are similar to the Civilian Conservation Corps camps of the thirties, except that there were a great many more of those and they were run by the War Department and put more emphasis on providing emergency employment than on vocational training.) In addition, the Job Corps has established eight Urban Centers for women, which vary in enrollment from three hundred up to a thousand (a dozen more Centers for women are soon to be built), and eight Urban Centers, like Kilmer, for men. These are usually situated on former military bases and have an average enrollment of about two thousand. The kind of instruction offered at the Urban Centers, which are operated under contract by private companies or educational institutions, or a combination of the two, varies from Center to Center, and includes training for employment as office-machine operators, cooks, hospital orderlies, carpenters, electricians, retail sales clerks, and a variety of other occupations, the majority of them in fields that are not highly unionized. From the start, the Job Corps, like most conventional colleges, has had more applicants than places. Approximately twenty-five thousand young men and women, out of more than three hundred thousand who have so

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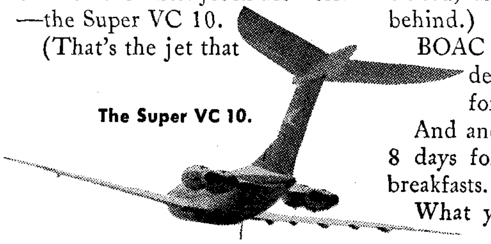

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far applied, are now enrolled in the Corps, and hundreds more are being screened—a process that is carried out in the applicant's local community, usually by a state employment agency. Whether a successful applicant is assigned to an Urban or to a Conservation Center depends largely on his reading ability; if it is above the fourth-grade level, he will most likely be sent to one of the Urban Centers, where the intellectual pace is faster than at the Conservation Centers, the usual destination of enrollees whose reading skill is below the fourth-year level. If reading ability is not a limiting factor, a Corpsman is assigned to a Center that offers instruction in the vocation of his choice; for example, if he wants to learn how to operate heavy machinery, he would go to the Center at San Marcos, Texas; if he wants to learn how to operate office machines, he would go to one of the Urban Centers that provide a course in this subject. Corpsmen who are assigned to Conservation Centers because of low reading skill do not necessarily have to remain there; those who show ability to learn are often transferred—or graduated, as they speak of the move—to an Urban Center.

The Kilmer Center was opened in February, 1965, Mr. Ketchersid continued, and is being operated by the Federal Electric Corporation—a subsidiary of the International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation, which is the world's tenth-largest employer—in conjunction with Rutgers University. According to its contract with the government, Federal Electric is to receive $11,520,000 in return for maintaining the Center and training and providing for the welfare of twenty-one hundred Corpsmen over a period of twenty-two months. The government has the option to renew the contract annually for three additional years. "A lot of people wonder why a major, profit-making corporation like ours happens to be running a place like this," Mr. Ketchersid went on. "They say, 'After all, what do you know about this kind of thing?' Well, personally, I think we know quite a bit about it. For years, Federal Electric has conducted similar vocational-training programs for thousands of customers throughout the world. Probably the best known of our projects of this kind is the operation and maintenance of the Distant Early Warning system—the so-called DEW Line—a chain of more than sixty radar stations extending for three thousand miles across the Arctic. To do this job, we had to plan

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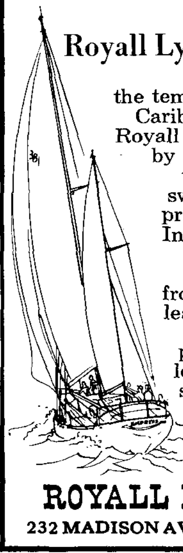

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and establish an entirely new kind of community, often in previously uninhabited places, and we had to select and train people to adjust to this unique kind of life. Since 1956, when we acquired the contract, we've trained about seven thousand people to live on the DEW Line. What we have set up here at Kilmer is also a new kind of community. We are pioneering in organizing a new kind of educational environment, designed to meet the psychological, sociological, and personal needs of school dropouts. Doing this job as a private corporation, we have the advantage of not having to contend with the red tape that plagues so many government operations. We can select our staff on the basis of merit instead of seniority. Furthermore, if they don't perform satisfactorily, we can replace them without being hampered by civil-service regulations. Finally, as a private company we have a powerful incentive to organize effectively and to do a good job, because if we don't, the customer is apt to take his business elsewhere." From the customer that is paying for the Kilmer Center, I learned later, Federal Electric stands to make a profit of slightly more than half a million dollars during the twenty-two months of the initial contract.

At present, Mr. Ketchersid told me, approximately two thousand young men are enrolled at Kilmer. They are about evenly divided between white and non-white, to use the Center's terminology. The average Corpsman, based on a national study of the first ten thousand men to enroll, is seventeen and a half years old and unmarried. He comes from a family of six, who live in substandard housing. In half the homes, the parents have had less than an eighth-grade education. Eight out of ten Corpsmen have never visited a doctor or a dentist. In two-thirds of the families, the primary wage earner is unemployed; those who do work hold unskilled jobs. In nearly forty per cent of the homes, a parent is seriously ill, and the family receives financial assistance. The composite Corpsman has completed eight and a half years of schooling but has attained only a fifth-grade level in reading and arithmetic. He has been out of school for nearly a year. One in six has been rejected as unfit for military service. Only one Corpsman in ten has held a job. If he has worked, he has earned about twenty-three dollars a week. As a member of the Job Corps, he receives free transportation to the Center, vocational and remedial academic instruction, room and board, medical and

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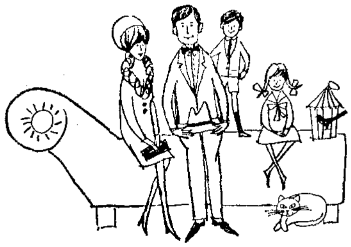

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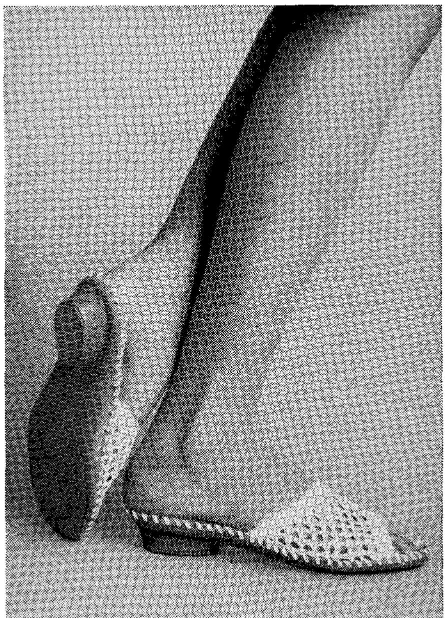

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dental care, work clothing (mostly Army and Navy surplus), a seventy-five-dollar allowance to buy street clothes, and a monthly living allowance of thirty dollars. He is also paid a terminal allowance of fifty dollars for each month he has spent in the Corps. If he wishes, he may arrange to have up to half of this allowance paid each month to his parents or other dependents; if he does, the Corps contributes an equal amount to the dependents. "At least seventy-five per cent of the boys here are sending money home," Mr. Ketchersid told me.

I asked him what part Rutgers University plays in the Kilmer operation.

"They have assisted us in the development of the curriculum on the academic side," he replied, "and they are working with us in the areas of remedial reading, student government, and counselling. They do not take an active part in the day-to-day functioning of the Center. The number of people at Rutgers who work with us varies, but usually there are about thirty."

Not all of the Rutgers consultants, I was aware from accounts that had appeared in the newspapers, approve of either the way the Kilmer Center is being run or of the philosophy behind it. In what is usually called the "Rutgers report"—a document prepared by some of the consultants and, though never officially released, leaked to the press late last fall—the Kilmer project was severely criticized for what the report called "flagrant deficiencies." These included overcrowding; high absenteeism; little learning; slow implementation of some vocational programs; inadequate recreation facilities; physical violence; authoritarian, paramilitary methods used to achieve behavior control; failure to understand the nature and "life styles" of a poverty culture; preoccupation with a "good front;" and a few other shortcomings. The report was publicly disavowed by several of the Rutgers consultants; a spokesman for the university described it as "the opinions of individuals rather than an official evaluation;" and the president of the Federal Electric Corporation said that "the charges are either misleading or outright misrepresentations." Since then, the public airing of the differences of opinion between the corporation and its dissident advisers has subsided, but the latter remain critical. "One basic issue of disagreement," Mr. Ketchersid remarked, "is whether or not a program like the Job Corps should even exist. There is a feeling on the part of some people that the Job Corps is not proper-

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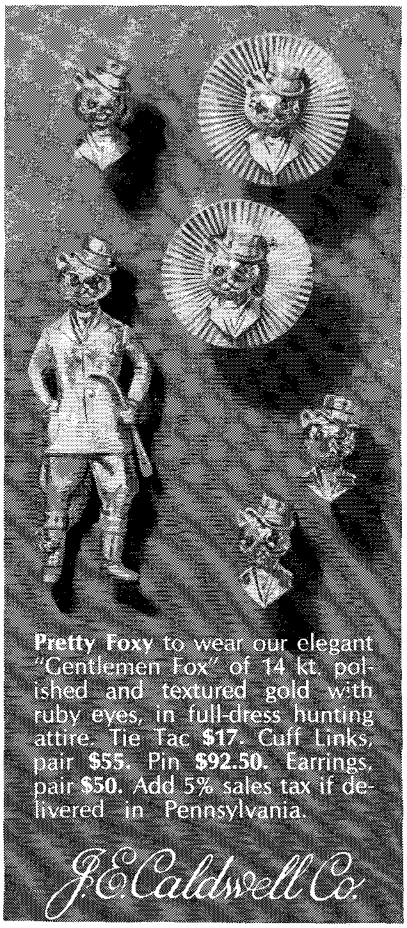
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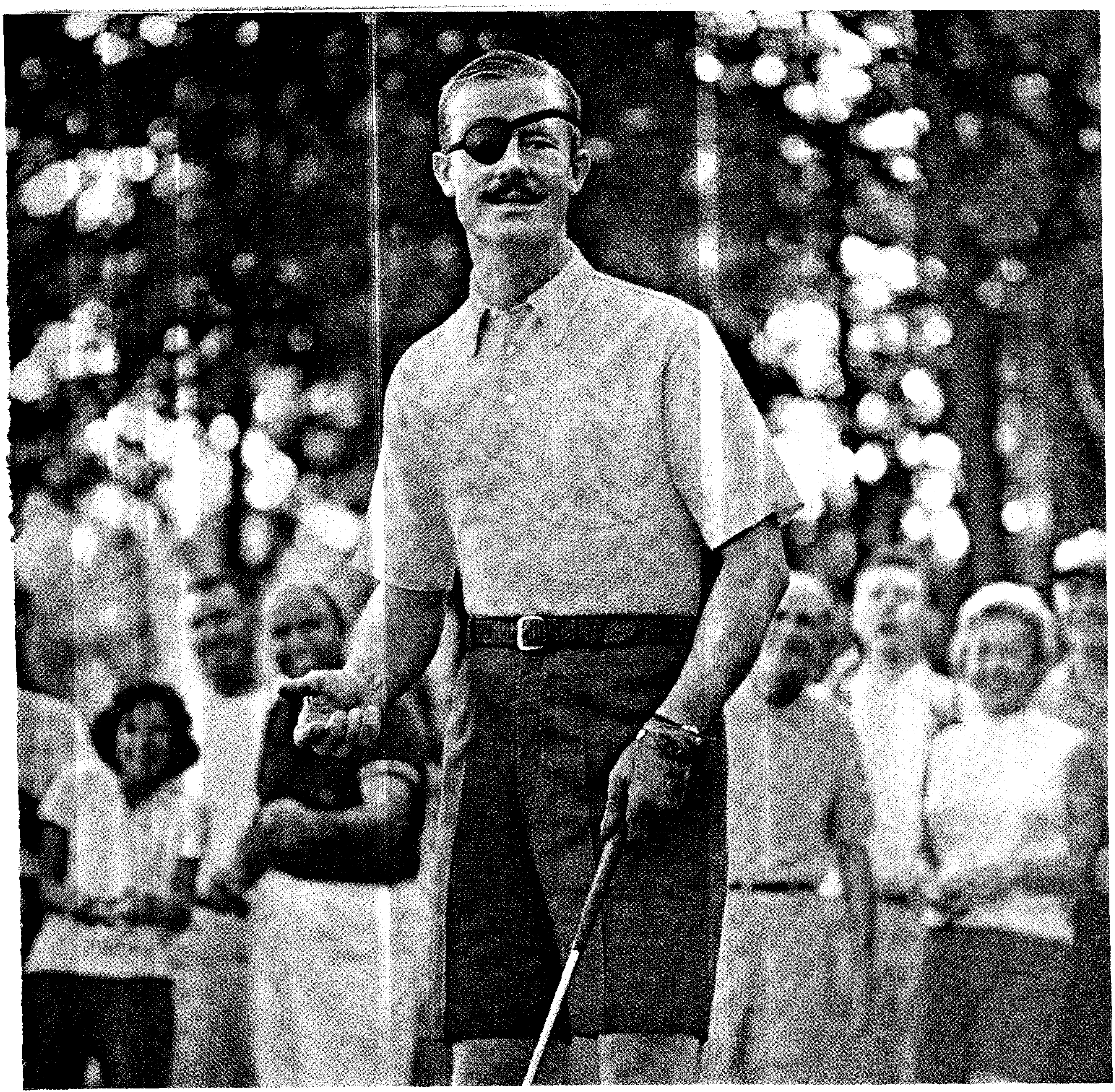

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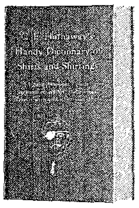

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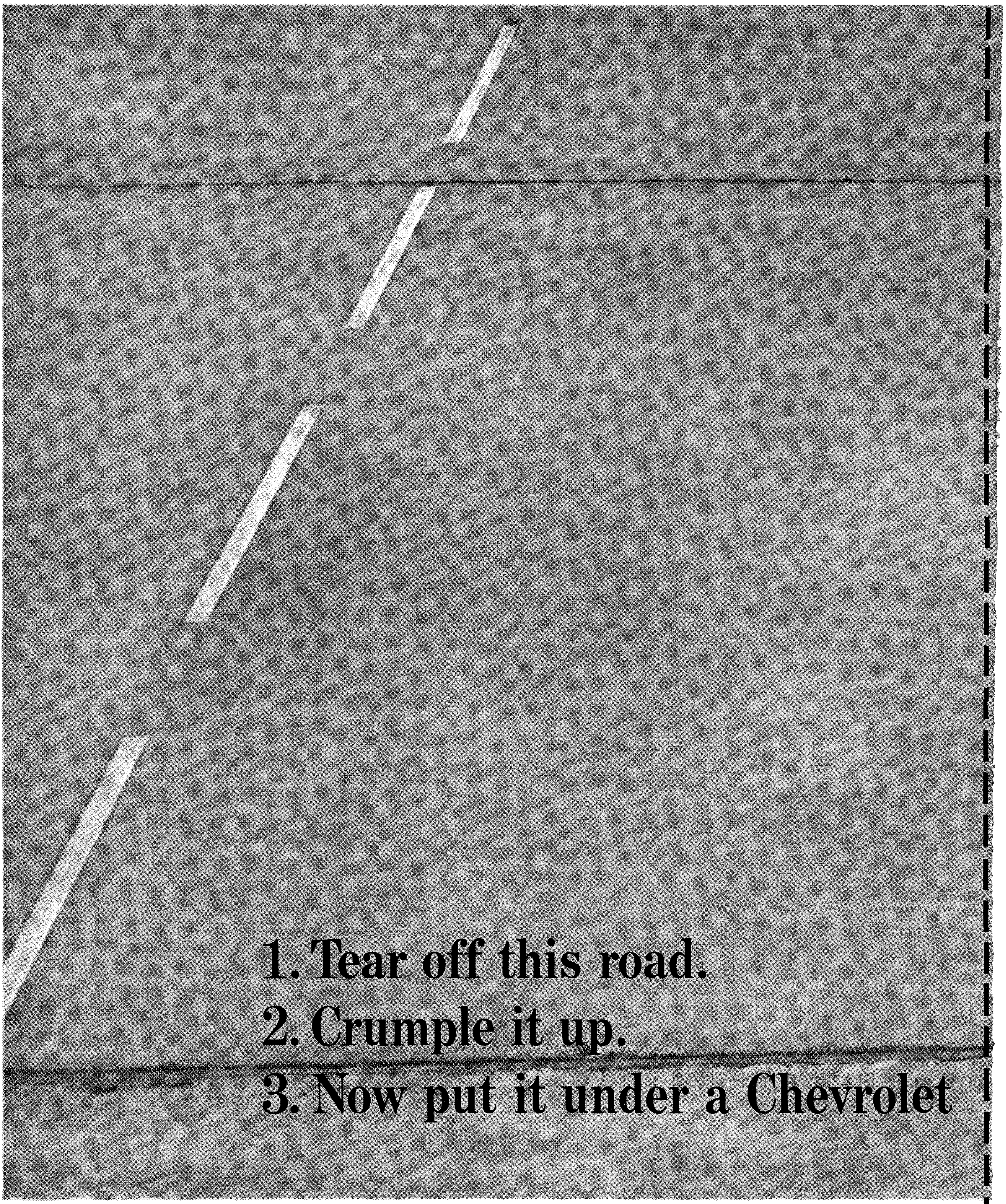
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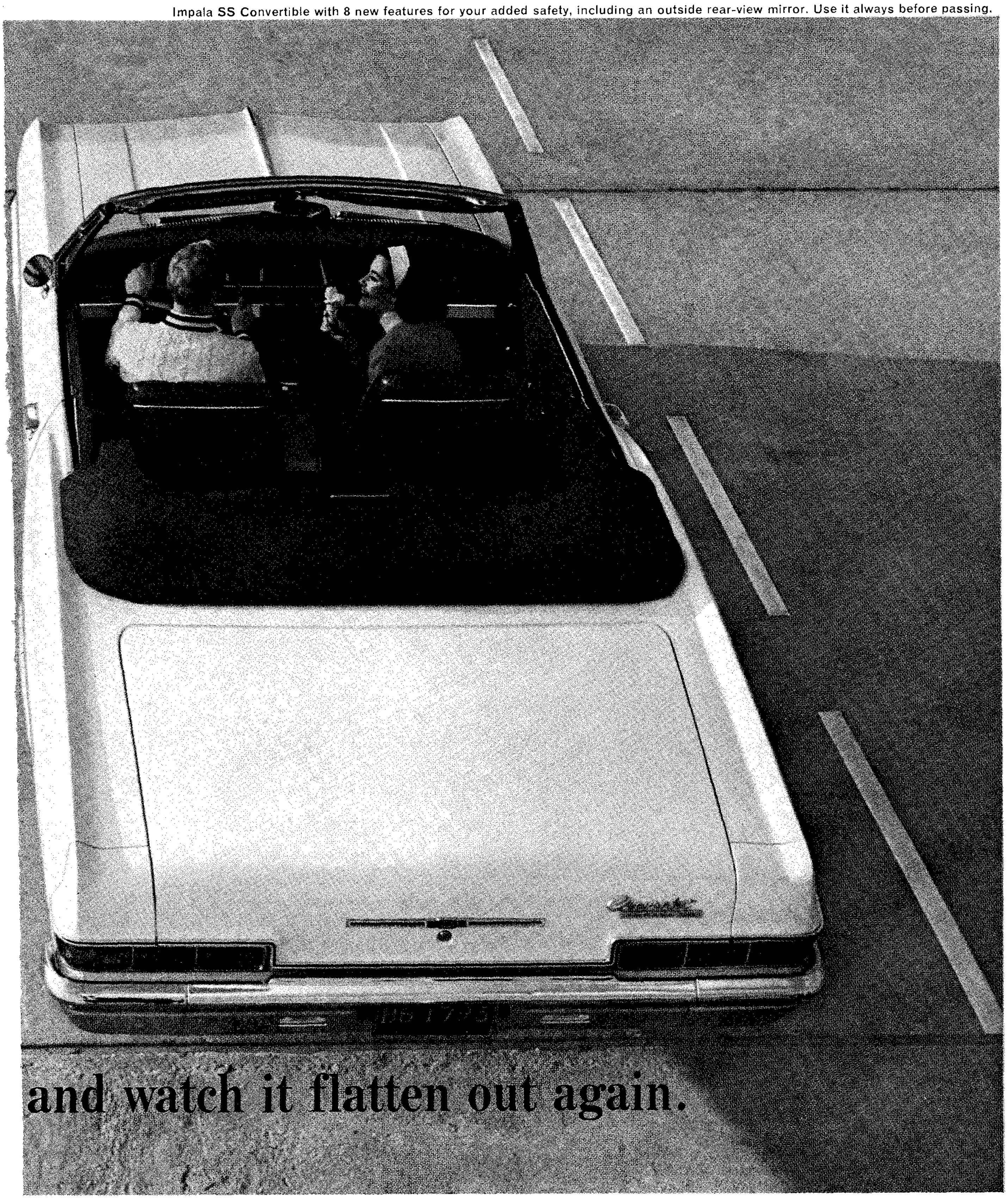

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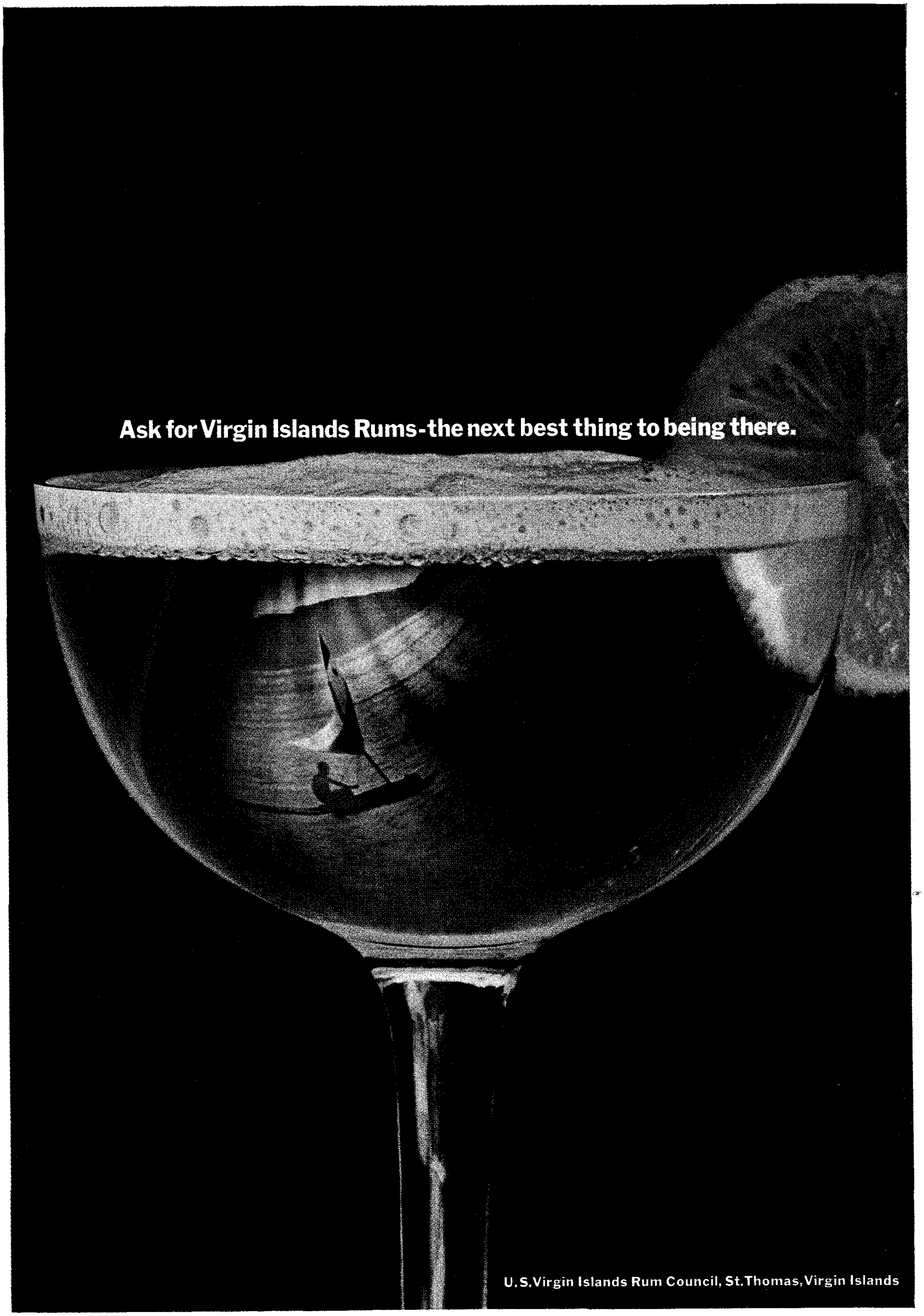
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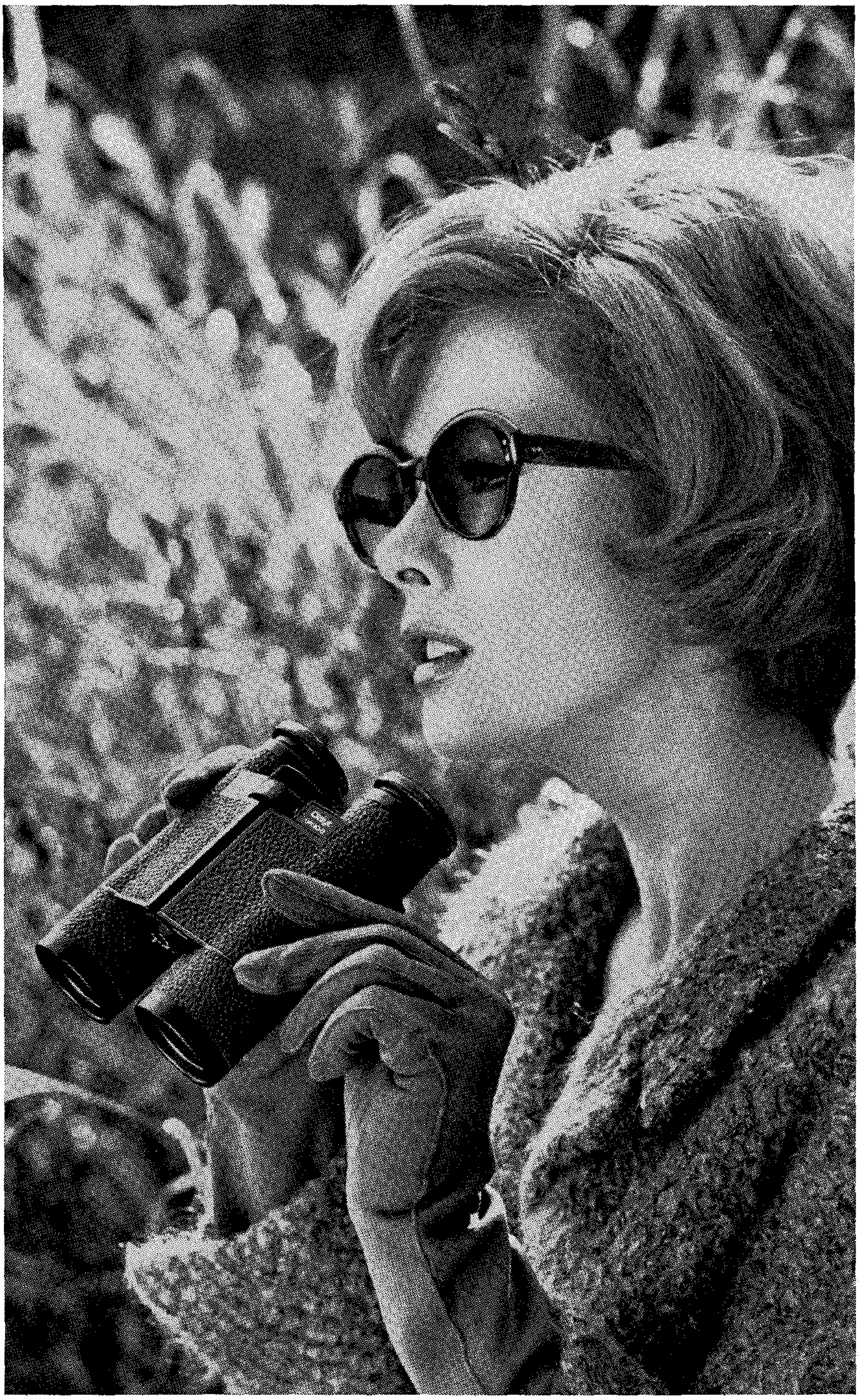
ly constituted, because it involves taking the fellows away from their homes and putting them into a residential kind of school. These people believe that the fellows should stay at home and that the money spent on the Job Corps should be spent in the local community to provide jobs, upgrade the schools, and improve the homes. Another fundamental difference of opinion, I think, turns on whether a program of this kind should be run by a business organization or by an educational institution—and, specifically, whether a profit should be made from running such a program. Now, it occurs to me that nobody questions whether McGraw-Hill or any other company that publishes textbooks should make a profit on that operation. In other words, if it is improper for an organization in our economy to make a profit from operating a Center of this kind, isn't it equally improper for a company to make a profit from the sale of textbooks? I think this is a basic matter in the minds of some of the people who have been critical of what we are doing. By the way, our contract with Rutgers comes up for renegotiation next month. It will be renewed."

At present, Mr. Ketchersid continued, the teaching and administrative staff at Kilmer numbers about four hundred and fifty. "Our vocational instructors have been chosen mainly for their skill in their particular field," he said. "Of course, they have to have other attributes—be able to communicate with the fellows they are going to teach—but we don't rely on formal education to any great extent. Several of our vocational teachers have been foremen. To teach the boys we have here, you need a really expert craftsman—somebody these fellows will respect for his ability to do the job." On the average, he explained, the courses offered here are designed to take about a year to complete. So far, two hundred and sixty-six Corpsmen have graduated from Kilmer and received



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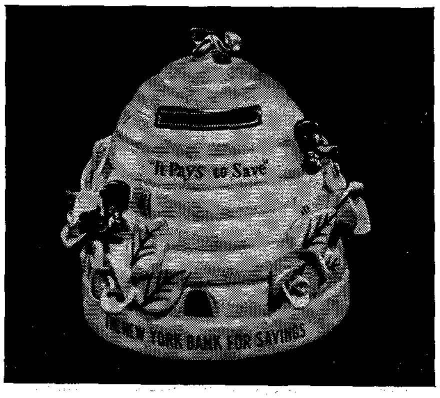

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diplomas. Of these, thirty-three have returned to high school or been admitted to college; seventy-six have gone into military service; and the rest, thanks to the Center's placement service, have found jobs. In addition to the graduates, a hundred and fifty-seven other Corpsmen, who left before completing their courses, are gainfully employed, most of them holding down jobs in fields for which they were trained at Kilmer. "We are just now reaching the point where we are beginning to graduate large numbers of fellows," Mr. Ketchersid remarked. "In the next few weeks, I would estimate that we'll be graduating between thirty-five and forty fellows a week."

I asked how much it costs to turn out a Job Corps graduate.

"At this point," he replied, "it's a little difficult to get an accurate figure on that. For one thing, there are variations in the figures for Urban Centers and for Conservation Centers, and there are differences among the Centers in the two systems. Probably the most meaningful figures that I can supply are the averages for the Urban system as a whole. These have to be broken down into three stages. The first is for what we call the development stage. This is what we are in now, and this is when costs are highest. It's like starting a university, when you have to acquire the campus, recruit the staff, and incur all the other startup expenses. During the development stage, the cost of training a Corpsman for one year is ten thousand five hundred dollars. This will decrease in the second, or buildup, stage, which begins next July first and lasts for one year, to seven thousand eight hundred dollars. In the third and final stage, the cost will be reduced to seven thousand three hundred and fifty dollars. I think the figures for Kilmer will come pretty close to these."

"So it works out," I remarked, "that, as some of the Republican critics of the program have said, it costs more to keep a boy in the Job Corps for a year than it does to keep him in Harvard."

"Well, yes," Mr. Ketchersid replied, "but you have to remember that what you pay out of your pocket to send your boy to Harvard doesn't come near the actual cost to the university of providing the education. You have to take into account the university's endowment funds and all of its other sources of income. But we don't need to go into that. Yes, it's true that the cost of turning out a Job Corps graduate is high. Here we get into a mat-

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ter of relativity. What is 'high,' and how much is the result actually worth? The true worth of this program will not, of course, be known for a number of years. You can't always measure these things in terms of dollars, but we can try to look at the program from that viewpoint, too. I have read that the value of a high-school education to an individual is a hundred and forty thousand dollars over his lifetime. The fellows here don't have a high-school diploma. Presumably, they will have equivalent skills. But let's downgrade this, and say that their training will be worth a hundred thousand dollars over their lifetime. On this extra hundred thousand dollars they are going to be paying income taxes, social-security taxes, and a number of other taxes. In addition, they are going to help overcome this country's shortage of skilled labor, which is reaching the critical point. I recognize that ten thousand five hundred dollars, or seventy-three hundred dollars, to take the final stage figure, sounds like a big sum—and it is—but I don't think that's the proper measure. If you make a productive citizen out of a kid who would otherwise be unproductive, probably on relief, possibly even in prison, that is the real measure."

SO that I could get an idea of the way the program at Kilmer actually works, Mr. Ketchersid arranged for me to go over to another converted barracks and talk with a member of the administrative staff named Vincente K. Tibbs, whose title is Administrator of Group Guidance. Mr. Tibbs, a stocky, articulate Negro, who was wearing a sports jacket and slacks, told me, "By training, I'm a social worker. I graduated from the Columbia School of Social Work, and for the past twelve years before coming here I was working with the Board of Education in New York City, where I ran a large community center in a high-delinquency area. Before that, I had worked in a number of similar jobs. At one time, I was a street-gang worker. I found that my work with the city was getting monotonous. Since I've been here, I've begun to grow again. It's a very challenging job." The essence of his job, I learned, is to try to control the behavior of the Corpsmen. Discipline has been one of the primary problems facing all the Job Corps Centers, and particularly the Urban Centers for men. By their records, the majority of Corpsmen have shown a marked distaste for discipline. Several have had brushes with the law, and some have been on

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probation. Though all the Corpsmen have volunteered for the program, many find themselves unable to make the most of it. Coming from meagre backgrounds, they are apt to harbor strong prejudices, which can lead to trouble, since the racial and ethnic mixture in Corps Centers, as a rule, is highly complex. "We get Corpsmen who have been handicapped, or let's say pauperized, for many reasons," Mr. Tibbs said. "We have boys from the Appalachian area, where the coal mines have given out and where the people are living in abject poverty. We get Negro boys from the Deep South and boys from the Northern ghettos, who, because of our own social climate, have been pauperized. Many of these boys have never had a successful experience. They've been kicked out of schools, their families have neglected them, they have been pushed around, and when they came in that gate, they didn't think too much of themselves—or of anyone else. What we are trying to do is to help these boys achieve some social growth. We are trying to engender a positive set of values in place of their general hostility and feeling against adult authority. In short, we want these boys to have a new image of themselves."

The means adopted to achieve this end, Mr. Tibbs continued, is a system of behavior control known as Guided Group Interaction, which was developed by a psychologist named Dr. Saul Pilnick, who is a paid consultant at Kilmer, and whose system had previously been used in a New Jersey correctional institution for adolescents called Essexfields. "That is where we got it," Mr. Tibbs said. "Let me describe it briefly this way: we're attempting to use the same dynamics that a teen-age gang would use, only we're using it positively, and we're *guiding* it. We know it's a fact that young people are more concerned about what *they* think about each other than what adults think about them. So, what we try to do is to bring out what their difficulties are and let *them* discuss them in their own way, and, with *their* values, try to work out the answers. The key men in this system are our group leaders. At least two are assigned to each dormitory. They are all young men, usually college graduates. Some have been social workers, others have been probation officers, a few have been in the Peace Corps. They're paid about sixty-seven hundred dollars a year, on the average. The hours are long, and it's not a job that a married man would want, because the group leaders have to live in

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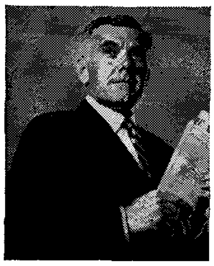

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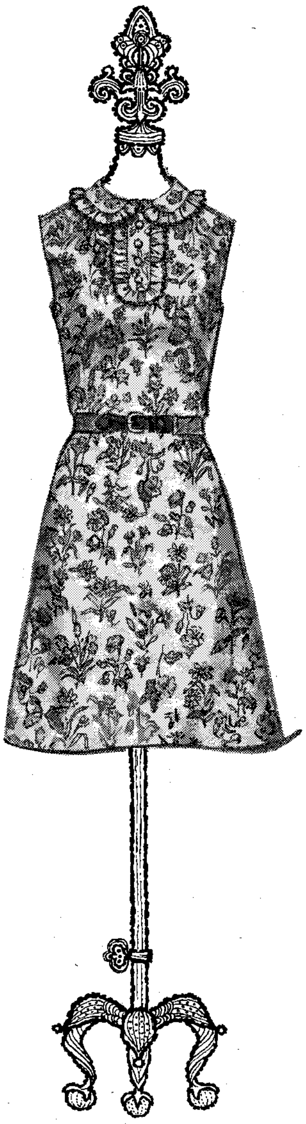
the dormitories. They come to work at three in the afternoon, and are off at eight in the morning. They put their charges to bed at eleven, but there's usually something going on after that—somebody's sick, or sometimes a boy will just get up and come to the group leader's room at two o'clock because he's upset about something. He wants to talk, and the group leader must talk with him. It's tough work, and anybody who takes it on just because it's a job can't stand it."

A group leader's most important work, Mr. Tibbs explained, is done in the late afternoon of every weekday, when he presides over a meeting, in the dormitory, with the Corpsmen in his charge. These so-called group meetings, which generally last for an hour and a quarter, and at which attendance is required, are the heart of the behavior-control system. Here, in an informal atmosphere, Corpsmen are encouraged to discuss just about everything that's on their minds, particularly anything that is troubling them, whether it's a complaint about another member of the group, the rules they are supposed to obey, the food, their instructors, the policy on weekend passes, or whatever. "It is the group leader's job to *guide* these meetings," Mr. Tibbs said. "He doesn't do it by dazzling the boys. Not at all. He stays in the background as much as possible, and quietly and subtly guides the group toward the adoption of a positive attitude. The best way for him to do this is to develop one or two allies in his group. If he can get a couple of them working with him, he can use them to help influence others toward useful attitudinal changes. For example, I can think of a dormitory where we were having racial difficulties. One afternoon, I went to this dormitory to watch the group meeting. One fellow, a white boy, was saying that he didn't hate Negroes but he didn't like living with them. The group leader was a Negro. He wasn't in the least upset. 'Well,' he said, 'does anybody else have any feelings about this?' He called on one of his allies, a white boy. This boy said, 'You're completely wrong about lumping everybody up together. There's Jim, over there, who I had a fight with last week. Now, I don't dislike Jim because he's a Negro. I dislike him because of what he did. We've got to be able to separate him from the race.' There was more discussion, and the whole thing went very smoothly. The warm, accepting way the group leader handled the situation, not getting upset because the fellow said what he actually thought, probably helped some of his young charges who did feel a little strongly to go along and adopt a calm attitude, too. They ironed out their difficulties and went off to dinner. Many Negro boys and white boys have formed good friendships here. They find they have something in common. They develop respect for one another. Of course, when they get home, it may be altogether different."

Under the group leader's direction, Mr. Tibbs continued, the Corpsmen also discuss in the afternoon meetings their off-Center behavior, make plans for weekend outings, and, by democratic vote, draft disciplinary codes for the dormitories and set penalties—or, as they are referred to at Kilmer, sanctions—for infractions of the rules. For instance, a Corpsman may be sanctioned twelve points for going A.W.O.L., six points for skipping a class, or four points for gambling. When he has accumulated a certain number of points, he may, depending on the total, be denied the use of the recreation hall for a week, refused a pass, or assigned to a work detail—where he is required to do some useful manual labor, like repainting the dispensary—during his free time. "The sanctions the group figures out aren't always that cut-and-dried," Mr. Tibbs said. "I remember a situation involving a couple of big boys. They'd been in trouble before, and they were about to get at each other's throat. The group decided to head that off, and they voted to make these boys get up on the roofs of two dorms next to each other and yell at each other and say all the mean things they were feeling. These two guys yelled at each other until they started laughing. Now, these two fellows, as tough as they were, would never have got up on the roof unless the group really meant something to them. And it worked. In a lot of other camps, they've had riots, but not here. This is our safety valve. The kids here don't have to hold things in until they explode."

AT this point, a man whom Mr. Tibbs introduced as his boss, Mr. Donald Kurth, came into the office and suggested that I go with him to take a look at the dormitories and then have lunch. As we set out, I learned that Mr. Kurth, a sturdy, square-faced, deep-voiced man with a crew cut and a friendly, concerned manner, has the



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title of Manager, Social Environment and Development. This means, in effect, that he is responsible for the Corpsmen's activities outside the classrooms. He holds a Master's degree from the Graduate School of Business at New York University, and for six years before he came to Kilmer he served as Morale and Health Administrator for the DEW Line. In this post, he was responsible for the morale not only of the staff living in the Arctic but also of the families they left behind. "The three things we are working on here," he said, "are vocational skill, social development, and remedial education."

"In that order of importance?"

"Well, no. Right now our experience is telling us that the social development of these kids is the most important thing. For example, we had a boy here this week who had learned his skill well enough so that his instructor said he was ready for on-the-job training. But his group leader realized that if the boy went out on a part-time job now, he would be a failure. He's been here for two months, and he doesn't yet have the attitude to accept employment. Probably two months from now he will be ready. He's growing. We've seen a lot of growth in a lot of these kids. Once you get to the place where they can trust you, and you can trust them, then you can start working with them. It takes two or three weeks, maybe a month, before you can see any development. We're dealing with damaged kids. Most of them have a problem. They've been squeezed out. They've been hurt. To be treated with respect is something they're not used to. It bothers them at first, and they don't trust you because you do it. Then, after a while, they come around. The question is: Can you do enough? Can you repair enough of the damage? I don't know."

The first dormitory we visited was No. 2108B. "This is one of the best," Mr. Kurth said. "The morale here is high, so the place is kept very neat." Inside the entrance was a small living room furnished with a television set, a table, some chairs, and three worn scatter rugs. The rugs, I was told, were not standard equipment; the Corpsmen and group leaders in this dormitory had put their hands on these. The flooring, I noticed, was new asphalt tile. A half-dozen Corpsmen were lounging around the living room, looking at television. A door on one side of the room led to a passageway that connected 2108B with 2108A and contained showers, toilets, and machines

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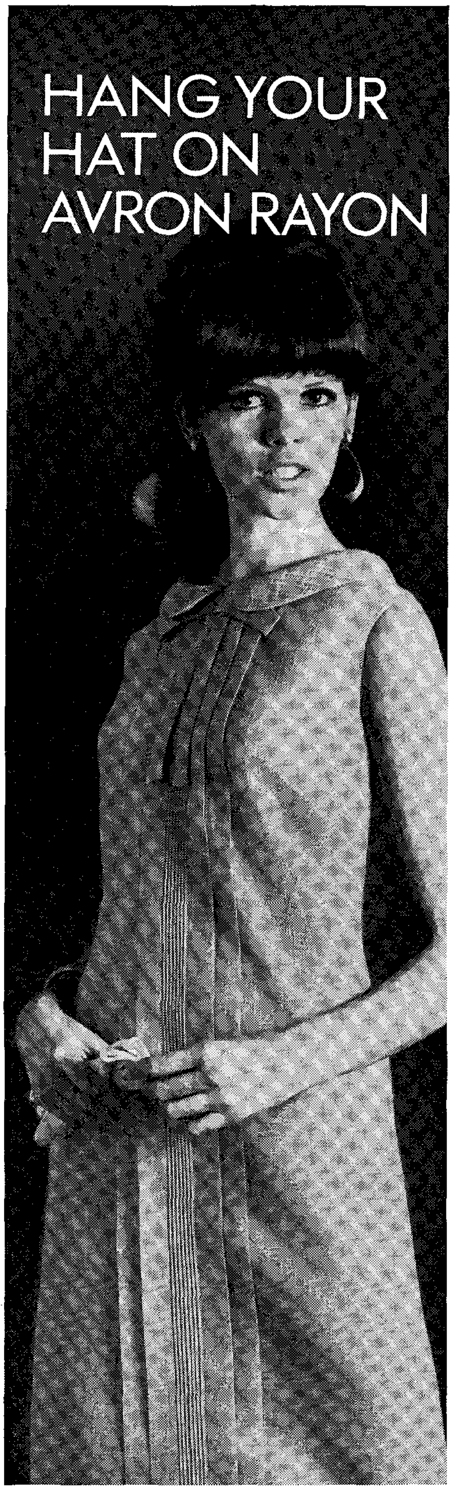

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for washing and drying clothes. (Each Corpsman is required to do his own laundry.) Beyond the living room, the dormitory was divided by plasterboard partitions, reaching almost to the ceiling, into a central corridor and five rooms on either side. Over the entrance to the corridor was thumbtacked a hand-lettered sign reading:

Our House
Thru This Hall Will Walk Men
Who Will Contribute to That
Great Society of America

At the bottom, in script, was the signature "By Shotgun"—the nickname, I was told, of the Corpsman who made the poster. Rock-'n'-roll music was blaring from several radios as I walked down the corridor and looked into some of the rooms. There are four Corpsmen to a room, each of which contains two double-decker beds, four metal lockers, a table, a chair, and a wastebasket. The beds were made (Corpsmen are required to make them before breakfast), and the rooms were neat. A few pictures cut out of magazines were pinned to the walls, but generally the rooms were bare. As we were leaving, Mr. Kurth said, "When we have a kid with a behavior problem, we send him in here, and he usually shapes up. When all the other kids are good, you have to be good, too."

In response to my suggestion that we look at one of the dormitories where the morale was not so high, Mr. Kurth led the way to another converted barracks, directly across the street. Of the thirty-three dormitories now in use, he said, fifteen had been rehabilitated to the same extent as the one we had just visited; the eighteen others had been less extensively renovated, and he referred to them as "open dormitories." On going through one of them, I observed that it also had a new tile floor, but no walls separated the long expanse into rooms; the Corpsmen living there had created a certain amount of privacy by using the tall steel lockers as partitions. There was a general air of untidiness—newspapers and magazines on the floor of the living room, overflowing ashtrays, dust in the corners. On the wall was another hand-lettered sign, this one reading:

Corpsmen—
This Will Be Your Home For A While,
So Let's Keep It Clean
Earl J. Justice, Your Friend

"Obviously, everybody in here isn't taking that notice to heart," Mr. Kurth said. "At first, we pushed very hard to rehabilitate all the dorms like 2108, because we thought the renovation had

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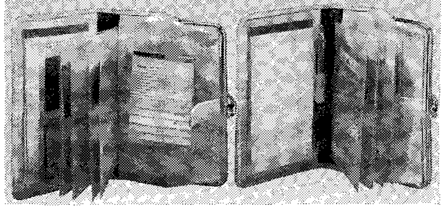

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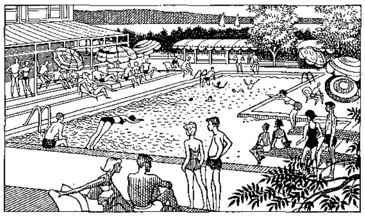

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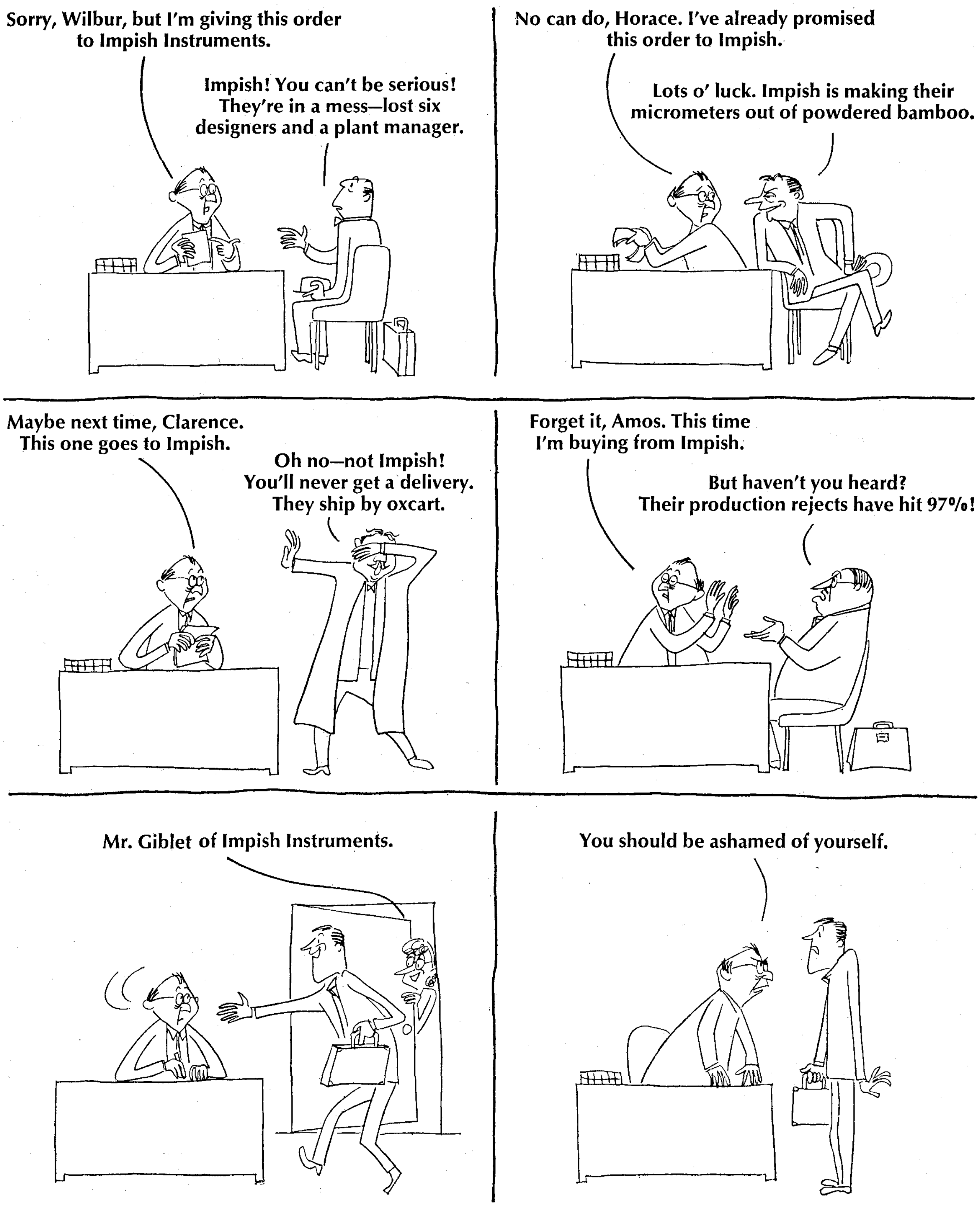
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a big effect on morale," he added. "But we had to slow down because of funds, and meanwhile we discovered there's little, if any, relationship between partitions and morale. In fact, some of our best dorms now are open dorms. This one happens to be not so good, because some of the kids in here are not doing their part."

As we headed toward the dining hall, Mr. Kurth told me that a Corpsman's day begins at six, when he's supposed to get up (if he doesn't get up on time, his group will probably sanction him), dress, make his bed and straighten up his room, and go to breakfast. Classes begin at eight-fifteen and continue until eleven-fifteen. Lunch is served from eleven-thirty until twelve-thirty, and classes resume at twelve-forty-five and run until three-forty-five. If a Corpsman has vocational instruction in the morning, he has academic instruction, which consists of communications, math and science, and social studies, in the afternoon. He attends his group meeting from four-thirty until five-forty-five, and goes to dinner at six. Afterward, he has free time until ten; he may go to the recreation hall, where he can shoot pool, play ping-pong, or, three times a week, see a movie, or he may go to the gym or take part in any of the several activities organized by the group leaders and instructors. Between ten and eleven, he helps in the cleanup of his dormitory, which includes mopping the floors. Lights are out at eleven. Twice a month, under normal circumstances, a Corpsman gets a weekend pass. During the month, he may also receive Saturday-night passes, and there are incentive programs that reward what Mr. Kurth calls "the real top kids" with weekday passes and other privileges. "As part of establishing a peer culture, we give these outstanding kids the title of Lead Corpsmen," he said. "We also now name a Corpsman of the Week and a Corpsman of the Month. Another honor is to get elected to the student council—or the House of Representatives, as the Corpsmen have decided to call it. One member is elected from each dormitory. Or you can be elected editor of the newspaper the Corpsmen are putting out, or of the yearbook they've started. These kids have never participated in things like this before. They can really mean a lot."

Across the road from the dining hall, Mr. Kurth stopped to introduce me to a very well set-up Negro in his late twenties named Charles Utley, who was carrying a clipboard and wearing slacks and a combination of handsome

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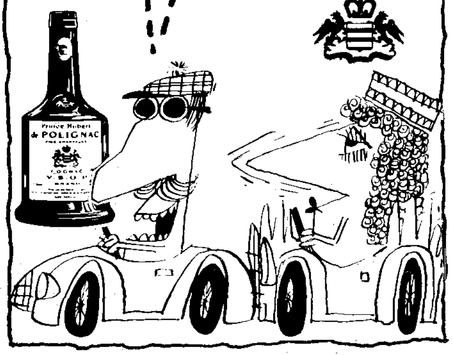

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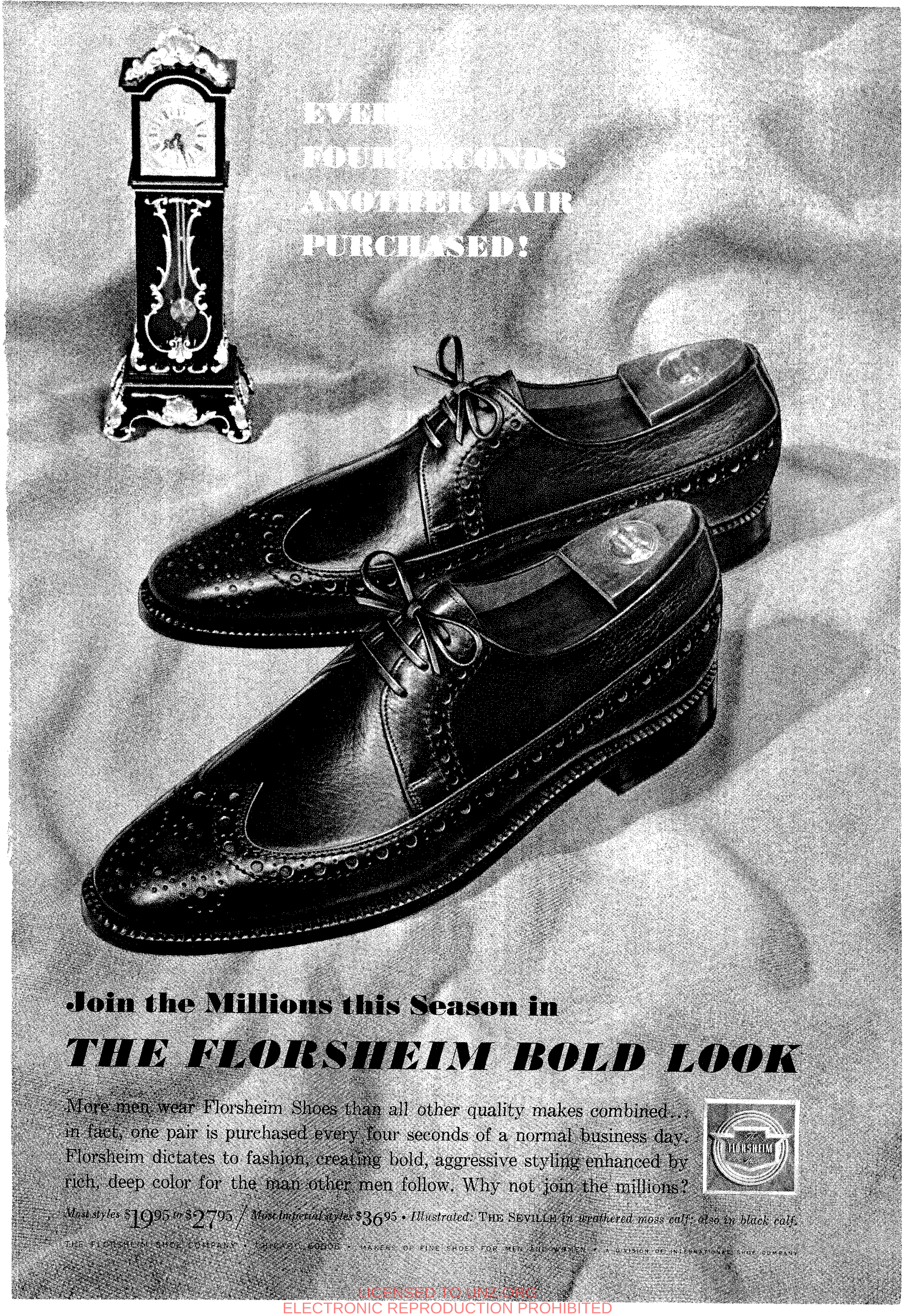

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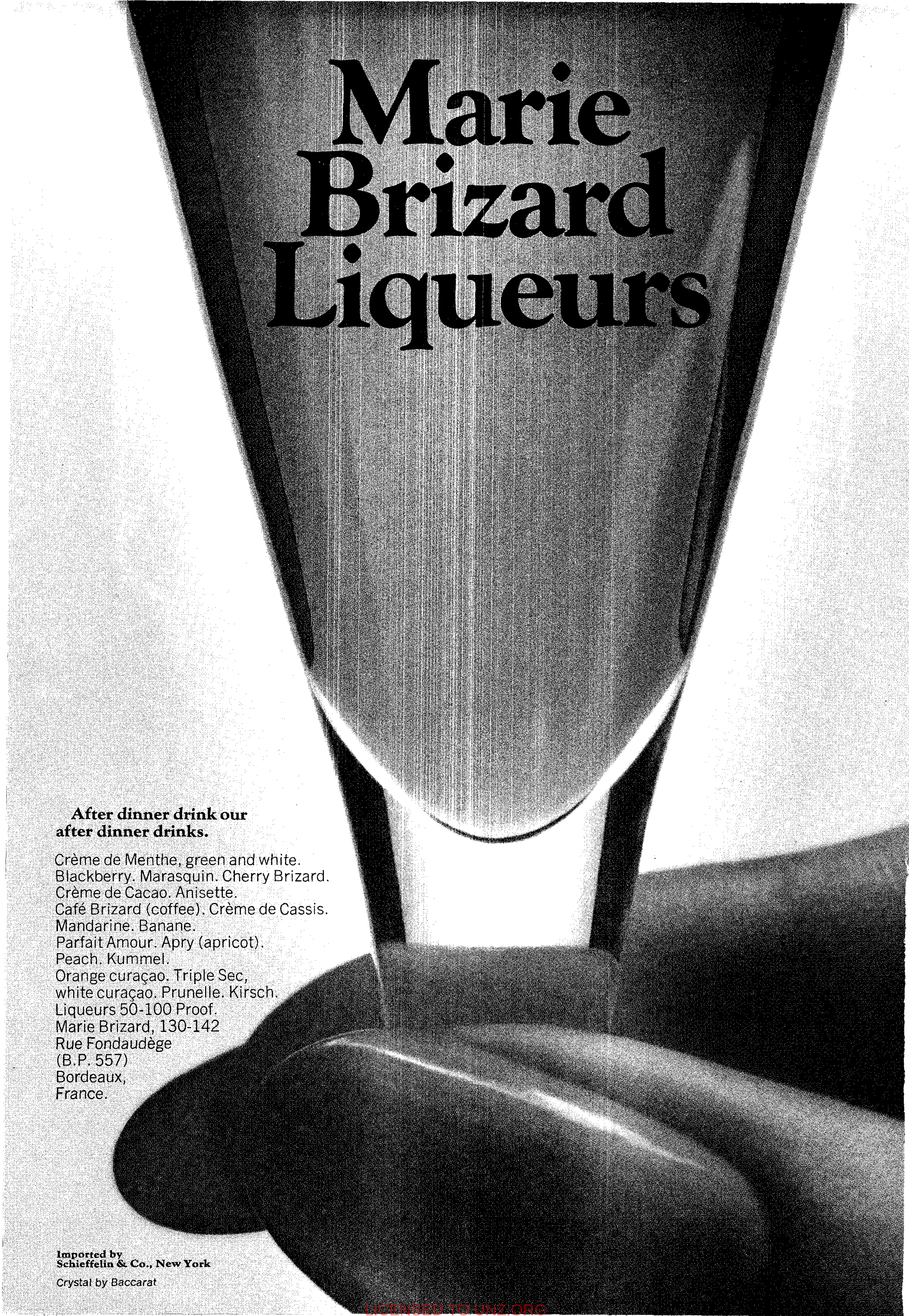

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blue sweaters. He used to be called the Center's Truant Officer but he is now known as the Work Supervisor, which means that he is in charge of the Corpsmen who are put on work detail. His qualifications for the post include a ten-year hitch in the Army, where he was a squad leader in an airborne division and heavyweight boxing champion of the Far East. "I take care of the bad boys," he said. "If I see them sitting around, I get them to class or wherever they're supposed to be. The boys give me a lot of respect. They do what I tell them to do. They think I'm kind of a bogeyman. I don't like the reputation of being a bogeyman, but if that gets results, it's all right with me."

It was about the middle of the lunch hour when Mr. Kurth and I entered the dining hall, a large, sprawling room filled with tables seating four. Practically all were filled and the room was noisy, but there was no rowdiness. "Most of the staff don't eat here, because they don't want to put on so much weight," Mr. Kurth remarked. He handed me a compartmented plastic tray and we started down the cafeteria line. The lunch, for which, as a non-Corpsman, I was charged a dollar, consisted of fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, fresh green beans, lettuce with dressing, bread and butter, a choice of milk or soft drinks, and ice cream. Many of the Corpsmen's trays were stacked with three or four cartons of milk and two or three packages of ice cream as well as a sizable stack of bread and an ample supply of butter. "They can go back for more as many times as they wish, providing they eat what is served to them," Mr. Kurth said. "Most of these kids never knew what a balanced diet was before they came here. They'd never tasted a salad. Much of the other food is new to them, too, and they sometimes have trouble getting used to it. One boy complained to me that the meat was no good, because blood was coming out of it. It was a nice piece of rare beef—something he hadn't had before. We've had Mexican boys complain because we don't serve tortillas and enchiladas. Other boys complain because the menu doesn't include corn bread and grits. The interesting thing is that most of them have put on weight."

I followed Mr. Kurth to a table in a corner of the room, at which a lean, neatly dressed Negro boy was sitting by himself. The boy, whom Mr. Kurth greeted as Willis, gave him a short but not unfriendly smile, shook hands with me, and went back to his meal, on

24 philosophers protesting the way some people rush through life.

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which he remained quite intent. It developed during the rather one-sided conversation that Mr. Kurth struck up with Willis that the boy had decided to leave the Job Corps and go into the Army. It also became evident that Mr. Kurth had tried to persuade him to stay at Kilmer, and had failed. He nevertheless asked Willis why he had decided to switch to the Army. "I just think I'll get more out of it," he replied. He finished eating, stood up, gave Mr. Kurth another short smile, said, "So long," picked up his tray, and left.

"He could be a powerhouse kid," Mr. Kurth said. "We just don't have enough here yet to challenge him. It's too bad. Earlier today, three other Corpsmen told me they were leaving. They're not the same kind of kids as this one, but you hate to see them go. One of them said there were too many rules here. Another said he didn't like living with Negroes. The third one said, 'The guys at home told me not to go. They said I was getting into something I wouldn't like. These guys were right.' Which doesn't make much sense, but it's often hard to put your finger on the real reason they leave. Sometimes it's just homesickness. Nearly all the kids are homesick the first month. A few have it longer. Here again, a lot can be done through the groups. If there's a kid who wants to go home, the group leader knows about it. It's discussed in the S.C.G. [Staff Consultation Group] meeting, and they bring it up in the group meeting. They start to pressure this kid into staying by asking him what he's going home to. They tell him he's going back to the very thing he was trying to get away from. Here, they tell him, is an opportunity, and they try to show him he should stay and take advantage of it. Of course, if a kid just wants to go home for a weekend to see his family—well, we're flexible. That's probably the hardest thing for the staff—to be flexible. But we've got to be, if we're going to handle the biggest problem we have here, which is being creative enough to find solutions to these kids' problems."

Recalling the case of the boy who had said he was leaving because he didn't like living with Negroes, I asked if racial feeling among the Corpsmen created a serious problem.

"No, it hasn't been a serious problem," Mr. Kurth replied. "Sure, we have a problem when a white kid calls a Negro kid a 'nigger.' It's bound to cause trouble, and could cause a fight. When this situation occurs, we have a group meeting, and the whole thing is brought out in the open and de-fused.

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We have found that the Negro boy here is bigger, stronger, and healthier than the white boy, and the Negro boy has gone further in school. Most of the white kids here are rural and most of the Negro kids are urban. So you have an unsophisticated white boy and a sophisticated Negro boy, who is also physically and mentally further developed. The result is that the Negro kid comes to the forefront in all the activities. All four officers of the House of Representatives are Negro kids, because even the white boys pick out these fellows who seem to be showing aggressive leadership ability. When we call for volunteers for our athletic teams, they end up all Negro. So we're being a little more aggressive with the white kids. We soon realized that just because they were standing on the sidelines didn't mean they wanted to. We're *making* them come out, because we feel they need it. When they get on teams with Negro kids, they get along very well. The Negroes want the program to be integrated."

I asked Mr. Kurth if the dropout rate was higher among the white Corpsmen than among the Negroes.

"It's about four times higher for white kids," he replied. "The white dropouts are mainly rural kids from the South. They seem to find it very hard to adjust. Homesickness gets them down, and they just don't have the drive that the Negro kids from the big cities have. Another thing is that most of the Negro kids come from broken homes. They've been kicked around, and they don't have as much to go home to as most of the white Southern kids. Their families are usually intact, and they can go home and settle in. The national dropout rate for the Corps is about twenty-six per cent. Here it's about twenty per cent. That includes both those who leave voluntarily and those who are dismissed. If a kid refuses to go to class or just to get into the program at all—in other words, if he is a fairly serious offender—we put him in a special group. We call it—it isn't a very good name—the Intensive Treatment Dormitory, and the idea is to try to do something to develop the kid's motivation. The ones who get assigned to this group live together in a special dormitory—No. 2103. Out of two thousand kids, we have fifteen or twenty in there at any given time. We have special counsellors to give them intensive counselling, and we try different methods with their work. For example, we may put them on a partial program—just a half day of

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Monterey ....Casa Munras
Mount Shasta......Shasta Royal Inn
Palm Springs........Howard Manor
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Santa Barbara....Santa Barbara Inn
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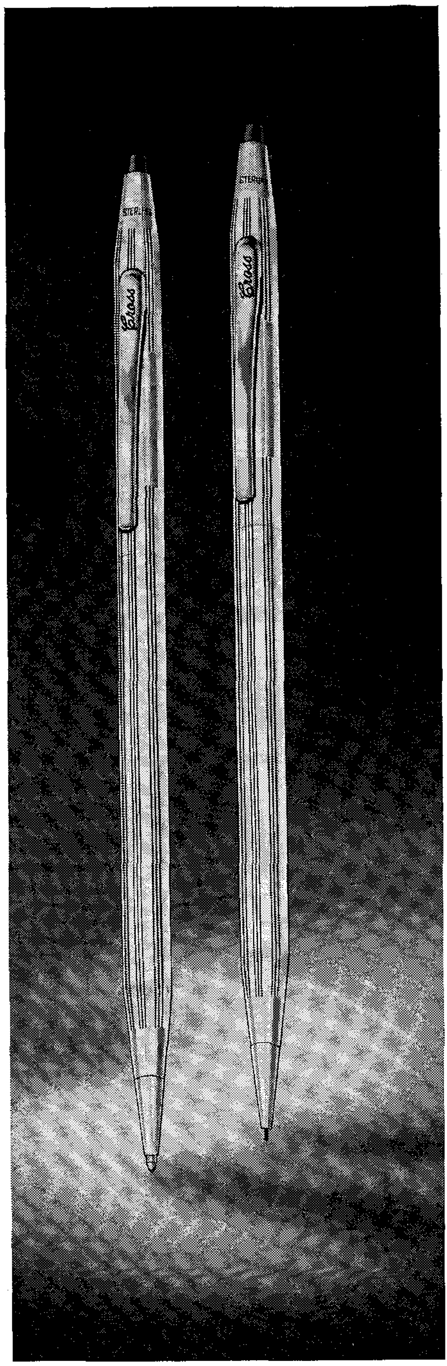

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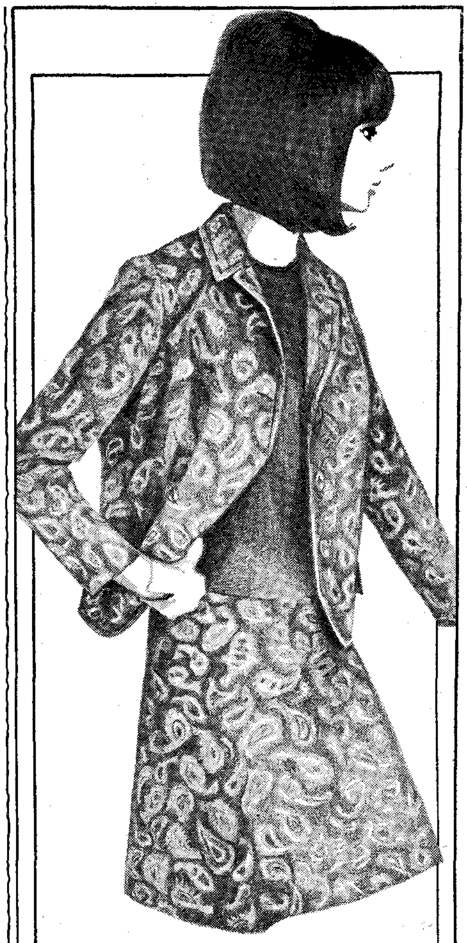
classes—or we may give them a whole day of just vocation or a whole day of just academic. We try to find whatever seems right for the individual kid. We figure we have thirty days to get him into the program or face the decision to get him out. We're salvaging about seventy-five per cent of these kids. That boy over there leaning back in his chair is an example. He was a very serious problem during his first month here. He wouldn't go to class, he would fight, he would horseplay in the dormitory. He would stay up after hours. He wouldn't help clean up the dorm. He was belligerent toward everybody. His own group voted to put him in 2103. They simply told him he couldn't stay in the dorm, because he was disrupting everything for the thirty-one other people. He came out of 2103 in two weeks. He asked to go back to his old dorm, they voted to take him back, and we haven't had a behavior problem with him since. We're trying not to have any stigma attached to being in 2103. We want it to be considered a special treatment area for kids who have a problem. We don't want to look on a problem around here as something that's bad."

Though Corpsmen from Kilmer have created disturbances in nearby towns, and not long ago four of them were charged with breaking into a supermarket in New Brunswick, Mr. Kurth said that relations with the community so far have on the whole been good. "The service clubs, the churches, the Y.M.C.A., industry, and many private individuals have coöperated with us fully," he told me. "More than a hundred families around here invited Corpsmen into their homes at Easter. We've worked out what we call a hospitality program with several social-service groups on Long Island and in other places like Princeton and Washington, D.C., that line up twenty or thirty families who invite thirty or forty of our kids to spend an entire weekend with them. One member of our staff works exclusively on community relations, and we do all we can to get the Corpsmen involved in community activities. For example, fifteen of our boys worked with the United Fund Drive in this area. They ran the movie projectors for the campaigners who were making presentations at factories. Another thing—twelve of our boys, on their own, have set up a recreational program for underprivileged children in New Brunswick. They went to the Salvation Army and got advice on how to get the program started, and now every Saturday these Corpsmen



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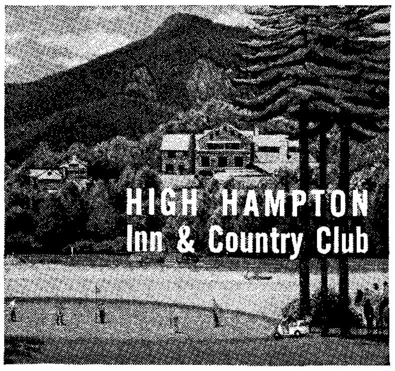

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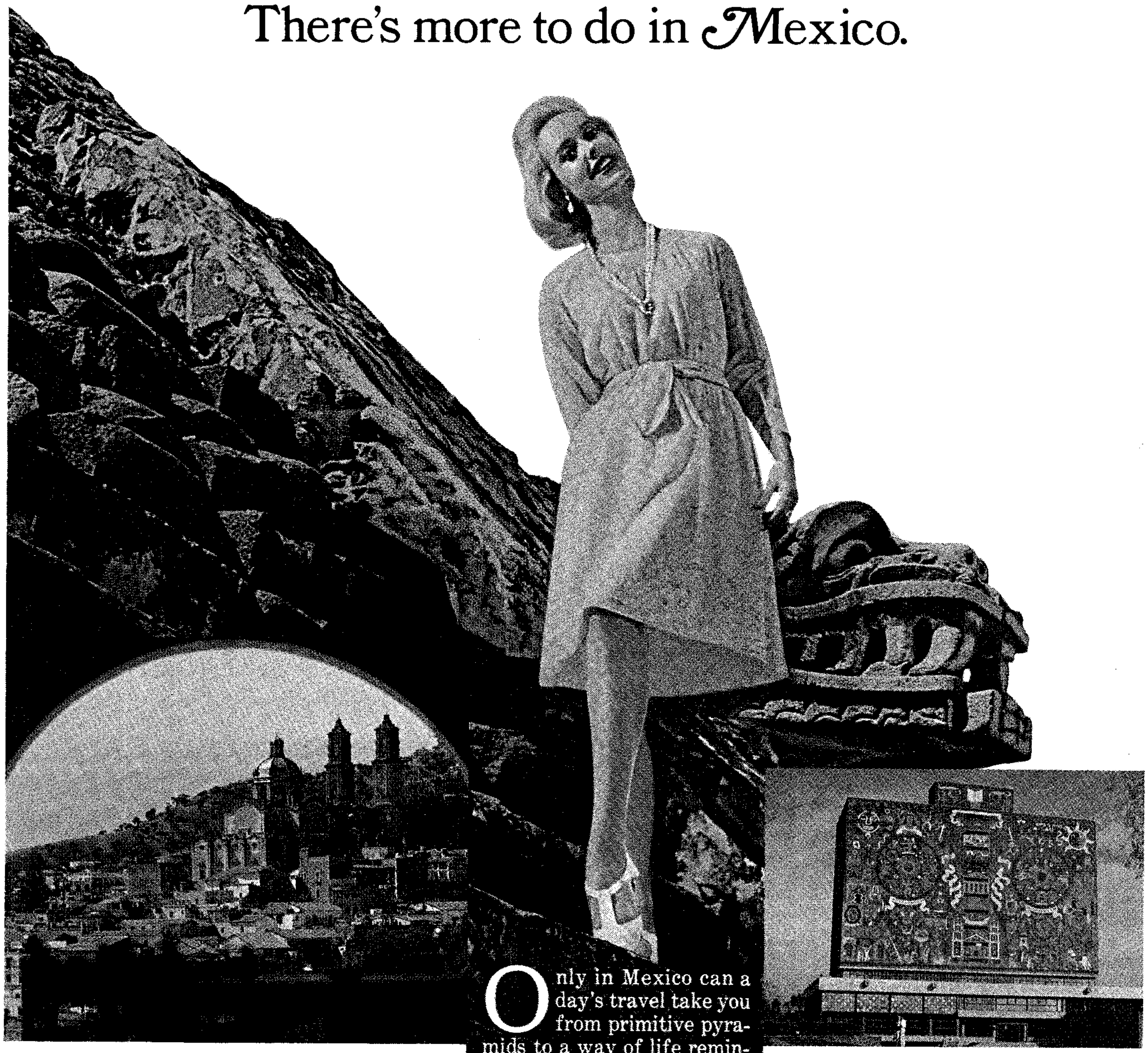

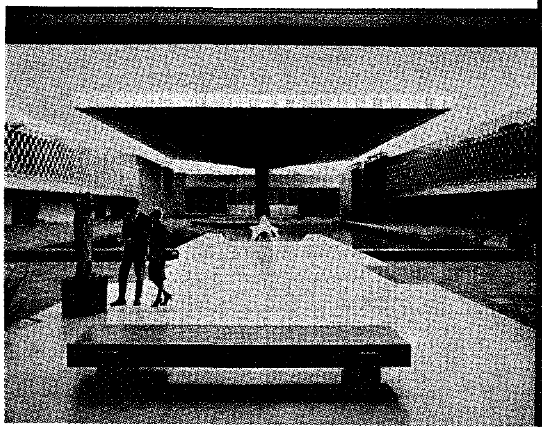

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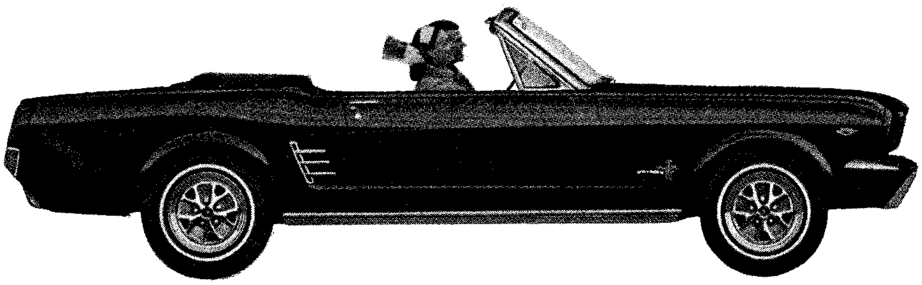

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go into town and teach this group of children boxing, wrestling, softball, basketball, and a lot of other games. Through the Salvation Army, they learned how they could buy hair lotion and other cosmetics at wholesale. Then they sold this stuff to the boys here, and with the profits they bought equipment for the children they're working with. Now they're carrying this thing further. The Boy Scouts of America assigned a Boy Scout executive to this Center, and he is putting this group of Corpsmen through a very *intensive* training program to teach them to be Assistant Scoutmasters. Then they will go into New Brunswick and organize Boy Scout troops among the underprivileged children. The Scout executive has also set up an Explorer Scout program here, and that is really popular. So far, there are thirteen groups, with three hundred and fifty kids registered, exploring such areas as seamanship, radio and television, and so on. These kids go on overnight hikes and weekend camping trips. It's a great idea, because a lot of them have never experienced such a thing as a picnic or a family outing. One of our jobs is to extend the horizons of these boys, not just concentrate on things like athletics, which perpetuate their own limitations. For example, last summer the Paper Mill Playhouse gave us a number of free tickets. At first, we could get only six boys to go. They liked it so much that the next time twenty went. The time after that, we sent a whole busload. These are enriching activities. They open up a whole new world for these kids."

THE lunch period was now nearly over, and Mr. Kurth left to return to his office. Since my plan, as I had told him, was to spend part of the afternoon talking with a few of the Corpsmen and looking in on some of the classes, I stayed behind and moved over to a nearby table, where I struck up a conversation with a couple of Corpsmen who were just finishing second helpings of ice cream. One of them, a Negro boy wearing well-pressed slacks and an expensive-looking sweater, introduced himself as Willie James Greer. He told me that he was twenty-one, came from East St. Louis, Illinois, and had left school in the eleventh grade. "Quittin' school—that was the biggest mistake I made in my life," he said. (Like all the Corpsmen I talked to, he dropped the "g" in almost every word with an "ing" ending.) "It wasn't that the subjects were too hard or I got behind. Wanting to have my own money—that was most of all my

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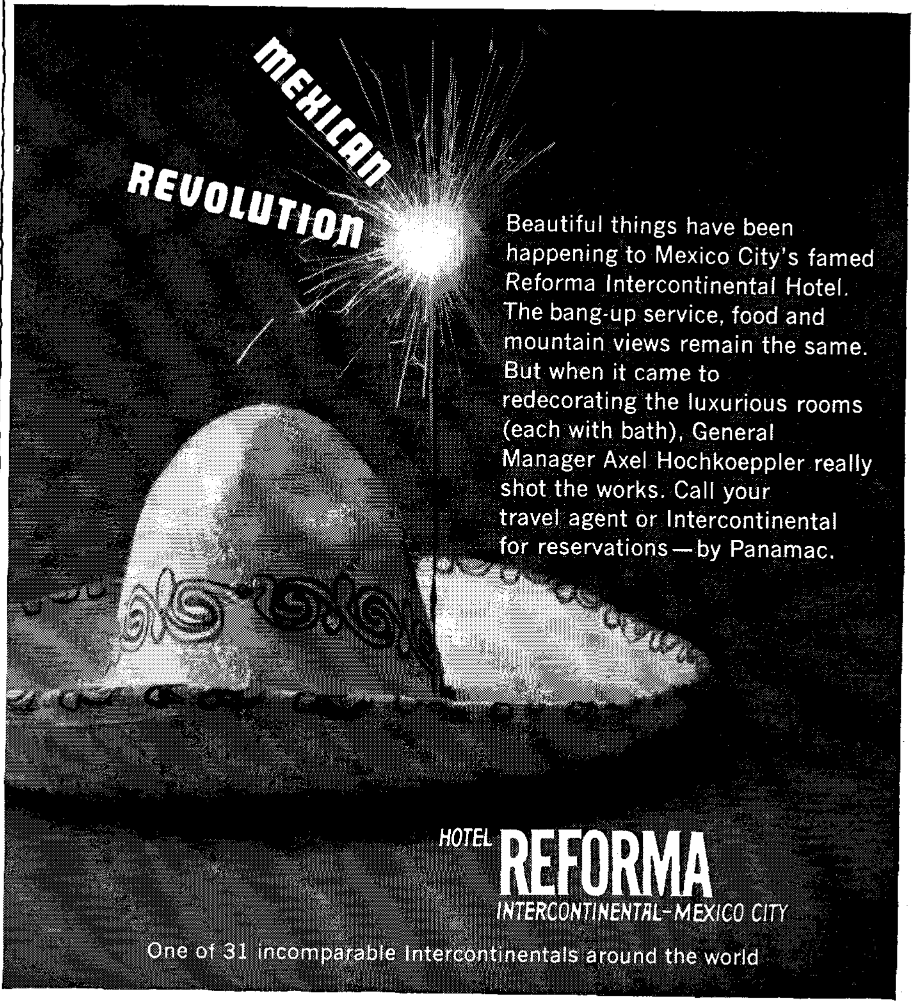

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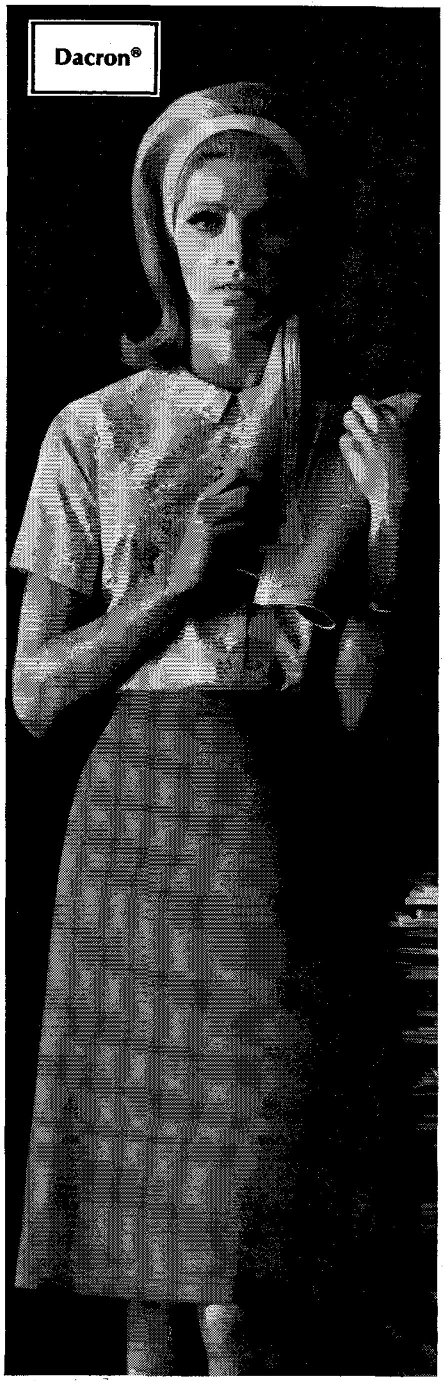

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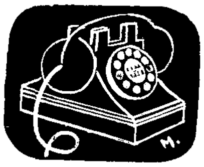
problem. You know, when you're going to school, you like to have money in your pocket and wear fine clothes. You can't hardly do this unless your parents are wealthy, which my parents is not. My father died when I was small. My mother worked as a cook in a café. I have two brothers and two sisters. They're all in school, doing O.K. My main problem was wanting to get the coin. And buying clothes—that was my downfall. When I quit school, I got a job as a janitor, and then I worked for a chemical company. I got approximately eighty dollars take-home. It was nice. I helped my mother pay bills. And I bought some clothes. But I found out that the coin wasn't the only thing, so when I heard about the Job Corps, I went down to see the man. He explained parts of it, and it sounded really good. I went back home and talked to my mother. She said, 'It's your life. You only get one chance in life. When chance come, you better take it.' I thought about this, and I said to myself, 'This is your last chance.' So I'm here. When you first get here, they take you on a tour of the vocational classes, and I decided to go into welding. I'm doing all right. The fellows in the dorm, they're nicer than when I first went in there. At first, you go to bed at night, and when you wake up, your whole face is full of shaving cream. You know, guys horsing around. Now we got our own self-government in our dorm. Made laws. Made rules. I knew this wasn't going to be no paradise, but it's working out O.K. for me."



The other Corpsman at the table was a rather small nineteen-year-old white boy named Larry Slone, who was also well groomed. He was born in West Virginia, where his father was a miner. "The mine my dad worked in closed down, so we moved to Lorain, Ohio," he said. "My dad works for the Ford Motor Company there. I quit school in the eleventh grade. Personal reasons. I worked for about a month in a restaurant as a dishwasher. Then I went to work for the American Ship Building Company, in Lorain, and I worked there for eight months. I was a laborer. I did anything they asked me to do. One day I would grind, next day I would chip rust off the hull of a boat. It was dirty, filthy, most of the time. The dust from the chipping would get on me so thick I just couldn't take it. I came out with about eighty a week, taxes deducted, but I just couldn't stand it. I heard about the Job Corps and applied, and here I am. I expected to come here and train all day, but instead you go to school. You can get just about anything you want. Also, I think I've made quite a few friends here. Willie here, he is one of them. We're together all the time. We go out to New York together, and all around. There's no problem doing whatever we want to do. If they don't accept him, they don't accept me. That's all there is to it. When I first came here, I was in office-machine repair. It took me two months to find out that wasn't for me. Took too much patience. Now I'm studying office-machine operation. Also, I'm working for my G.E.C. exam—the General Equivalency Certificate, you know, equivalent to a high-school diploma. I hope to get into I.B.M. What I really want to do is write. I'll tell you right now, I love to write. I'm trying to write a book, but it's hard to get started. I'm up to one o'clock sometimes, writing. My group leader tries to support me, and lets me stay up. One thing I like about this camp—everyone has an interest in you, and they show it. Sure, not all of the guys feel that way. Some of these diehards, they don't care what they do. Give them a million dollars, and they'd say, 'Nah, that money's too old. I want new bills.' "

It was time for afternoon classes to begin, so I walked with Larry and Willie to the vocational building, where I dropped in on an office-machine-repair class. There were two instructors, wearing gray smocks (the standard habit, I found, of vocational teachers), and thirteen students, each of whom was seated at a table working intently on a typewriter. In this course, as in the other vocational courses, the students learn by doing, one of the instructors told me. There is no lecturing. Under an instructor's direction, the students start out by disassembling a manually operated typewriter, learning the function and operation of each part as they do so. Then, following the same method, they put the machine back together. When a student has learned how to tear down and reassemble a typewriter on his own, he is given a series of exercises in which the instructor puts some part of the machine out of order and the student has to find the trouble and fix it. Once he has mastered a manually operated typewriter, he goes on to an electrical one, and, after that, to adding and calculating machines. "There are no grades

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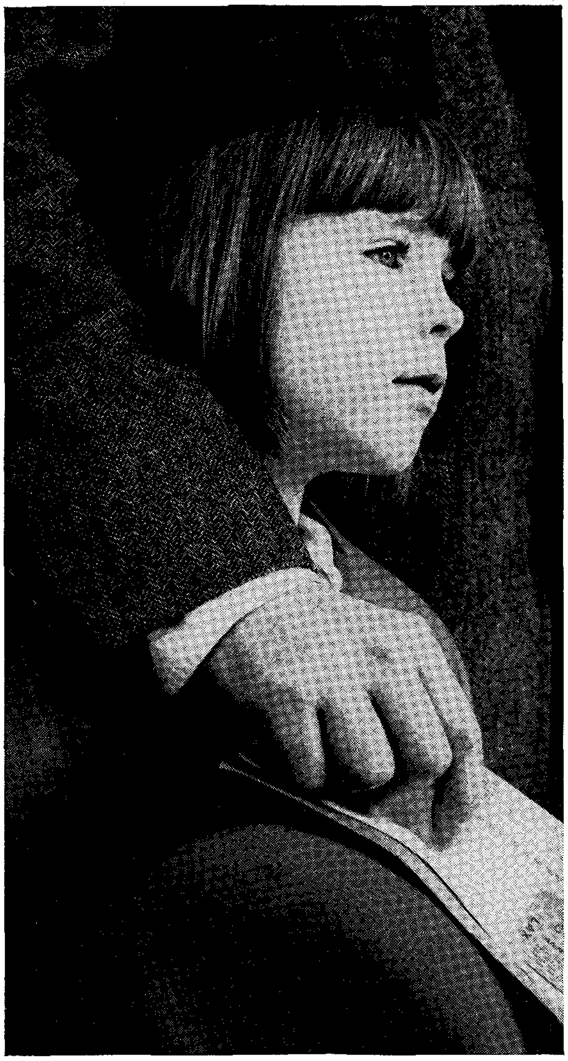

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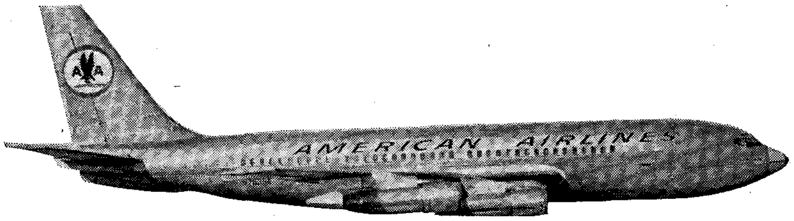

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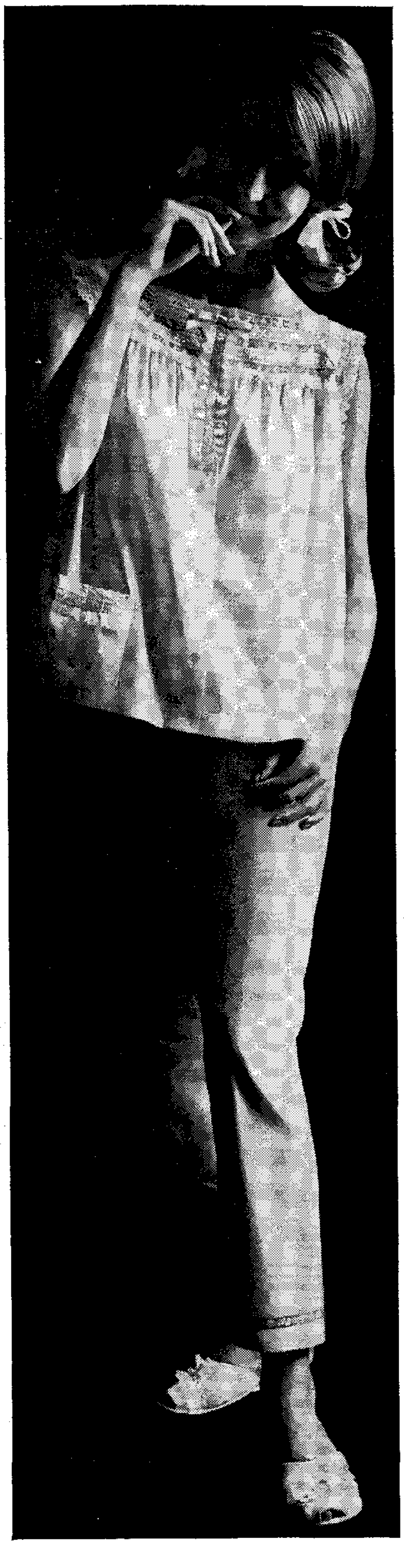

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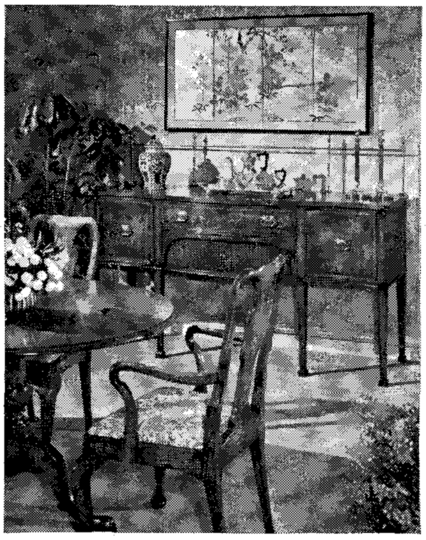
and no competition in the courses here," the instructor said. "We think that's a big advantage. A great many of these boys dropped out of school because they couldn't keep up with their class. They got discouraged. Here each boy can proceed at his own pace. If he spends twice as long as the fellow next to him learning the manual typewriter, nobody's going to criticize him."

On the way out of the room, I stopped to have a word with a tall Negro boy named Dwight Reed, who was working on a Royal upright. "I decided on this course because I figured I'm not smart enough to do paperwork and I'm not dumb enough to do hard work," he said. "A few weeks ago, all these gears and springs meant nothing. Now I have a skill that I'll have all my lifetime, and I think they'll be using typewriters as long as I'm around."

In a beginning automotive class, which I visited next, an instructor and half a dozen Corpsmen were sitting around a table studying a scale-model automobile. It was approximately three feet long and accurate in just about every detail, including the construction and operation of the brake drums and of the gearbox, which was of transparent plastic. At the start of this course, the instructor told me, each student is given a kit containing all the parts of a model like the one on the table, and assigned the task of assembling it. This takes about two weeks of class time. Then the students are drilled until they know the name, location, and function of each part. (When I entered the class, the instructor was saying, "Where are the spring shackles? Right. Now point out the knuckle supports.") After this introduction, the students go out into the automobile shop, where, working with actual cars, they learn how to reline brakes, rebuild cylinders, and do various other repair jobs.

The shop, I found on going there, looks like a well-equipped garage. Eight or nine student mechanics were at work on cars and trucks. I talked with one of them, a rather diffident twenty-one-year-old named Danny Rivers, who told me he came from a small town in Wyoming. "I went as far as the ninth grade," he said. "My dad was in an accident, and couldn't work, so I had to go to work and help. I have three older brothers, but they were all in the Army, and my three younger brothers, they couldn't do nothing, either. I was the main one making money until my brothers got out of the Army and my dad got back on his feet. I



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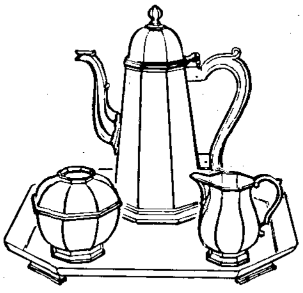

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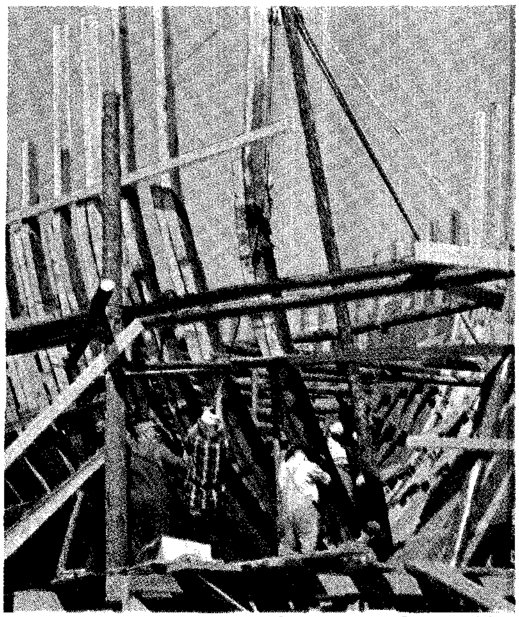

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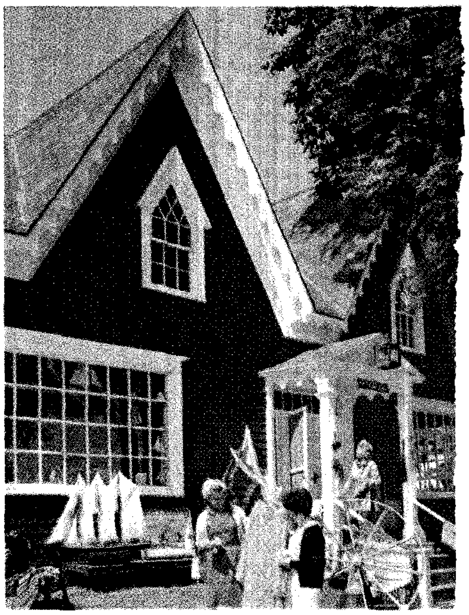

Down through the generations, Nova Scotians have retained the skills of their ancestors. In gift shops and artists' colonies, and at the Festival of the Arts, Tatamagouche (August 12-14), you'll see examples of their artistry—wood-carving, ship models, woven rugs, pottery and wrought-iron work.

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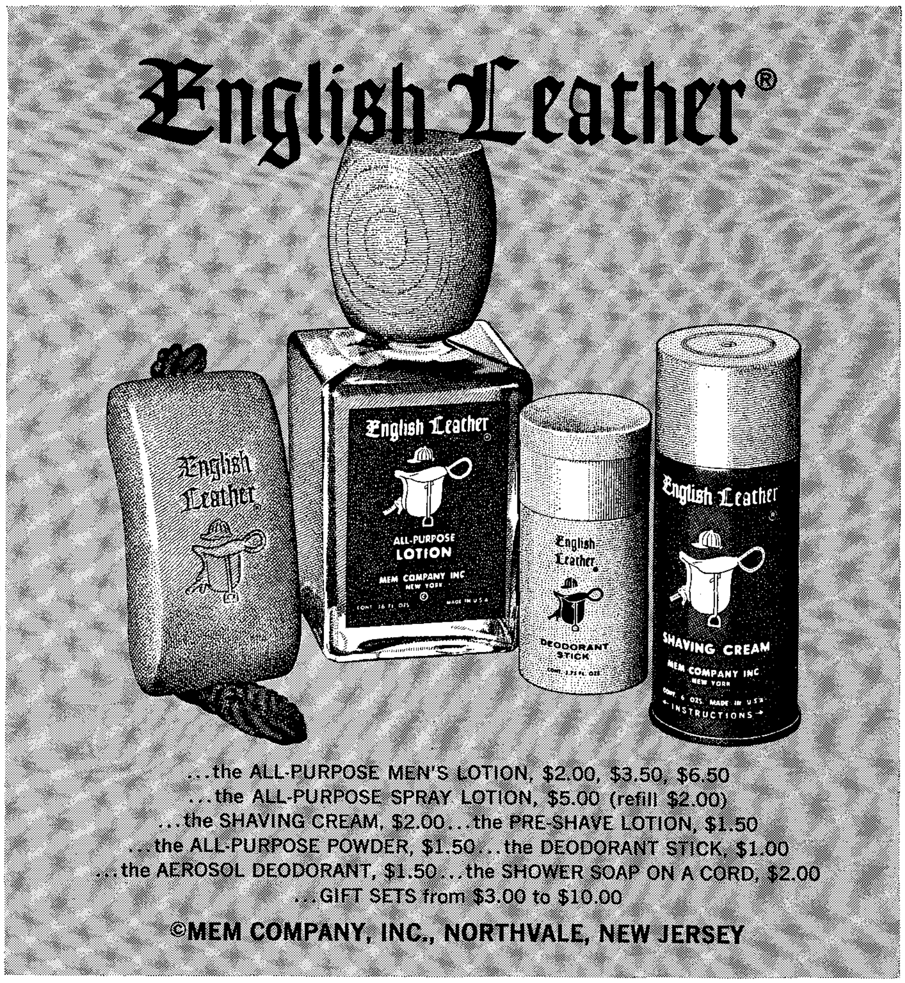
worked on a farm. I got paid a hundred and fifty dollars a month, but in winter they cut it down to a hundred and a quarter. And it's cold there in winter. Last winter, it got down to thirty-five below. I read about the Job Corps in the paper, and I figured it would be a lot better than that. I've been here eleven months, and it's O.K. We've got a lot of good kids in our dorm. But some of these guys, they come from a bad district. They come here and they think they're better than anybody else, and that kinda spoils it. If they got problems at home, that's pretty bad, too, because they take it out on everybody else. The group meetings help some of these guys. If somebody's got a problem, he can talk about it, and we can try to help him. There was this one kid, he was only seventeen. He was homesick the first two weeks he was here, and he cried at night. When he was crying in his bed, it made everybody feel bad. We talked to him at group meetings, and tried to help him, and we did. Now he's all right. The best thing about this program is that it gives kids without a high-school education a chance in life. Otherwise, they'd just be on the streets, getting in trouble. Myself, I don't have no trouble. No problems. I had them all when I was younger."

Another automotive student who, I learned upon talking to him, figures he has things pretty well under control is Dave Parsons, a tall, well-built twenty-year-old Negro boy, who comes from Virginia and who dropped out of school in the tenth grade. "It just seems I got tired of it for some reason—family problems and everything," he said. "We had drinking problems. That's where all the trouble came in. So I had to go to work and help keep things up in the house. There were seven of us. I was working even when I was going to school. Mostly, I was painting. You see, my father, he was a painter. At least, he learned me a good trade. I was a painter for about eight years. Whenever I could get some work to do, I'd stay out of school, because we needed the money. Then the old man kinda broke up, you know, and at that time I dropped out of school altogether, because I had to work regular. I started working in a grocery store. I also had another job at night in a restaurant, where I was a waiter. I was kinda busy. It was beginning to be, you know, a little bit on the heavy side. Then I heard about the Job Corps, and I saw my second chance. It has helped me out more actually than the school I was going to." He said he



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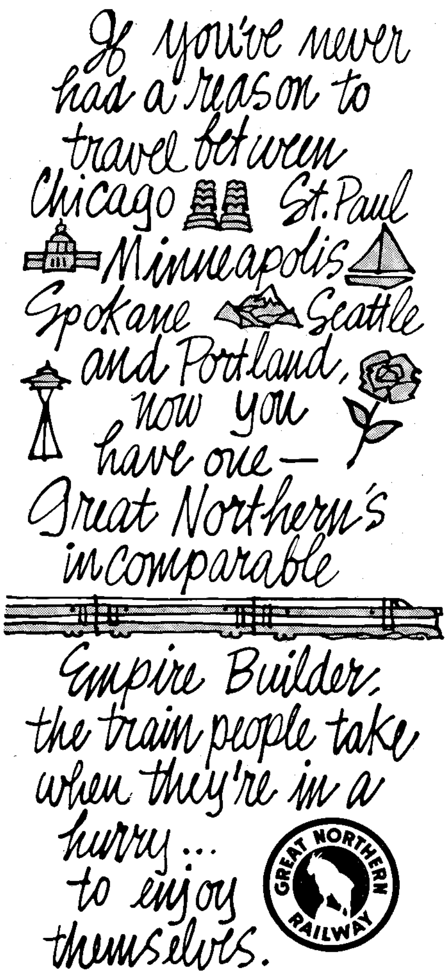
already has a part-time job, doing on-the-job training at a Sears auto-repair center in Watchung, New Jersey. He mounts tires, tunes engines, and does brake and muffler work. His take-home pay averages forty-three dollars a week. "So, in a way, I've really got it made. I don't have no problems hardly. I used to didn't like the food here, but either I'm getting used to it or it's getting better, and the dorm is O.K. Plus we got heat and hot shower and everything. Television. At home, we had to heat our own hot water. It's similar to home, but in some things it's better, it seem to me. Some guys don't like the rules we have, plus they don't like getting up early morning. Some guys come here thinking they can get a weekend pass the first week, and just because they can't, they want to go home. They think things are bad."

Dave said that it was time for him to leave for his speech class, which, I learned, is an optional remedial course. Once a week, he has a half-hour session with one of two full-time speech therapists who evaluate the speech of each Corpsman on his arrival and offer assistance in correcting any defects they find. "They teach us one at a time," Dave said. "You see, it helps you pronounce words more plainly. She pronounce the word and then ask me to pronounce it, and then she write it down, and I pronounce it again. She also has a tape recorder, so I can listen to the way I say it. Plus she also give me a large mirror, where I can look at my mouth, you know, and help to get the words to come out right. I've just started this, but I think it will help."

It developed that Dave's speech class was in a building near one that I was headed for, so we started out together. As we walked along, he said that he thought conditions generally at Kilmer were considerably better than when he had arrived, five months earlier. "The first two weeks, we was just laying around, going through processing," he continued. "That got pretty bad. Didn't have nothing to do, so I wanted to go home. Quite a few other boys wanted to quit, too. After two weeks, I got a schedule for class, and ever since then it's been O.K. Also, when I first came here we had the problem of guys going into town and starting a lot of trouble, and then quite a few of the guys were fighting among themselves at the camp. They'd go out and get drunk and start a big fight, or something. Plus a lot of the guys that went into town, they wouldn't dress properly. I was talking with one of the cops up there in town, and he told me



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how the guys come up, not bothering to shave, looking like tramps. He said if we came dressed conservative, have ourselves shaved—you know, come in clean—we wouldn't even be noticed. So I talked to some of the guys about that, but it just won't go through their head. They go through a hole in the fence, or something, and just walk into town dressed with the bell-bottom pants on, sweatshirt, and looking like real tramps. But there's very little trouble goes on in town now compared with what it used to be. I remember when the carnival was here, I think about two or three hundred guys went up and started a ruckus. Since then, the cops have the authority to put Corpsmen in jail, and so on, so now things cooled down. You see, at first they couldn't touch us. So a lot of guys let this go to their head. They thought they could go into town and do anything they pleased and they couldn't be touched, because they were government property. Now the cops have to treat us like they treat other people. So things have changed now, and things are pretty good."

AT the entrance to one of the buildings used for academic instruction, I left Dave, went inside, and walked into the first classroom I came to. It was a math class, attended by only two students—a Mexican boy, who was working at the blackboard, and a Negro boy, who was sitting at a desk with a textbook open in front of him. The teacher, a tall young man with a crew cut, who was wearing slacks and a sports jacket, told me that there are usually six or seven in the class, but two were out this afternoon because of appointments with counsellors, another was sick, and a fourth was absent for some other reason. He said that before coming to Kilmer he had worked as a computer programmer. "I was working with defense contracts," he continued, "and one day I thought, What am I doing—planning World War Three? I'm not fulfilling myself. I'm a teacher, basically, and that's why I'm here. My job is to make the boys realize the value of math. We try to promote their interest in academic subjects by relating them as closely as possible to their vocational work. For example, if a boy is not paying much attention in here and, say, his vocational is carpentry, I'll talk to his carpentry instructor in the Staff Consultation Group meeting, and suggest he give the boy some problems in measurement, or something of the kind, that will show him the importance of

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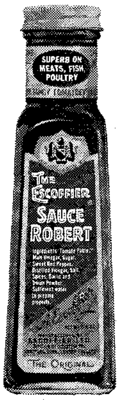


working on his math. Of course, this is a subject that's not generally liked, because it's taught by rote. But it is a beautiful subject, and it can be made interesting." The night before, he said, he had thought up a system of using Roman numerals as a means of making Arabic numerals understandable; he had tried it on his morning classes, and it seemed to be useful. The boy now at the blackboard, whose name was George, was doing a multiplication exercise with Roman numerals. When he hesitated, the instructor said, "What is C?"

"C is one hundred," George said.

"Well, what is C times C?"

"Ten thousand."

"Right. Very good," the instructor said. Since George didn't know the symbol for ten thousand ($\overline{X}$), the instructor told him, and George proceeded.

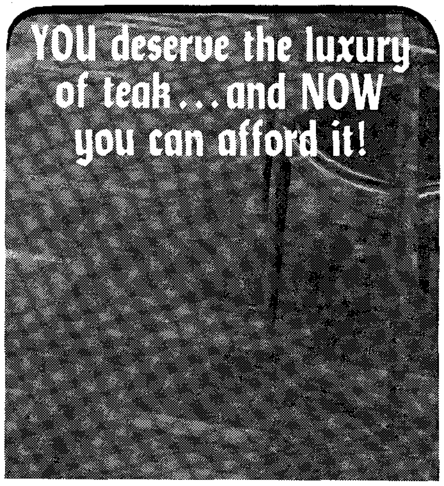
When this exercise was completed, the instructor demonstrated another calculation on the blackboard, and at its conclusion he said, "Now, do you understand that?"

"Nope," George said.

The Negro boy at the desk shook his head.

"O.K.," the instructor said. "It's the first time you've seen it—right? Now let's go over it slowly." He had started doing so when I left.

Resuming the vocational tour, I moved on to a building where an electrical course was being taught. Near the entrance, a half-dozen boys were sitting in a small classroom watching the instructor, a young man wearing the conventional smock, work out the answer to the problem written on the blackboard: "Find amperes when 25 ohms are in series with lamp bank." When he had finished, he told them to study the steps he had used. To me, he said, "We start from the beginning and fill in the arithmetic. After three months here, a boy can do residential house wiring without any difficulty. What we want to do is to work these boys up to the industrial level. So, after elementary electricity, they will be taught small industrial motors, relays, controls, transformers, and such. Electricians on the industrial level are in real demand, and that's where we want these boys to head." I moved on to a large room beyond the classroom, where five or six students were making practice electrical installations. One of them I talked with—a nineteen-year-old Negro boy named Marvin Parker, whose home is in Pocomoke City, Maryland—said that he had dropped out of school halfway through the



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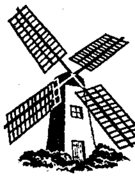

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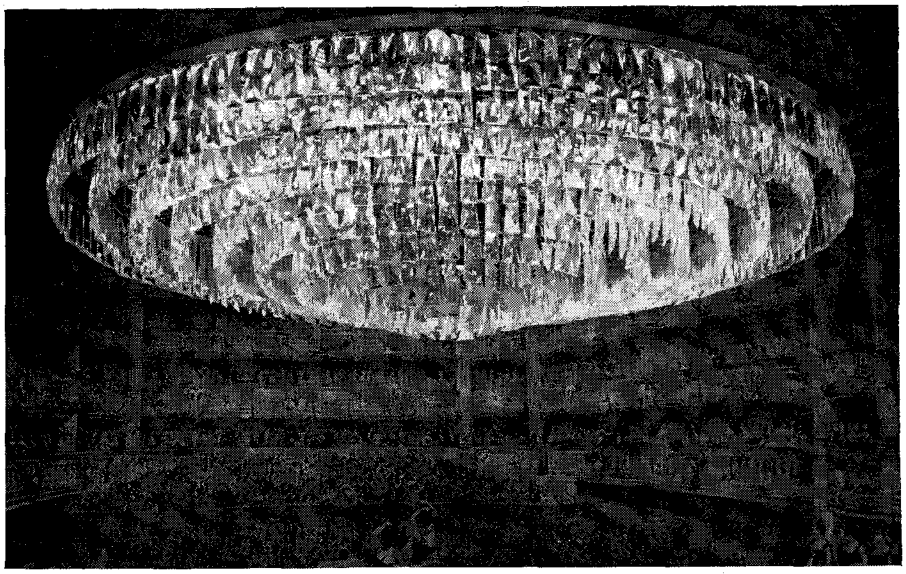
eleventh grade. "I quit because it just seemed to get boring," he said. "One thing, English was just about to get the best of me. My family begged me to stay in school, but I just couldn't complete it. Well, it wasn't my real family. My mother died when I was eighteen months old, so I have lived with my aunt and her two sons, which treated me like I was a brother. So I consider them as older brothers and she as my mother. My father's alive, but he married again. Even though him and me don't hit it off too good, I still consider him my father. My two brothers and four sisters had to be strung out to other relatives. Anyway, after I quit school, I went to work for a carpenter. He was kind of ageable, and he didn't like to get up in the high. I would go up and nail the rafters, and I learned quite a bit about carpentry by helping him. After I found out about the Job Corps and how they would pay my way, educate me, and feed me, I decided to quit that job and come here. I'm doing Electrical One. This will teach me to be able to wire a house, be a maintenance electrician, work on motors and things. I may do some house wiring, but I would rather work as a factory electrician, a technician, troubleshooter—some job like that. I think I can learn enough to do it. The way they teach you here, I think it's great. I mean, the teacher's willing to go along with you and help you solve your problems. If you make a mistake, they don't lay you out. It's really better than high school. I had some hard times, you know, going to school. If I didn't bring in my assignment, the teacher would lay me out. Now I want to get a high-school-equivalency certificate. When I came here, to tell you the truth, I thought it was going to be something like the Army. Have to have your shoes shined. Just be on the ball all the time. There *is* quite a lot of discipline, like the eleven-o'clock



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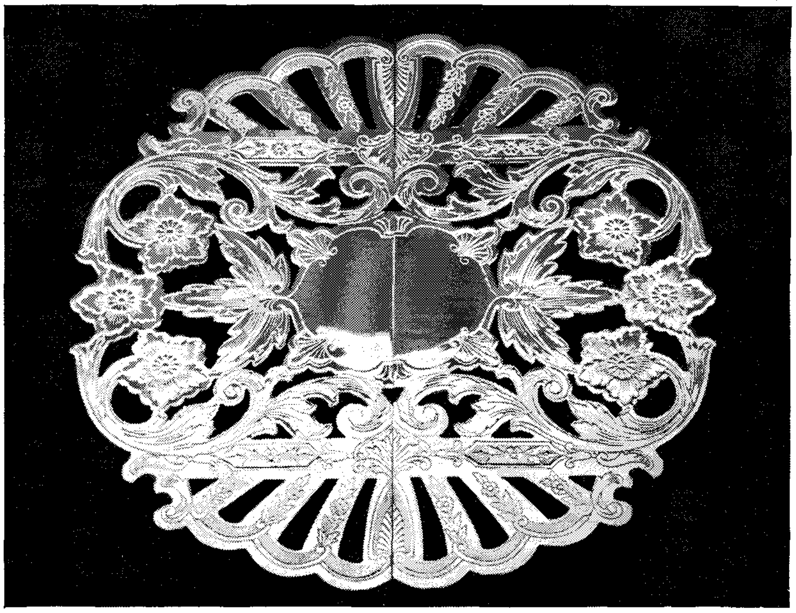

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curfew and a lot of other rules. Some guys can't stand that. Well, for me, I can stand it, to get an education, and get it, you might as well say, free."

My next stop was the advanced-carpentry class, which was being held outdoors, because its members were in the process of building a four-room bungalow. On the afternoon of my visit, they had completed the framework and the roof, and were just beginning to lay asphalt shingles. Eight students, all wearing carpenter's aprons, were working on the job; seven were on a scaffolding, and the eighth, on the ground, was passing the shingles up to them. The instructor, also on the ground, kept an eye on the proceedings, gave advice when the students asked for it, and volunteered it when he thought they were about to make a mistake. Before the students get into this advanced work, the instructor told me, they are taught how to handle tools and to measure. "They have to learn how to read a ruler," he said. "They don't know the difference between a half inch and a quarter inch. We teach them about materials—wood, plywood, Masonite, and so forth. We teach them about the sizes of lumber. We teach them that a two-by-four is really only an inch and a half thick when it's dressed, and other information of that kind. When they learn how to use the tools, they work on hand projects—bookcases, shoeshine boxes, and things like that. Excuse me." He called to one of the boys on the scaffolding, "What's the matter, Darryl?" Darryl wanted to know whether the shingles were supposed to be lined up at the top or at the bottom to make them even. At the top, the instructor said. The shingling proceeded. I remarked that there seemed to be good coöperation among the workers on this project. "They generally get along all right," the instructor said. "But they lose their tempers once in a while. That's why I do all the cutting when they need to cut a shingle for piecing at the end of a line. I keep the knife." He showed me a short black-handled knife he carried in the pocket of his smock. "Some of them might be pretty good at using it."

A couple of minutes later, there was a sharp exchange, including some four-letter words, between the boy who was passing the shingles and one of the students on the scaffold. "Come on, now, boys, we're not speaking French around here," the instructor called out, and the flareup ended. Presently, there was another discussion on the scaffold about the placing of the next line of shingles. The instructor listened, but

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this time he didn't intervene. "Sometimes it's like the blind leading the blind," he said, "but I have to leave them alone to figure some things out for themselves."

To wind up the tour, I paid a visit to a building where a course in retail sales was taught. On the front were three signs lettered on large replicas of Pepsi-Cola bottle caps and reading, "Supermarket Training Store," "Retail Sales Program," and "Specialty Training Stores." Inside, half a dozen students, seated around a table, were talking with the instructor, a rather stout Negro in his thirties, who told me that this was his first teaching assignment but that he had had extensive experience in retailing, having sold just about everything from men's clothes to cemetery lots. He asked one of the students, a thin, blond, soft-spoken, rather wispy-looking boy named Robert Alsup, to show me around. One side of this former barracks had been converted into an authentic-looking supermarket, and the other into a combination hardware-appliance-sporting-goods store. Both were stocked with real merchandise, much of it contributed by private companies. General Electric had donated a television set, a refrigerator, a dishwasher, and many other appliances; the Grocery Manufacturers of America had given much of the stock in the supermarket; and the National Cash Register Company had chipped in the register at the supermarket check-out counter. The drawers of the cash register, Robert pointed out, contained stage money in denominations matching United States currency. He said that besides learning how to ring up items on the cash register and make change, the students were taught how to put prices on merchandise, stock goods on shelves, make window and interior displays, take inventory, and perform many similar tasks, and also learned techniques of salesmanship and the elementary principles of management.

As Robert was showing me around, I learned that he was nineteen, had never before been more than a few miles from the small town in Arkansas where he was born, and, like his father, had gone as far as the eighth grade in school. "My mother, she went up to the tenth grade," he said. "My father, he was sick a lot, so I had to quit school so I could work and help out. I got five brothers and six sisters, mostly younger than me. I worked in a cotton gin a little, but mostly I worked on a farm. I found out about the Job Corps when I went to take my physical exam for the Army. I didn't pass the physical, so

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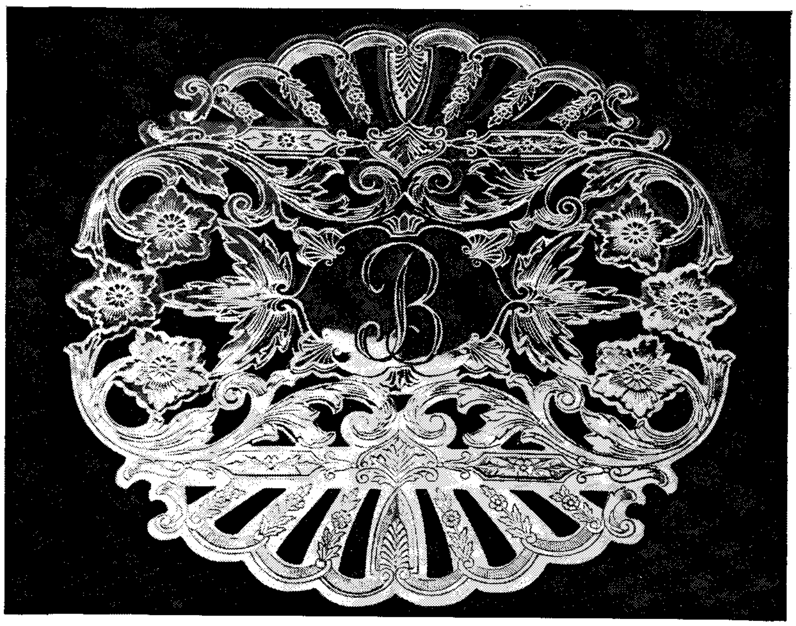

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I came here. I found out they had a trade here I liked real good—retail sales. Since I been here, well, I've been making it out all right in my vocational classes and the academics and the dorm. I'm going to apply for a high-school-equivalency certificate, and I think I can make it. I have a part-time job, working as a clerk in the Sears, Roebuck store in Watchung. I work there six days a week. When I leave here, I want to work in a supermarket. That's my specialty. I'll probably start off in stock and then work on up to manager, if I could. I know I could if I put my mind to it. The way they run this camp here, I think it's all right. We got a good dorm. About half the Corpsmen in it are Negroes. Back home, I used to run around with them a lot out in the country. We worked in the fields together some, too. In the winter, there'd be frozen ice, and we'd skate on it together. I had a lot of fun with them. They're on the world for a purpose, too. That's why I think we should live with them, get along with them, and they get along with us. We don't cause them no trouble, and they won't cause you no trouble. Some Corpsmen don't get along with them like I do. Some Corpsmen, they just don't care anything about nobody except themselves. They didn't care when they got here, and they never shaped up. I shaped up. I came here for an education. I'm gonna learn something." —JOHN BAINBRIDGE

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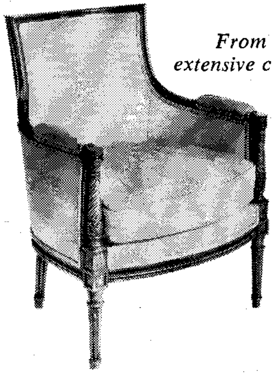

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HIDING FROM WALTER

THE trick that Bruce and Frances Miller played on their friend Walter Adam was really a defensive measure. They had known him almost three years and were tired of him. Unfortunately, he was not tired of them.

They were having a late breakfast one Sunday morning when the buzzer from the lobby sounded. Their little boy, Larry, jumped off his chair and ran to press the button on the wall that would unlatch the door downstairs.

"Wait!" Frances said. "Don't ring back."

"Why not?" said Bruce. "Who do you think it is?" It was scarcely a question, because immediately he said, "It's Walter, of course."

"Who else?" said Frances. "Would anyone else come without telephoning beforehand? We are *not* at home!"

The little boy laughed. "But we are so at home," he said.

"No, we're not," his mother said. "We're out walking in the park looking at the birds, and there's still dew on the grass, Larry, and we're getting our feet wet."

"It's all right, Mommy. I'm wearing my rubbers," said Larry.

"Good boy, Larry," said his father. "So what if we're not at home?"

Then the buzzer sounded again, and as the boy stretched out his hand to respond to it he looked questioningly at his mother. She shook her head sharply. "Come finish your breakfast, Larry," she said.

"But he wants to come up. He keeps ringing."

"Never mind. He'll come back another time."

"He sure will," said Bruce. "Larry, it's just as if we're really not at home, because he doesn't know we are. You see?"

"Yes," said Larry, and he sat down again. But he didn't eat. None of them could. Even after the buzzer was silent, they felt its unanswered demand. Bruce and Frances stared down at their scrambled eggs, trying to avoid Larry's eyes.

"Mommy," the boy said, finally, "don't you like Walter?"

"No!"

Bruce sighed. "Yes, we do. Mommy is only joking. We just don't feel like seeing anyone this morning."

"Or tonight. Or tomorrow," Frances said.

"Oh, come on, don't talk like that,"

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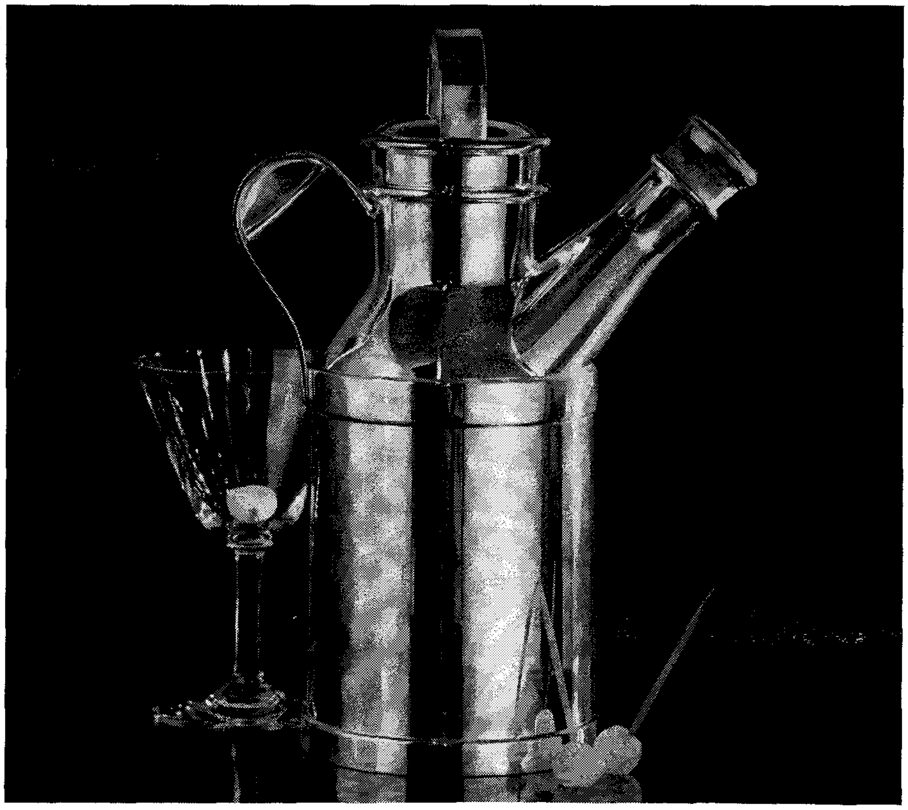

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Bruce said. "We've had lots of good times with Walter. How do you expect Larry to understand? He likes Walter. Don't you, Larry?"

"Yes," said the boy almost inaudibly. "I guess I do. I don't know."

"Well, so do I," said Bruce. "I really do. But today I would rather not see him. You get tired sometimes of seeing the same person, and you want to be alone with your family."

The buzzer began again. It seemed shriller and angrier, and they twitched at the sound. "Now it's like a siren," Bruce said, making a joke of it. "Isn't it, Larry?"

The boy smiled willingly. "Like it's chasing someone," he said.

Bruce looked at his wife. "Frances, maybe we ought to—"

"No!" she said. She turned to the child. "Larry! You know Walter was with us at the zoo yesterday afternoon. And remember he was here on Friday night? And Thursday night? He skipped Wednesday—"

"Oh, come on," said Bruce. "You make it sound as if he's persecuting us."

"Well, isn't he?"

Bruce grunted. "I don't understand it, though," he said. "You'd think he'd know better."

"I wish he'd get married," Frances said. "I do feel sorry for him, but I get *tired* of feeling sorry."

Bruce raised a warning hand. "Sh-h-h!" he said. "If I know Walter, he'll ring someone else's bell and get in that way." He cocked his head, listening, and they all listened, holding their breath.

"Oh, I'll kill him," Frances muttered.

Larry expelled his breath loudly and whispered, "But why would Walter want to sneak in?"

"Sh-h-h!" said Frances. "Because he doesn't believe we're out."

The boy opened his mouth again, and Frances said, almost pleadingly, "Larry, we'll explain later. Please don't talk now. He'll hear you." Then she began to whisper. "Now, I want you to go to your room for a while," she said, "and I want you to shut the door behind you, gently. Then get on the bed, take a book or the cuddly bear—anything quiet—and you just play until we tell you it's safe to come out. We're hiding, and it's a game."

"All right," said Larry, mouthing the words carefully. He began to tiptoe toward his bedroom.

THE door closed behind Larry, and Frances, easing her chair closer to Bruce at the table, whispered into his

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ear. "Cheer up," she said. "Think of all the time we're going to save. No more Walter! Think of the blessed silence."

"So then *you'll* talk."

"Why not? You like to hear me talk. You adore me." She giggled. "Listen, it just occurred to me—what's our loss is somebody's gain. Who's he going to bore with his hard-luck stories now?"

Bruce smiled. "Sylvia?" he said. "Maybe he'll drop in on her again. 'I happened to be in the neighborhood,' he'll say, after an hour on the subway and twenty minutes on the bus."

"Not Sylvia. She won't let him in the apartment. She chased him out one night last year at two in the morning, after she had been yawning in his face for hours."

"I know," Bruce whispered. "Melvin! That's the one. That's who."

Frances held her hand to her mouth, trying to stifle her laughter. "Melvin! Of course," she said. "Just imagine *them* together. First they'll yell their heads off trying to get in a word edgewise, and then they'll really start. 'Oh, I want to get married, but all the girls are married, buried, or no good.' " She stopped short and raised one hand. "No," she said in mock woe. "There's no hope. They *know* each other. Do poisonous snakes bite each other? Not a chance."

"You think we ought to talk like that?" Bruce said. But he was smiling. Then he said, "Hey! Maybe that was Melvin at the door. Maybe he's decided to make friends, too."

Frances shuddered dramatically. "Please, my dear! I don't need a friend. I've already had one."

The chimes tolled, and both of them stiffened. For a moment, they stared anxiously at the door, and then they turned to each other; suddenly they smiled. Frances began to giggle again.

When the chimes struck once more, Larry's door opened halfway, creaking slightly, and the boy came out of his room. Frances and Bruce waved him back, trying to convey to him by gestures that he should leave the door open this time, so that it wouldn't make a noise again. The boy did not understand, and his attempts to guess the meaning of their signals seemed hilariously funny to them; they kept seizing each other's hands, trying to hold back their laughter. Larry stood in the doorway and watched them, smiling timidly, a puzzled look about his eyes.

Suddenly, Bruce put a finger to his lips and gestured with his head toward the apartment door. They could hear footsteps departing, going down the

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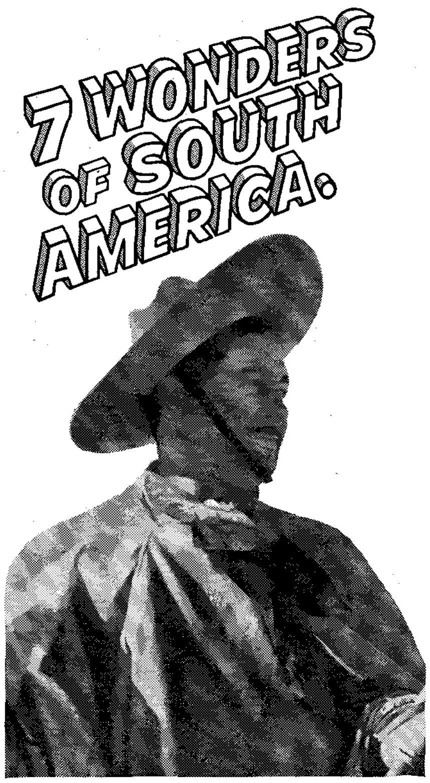
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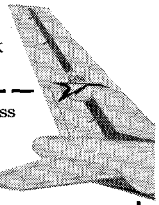

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hall. "Whew!" said Bruce when it was quiet. "I thought I'd explode."

Larry was still standing by the door to his room. "I know, Mommy," he said, and began to recite:

> "Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town
> Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown
> Rapping at the windows, crying through the lock,
> 'Are the children all in bed, for now it's eight o'clock?' "

Frances looked at the boy and frowned. "Yes, Larry," she finally said.

Bruce shrugged. He got up and walked delicately to the door, waving a monitory hand behind him. Placing his ear to the door, he listened for a moment and then quickly returned to his chair, sitting down hard. "He's coming back!" he said in a choked whisper. "Is he crazy?"

"Back! Back!" Frances mouthed at Larry, shooing him toward his room.

But the boy remained just outside his door, his eyes large. Frances shook her head at him, annoyed. "Go back," she mouthed once more, and then, when the boy did not move, she turned and whispered to Bruce, "I could kill that Walter."

The chimes struck repeatedly, making them wince. The sound seemed very loud now, and Bruce kept shaking his head as if to clear his ears or his thoughts. At last, however, there was silence, and this time they could hear the footsteps very clearly, announcing what appeared to be the final retreat.

After a long time, they stood up, Frances stretching elaborately while Bruce took deep breaths and swiped at his brow. It was a pantomime of satisfaction with work well done. But they did not look at each other directly, and they were reluctant to speak. Evading each other's eyes, they looked toward Larry, but he had withdrawn quietly, closing the door behind him. Now Bruce looked briefly at Frances and shrugged.

"What else could we do?" she said defensively.

"The poor guy."

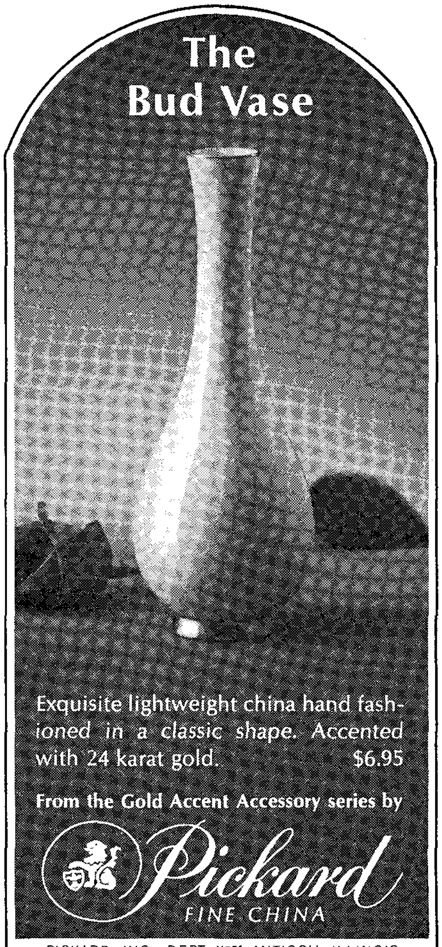
"Oh, poor guy nothing!" she said. "I'm not sorry. I hope he knew we were here."

"I hope not. I feel awful."

"He ought to be able to take a hint. He ought to be able to understand you can't camp in someone's house day and night."

"It's our fault," Bruce said. "We're so damned polite. We never let him know how we feel."

"It's *not* our fault. Aren't we sup-



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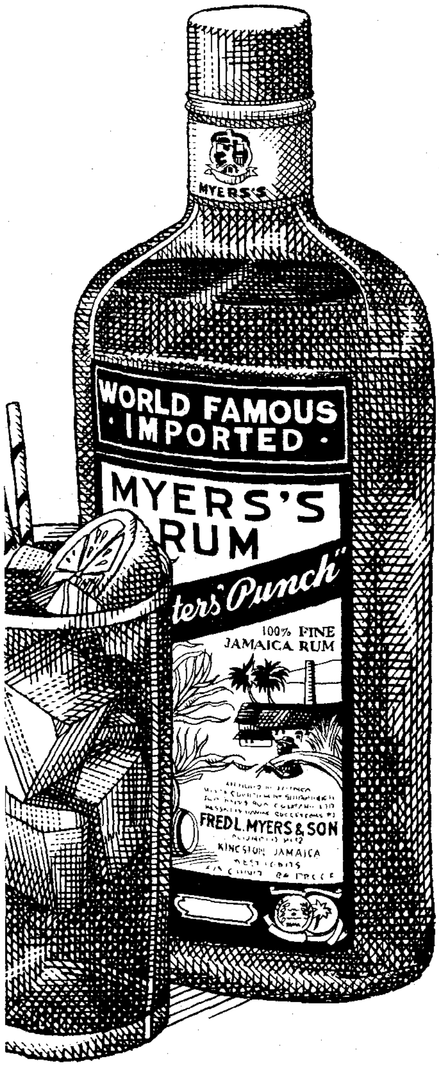

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posed to be polite, and behave like decent human beings?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes, aren't we?" He shrugged. He shrugged again, unable to stop. Finally, he said, "Larry."

Now Frances shrugged. "I know. Maybe he got the idea that people can get tired of *him*."

"He'll understand," Bruce said dubiously. "But we shouldn't have done it when he was up and around."

"It just happened. I didn't think. I just couldn't stomach seeing Walter, that was all."

The telephone rang, and Frances went to answer.

"Don't!" Bruce whispered.

She drew back from the telephone. It rang on and on, sixteen times, before there was a pause. Then, almost immediately, as if Walter had stopped only to make sure he had dialled correctly, the ringing began again.

"It sounds as if it's saying, 'Please, please!' " said Bruce.

"Oh, stop it!" Frances said.

BRUCE and Frances ventured out of the house at two and took Larry to the park. He had no questions to ask, and they did not attempt to force explanations on him. They were all very quiet.

Shortly after they got home, at five, the telephone rang, and Bruce said tiredly, "I'll answer it."

"You didn't answer the door or the phone this morning," said Walter on the telephone, his voice loud and pugnacious. "Where were you?"

"Out," said Bruce with difficulty. Clearing his throat, he said again, "Out."

Walter laughed. "You were out early."

"We just got back from the park now."

"I know. I saw you. I decided to come back and see if you were home. But then I decided to phone first."

"That's always a good idea," Bruce said.

"Yeah, I ought to remember that," Walter said. He paused, and Bruce could hear his breathing. "Bruce, I know you were at home this morning," he said. "You were, weren't you?"

"Walter, what do you mean? You said no one answered."

Walter laughed. "I know. I don't blame you. I guess you're pretty fed up with me."

"Walter . . ."

"I take advantage of you. I know it. I can't help myself."

"Oh, don't talk like this," Bruce said.

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"I guess Frances is pretty sick of seeing me. She's never liked me much."

"Walter! We all like you. It's not true what you think."

"Yeah," said Walter. He sighed and then said, "Look, if I only came up three times—two times—a week, how would that be?"

"Walter, don't talk like that! Look. Why don't you come up now? We're about to have supper." Bruce shook his head at Frances, who was frowning at him. "Walter, you come up now—you hear?"

"Thank you," said Walter.

Bruce reported the conversation to Frances, and although she said petulantly, "Well, we're still stuck with him," she seemed relieved. "Now, how will he be able to face us?" she said.

"You know Walter," Bruce said. "He'll come."

They waited for an hour, but Walter did not come. He never came again. Once, a week later, Frances said. "Bruce, I've been having a terrible thought. Do you think he'll kill himself?"

"Not Walter."

"No, of course not," she said.

Walter didn't kill himself. They heard a few months later that his company had transferred him to their Chicago office. Then he sent Larry a postcard, which Frances read to him. It was a cheerful message, telling the boy that Chicago was full of wonderful sights. and it began, "Well, here I am alone in a great new city, and it's going to be lots of fun. . . ." —DANIEL GORDON

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he kicks dust back, stomps upward on his spurs
until his yellow bump hat bobs and gleams
among the antlers of a dying beast.

I could not save it, and it hung too near,
with blackening horns aimed for the house,
but I am bothered by this hired shape
going up through the dead lace of boughs
that never felt a sharper tooth than sleet.

Yet I must back him, since his life is pitched
against an overgrown and staglike head
assembling ruin above my roof,
though dreading the first severed branch
and its steep plunge.
It falls, scattering rot
like chaff from a broken star; more sky moves in.
I miss the reaching claw. A hoof goes next—
it paced for years above my fires and mist—
and I perceive how easily space grows
around a saw.
He swings and sears,
agile as a toy, the round hat floating
like a crown. I feel an office worker's awe
of his hard, bustling thighs and arms.

Only the rough, round trunk remains.
A portion falls, the sound heart glowing red
against a litter of gray, scattered veins,
witness to how communication failed
between the blowing top and the dark nerves
that worked in ignorance to feed a dying crest.

The saw is still at last, and still the great stump
throbs and shines, the hidden taproot busy as before,
cell, core, and tissue storing useless fat.
The sky looks bare. The wind is high and keen;
it draws a knife against my back.
I am aware of other branches, blades,
and the saw's dust, like a bright cap,
covering my cold and brittle hair.

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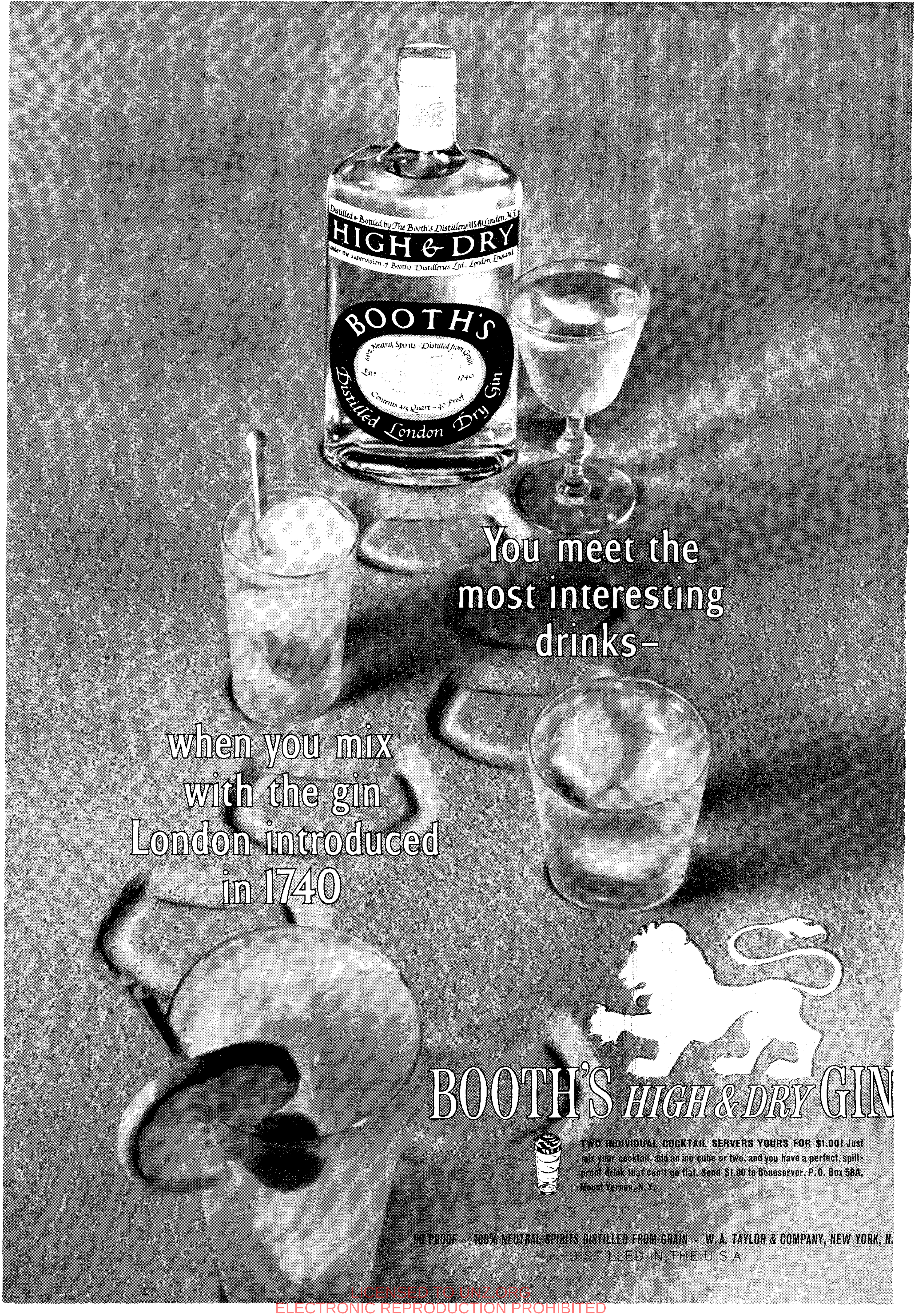

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MAY 12

THE air is full of the politics of region and party and faction, which is only to be expected in the spring of an election year. What is unusual is that this atmosphere, normally so oppressive, should seem refreshing, even bracing, by contrast with what went before. For almost a year now, it has seemed impossible to get anyone to think or talk about anything but Vietnam. No doubt Vietnam is and will continue to be by far the most important of current issues—vastly more important, certainly, than anything at stake in the New Mexico primaries or the antics of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace in Alabama or the probable confrontation of Senators Javits and Kennedy at a New York State Constitutional Convention. The difficulty was that a time came when everyone had said just about everything that could be said about Vietnam, when the worst that the leading bores in the Senate and House had to offer was no more numbing than some of the exchanges between administration spokesmen and their critics before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Still, the talk went on, obsessively, and although no end is currently in sight, there is at least the agreeable prospect of a few months in which Vietnam will be *an* issue, not *the* issue.

It is generally assumed that although other matters will have to be debated in the fall campaigns, Vietnam will be the dominant one in most of them, and the only issue in some. "Peace" candidates are seeking congressional nominations in some districts, and some candidates who take their leadership from Barry Goldwater will be running. In Pennsylvania last winter, a reassuring symbol of continuity in American politics, Harold E. Stassen, mounted a campaign for governor—almost certain to be ended in next week's primaries—with policy in Southeast Asia as the overriding issue. On the surface, at least, this issue appears to have great possibilities. Only civil rights arouses comparable passions, and in most places civil rights will be a minor issue, because the rival candidates will share, or will affect to share, the same passions. Vietnam has shattered the President's consensus. The latest Harris survey shows that now, for the first time, "less than a majority, forty-seven per cent, gives President Johnson a favorable rating on his handling of the situation." Despite all this, most professionals here—men who, unlike Barry Goldwater and Harold Stassen, have a habit of winning elections—are acting as if they wished to keep Vietnam out of their campaigns. They would, of course, like to exploit the dissatisfaction with administration policy, but the nature of this dissatisfaction makes exploitation peculiarly difficult. There is, for one thing, still a clear majority that supports the commitment, as distinct from the strategy, in Vietnam, so that any attack on the war itself would lose votes rather than win them. There is no longer a consensus of assent on the President's management of things, but there is nothing like a consensus of dissent. The dissenters divide more or less evenly between those who think our military effort is inadequate and those who think our diplomatic effort is inadequate. These groups are themselves divided between militants and moderates. Thus, to make a strong appeal to any segment of the discontented is to offend the other segments and to risk offending that solid forty-seven per cent that still approves of the President's leadership. It is a peculiar situation indeed—one in which, if a politician follows the form charts, he cannot say anything that will be heard with pleasure by a majority. To be sure, these generalizations will not hold everywhere. There may be some districts on the East and West Coasts where a consensus of dissent can be fashioned, and in Alabama, evidently, it is not only possible but de rigueur to follow a powerful denunciation of Ho Chi Minh with an even more powerful denunciation of Lyndon Johnson. But that is because Alabama has its own obsession, which has nothing to do with Vietnam, and relates everything else to it, even

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as most people here have, until very recently, been relating everything to Vietnam.

The needs of politicians are forcing other issues into the open. Exposure, however, reveals little of interest, or even of probable value to the politicians. Most Republicans would like to run against the rising cost of living, but the only economic issue that has benefited a political party in recent times is recession. In general, moreover, it is the Democrats who gain wherever an economic issue is given much prominence. The most vulnerable domestic program is the war on poverty, and much is being made of certain administrative irregularities and failures, but neither criticism nor defense of the program seems to get much attention; this is doubtless for the reason that caused the whole problem of poverty to be overlooked for so long, which is that the curse afflicts a relatively small minority, and one that is often invisible and inarticulate. Nevertheless, the Republicans who out of conviction or political calculation feel called upon to make a direct attack on the administration are more likely than not to focus sharply on inflation and on the operations of the Office of Economic Opportunity. It is becoming clear, however, that by no means all Republicans will choose to run against the administration; a good many of them will seek to identify themselves with it, in much the way that a good many Democrats in the fifties sought to identify themselves with President Eisenhower. This will not happen where the cadres of the Goldwater movement still control the machinery. But their hold is, for the most part, powerful only in places where the Republican organization itself is weak. Wherever the Party has any strength to speak of, it is dominated by men who care more about winning elections than about winning debates, and they are likely to want candidates who will proclaim not their defiance of the administration but their adherence to those of its doctrines that have won broad public support. If such Republicans are nominated and elected—and it is bound to happen in a few places—it will lessen the impact on the administration of the defeats it is likely to suffer. The administration measures its strength not by the number of Democrats in Congress but by the number of votes it can muster on the floor of the Senate or the House.

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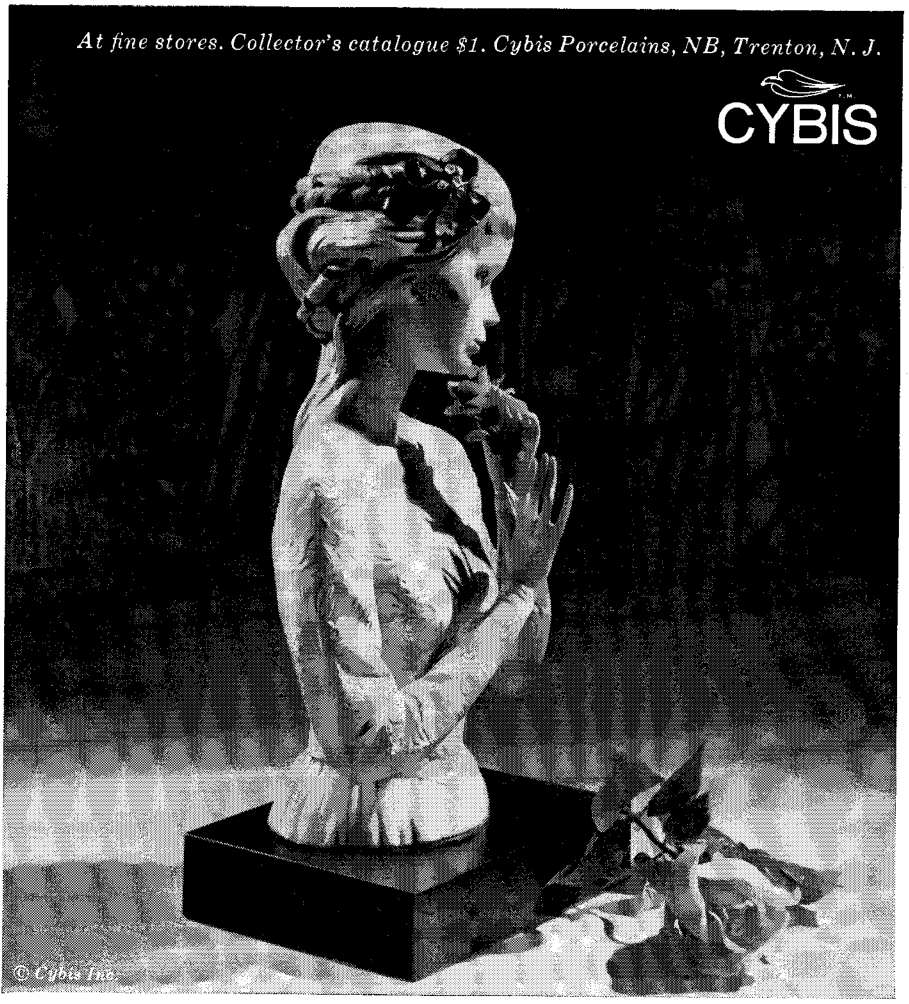
against Goldwater. The outlook is for controversy that is either tame or synthetic, and in any case unstimulating to both participants and onlookers. And yet there is every reason to believe that some highly interesting and important developments are in the making, and that the next few years will produce some fundamental changes not only in the political parties but in modes of political thought and action. Some conflicts, though not the most significant, will arise from personal and factional rivalries. Looking forward to 1972—or, some believe, 1968—Senator Robert Kennedy is clearly determined to challenge the power of the President and the Vice-President in the Democratic Party. The clash of temperaments may develop elements of spectacle, but a clash of principles seems difficult to arrange. Earlier this week, Senator Kennedy made two long and admirably reasoned speeches on American policy in Latin America, their purpose being to set forth a clear Kennedy line on the subject. The speeches could be, and were, described as distinguished, but—despite all the care that was taken in their research and writing—distinctiveness was nowhere to be found. Almost any Democrat—or, for that matter, almost any Republican—could have delivered them. The struggle for the control of the Republican Party will surely become a battle royal in 1968, or perhaps even sooner, but at this stage it is lifeless. It consists of little more than the attempts of Richard Nixon and Ray Bliss to soothe factional spirits, which so far appear to be resisting their ministrations.

Elsewhere, though, change of great magnitude is in the making. The fact that in Alabama last week Negro voters had little impact on the outcome of the elections is regarded here as highly deceptive. What Mrs. Wallace won in Alabama is of less ultimate importance than what she lost. She lost in the ten largest metropolitan areas in the state. She lost in the areas with the highest Negro population. She lost in the eight counties with the highest white population. She found her majority in the small towns, which are the last places in which the shape of the future is to be seen and which, as it happened, received the least attention in the voter-registration drives. Though it may be hard to discern the impact of Negro registration in the South (and at the same time easy to discern, by comparing registration and voting figures, the extent of Negro apathy) even by the end of 1966, no one here doubts that within the next three or four years the consequences of last year's voting-rights act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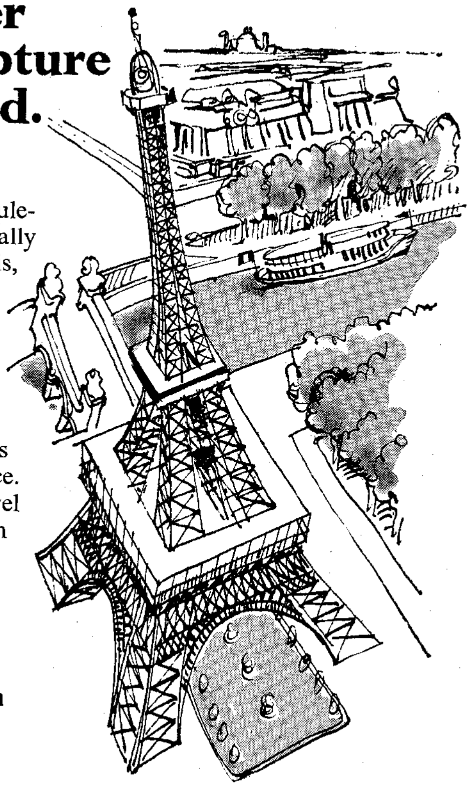

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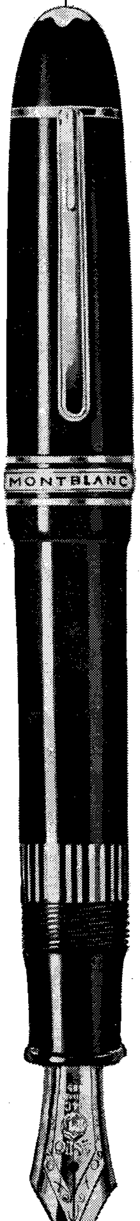

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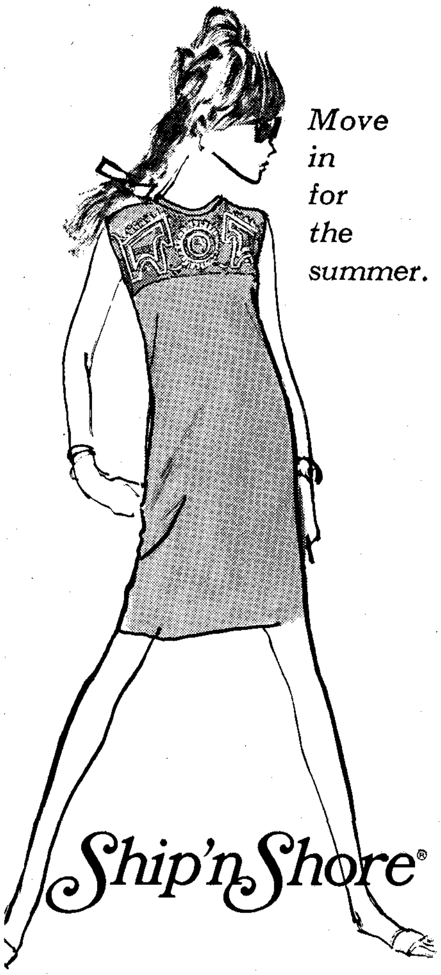
will give an altogether new cast to Southern politics. For a time, this could prove disadvantageous to the Negroes. Their increased participation has already led to increased white participation. There are very few places in which Negroes are anywhere close to being a majority; if all Southerners voted the color of their skins, nothing would change except, from the Negro's point of view, for the worse. This is a short-term possibility, but it is not taken seriously here as a long-term one. Though Negroes are not a majority in any state, they are a large minority in every Southern state—and a minority whose interests the federal government is committed to defend. As national organizations, both the Republican and the Democratic Parties are bidding for Negro favor, which provides the balance of power in many states outside the South. While a political apartheid in the South is theoretically feasible, and perhaps even imminent, it would cost far more than most segregationist politicians would be willing to pay. What therefore seems inevitable is that the Southern Negro will shortly have both Democrats and Republicans promising protection and patronage in much the same way that both parties now do in other regions. The political integration of the Negro in the North, in the Middle West, and, to some extent, in the West has already had enormous political and legislative consequences. In the South it seems certain to have institutional consequences as well.

There is reason to believe that the Republicans will be quicker than the Democrats to grasp these opportunities. Though the South is the stronghold of the Goldwater cadres, it is also the place where the Republican Party has the least to lose and the most to gain. The Democrats have much to lose—most of all, perhaps, face. Even so, some Democrats—in Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama itself—have mended their ways and spoken not just moderately but enthusiastically on civil rights. In the end, though, Negroes may find Republicans more congenial than Democrats as political associates. Another Harris survey—one released in the middle of last month—points to this possibility. Seeking to discover the relevance of "affluence" to underlying social and political attitudes, the surveyors found that there was a good deal more tolerance of dissent, of minorities, of innovation, and of generally nonconformist behavior among those whose income was above five thousand dollars a year than among those of lower income. For example, eighty-one per cent of the affluent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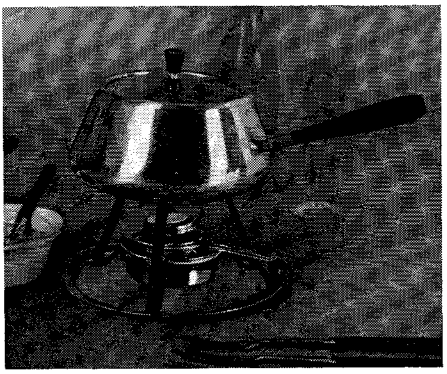

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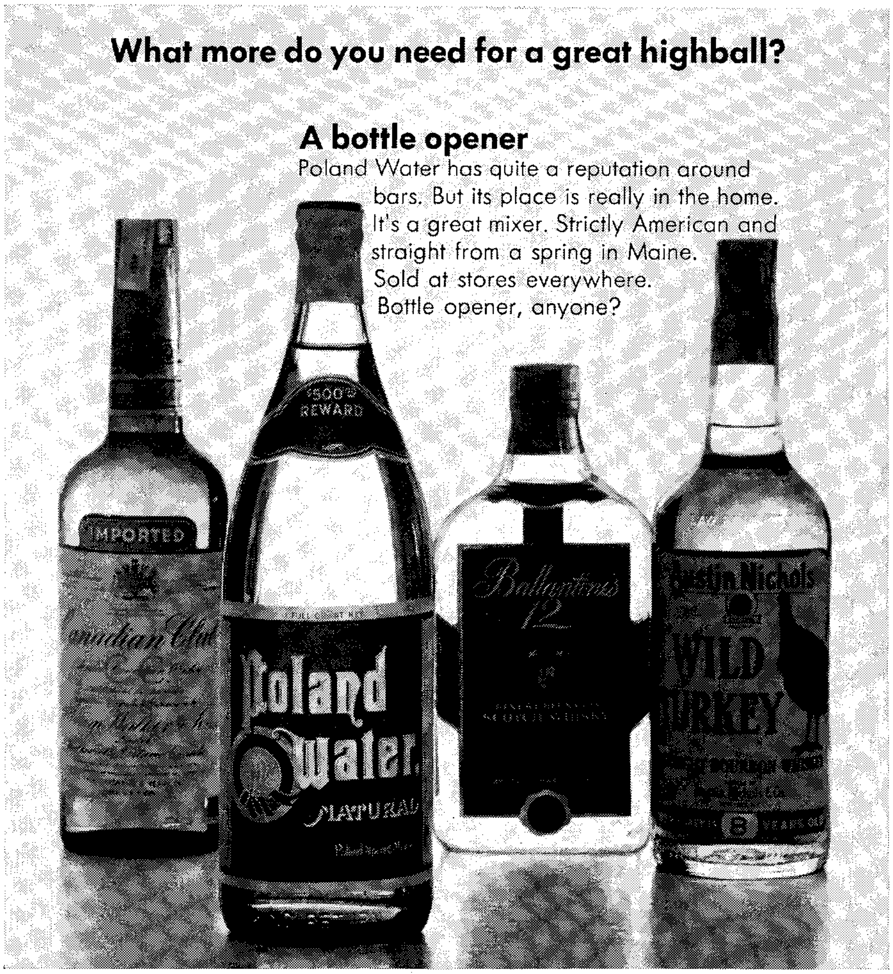
"backed the right to demonstrate against war," as against only forty per cent of the unaffluent. Seventy-two per cent of the affluent expressed approval of recent changes in race relations, while forty-five per cent, or close to half, of the unaffluent disapproved. This tolerance is clearly a product of education, not of money. But education is a product of money, and the surveyors found the historical connection between money and Republicanism unbroken. Sixty-eight per cent of the generally broadminded well-to-do said that they planned to vote Republican this November, and sixty-three per cent of the less fortunate and less tolerant planned to vote Democratic.

A fact subject to easy demonstration is that the Democrats throughout most of this century have had the closest ties with the intellectual community. (It was obviously to preserve those ties, now threatened by growing dissatisfaction with policy in Vietnam, that the President went to Princeton yesterday and explained how much he and his party have done for scholars.) There has thus been an important difference between the political behavior of the professional intellectuals and that of the educated community as a whole. Those with advanced degrees are nearly all Democrats, but if in 1960, as John F. Kennedy often pointed out, the suffrage had been restricted to college graduates, Richard Nixon would have won the election. But in terms of general attitudes the distinction may be less significant than it appears. As individuals and as voters, the Republican rank and file is at least as hospitable to intellectuals as the Democratic rank and file. At any rate, some of the boldest political thinking now being done anywhere is the work of the handful of intellectuals who have cast their lot with the Republicans. A number of these are joined together in the Ripon Society, which has its headquarters near the Harvard campus and is named for the Wisconsin town that claims to be the Party's birthplace. In a report shortly to be published, spokesmen for the Society maintain that both major parties, as currently led and organized, are in need of major structural alterations and also of a new map of the United States. Both, it is said, are currently working with false pictures of American political and social realities. The parties are far behind American industry, American universities, and most other American institutions in their comprehension of the situation as it is and their readiness to adapt to it. "By almost any standard of measure-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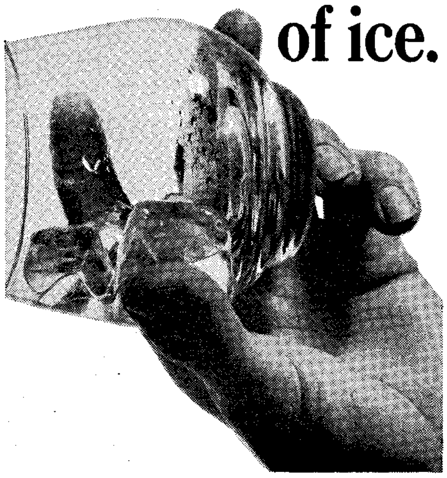

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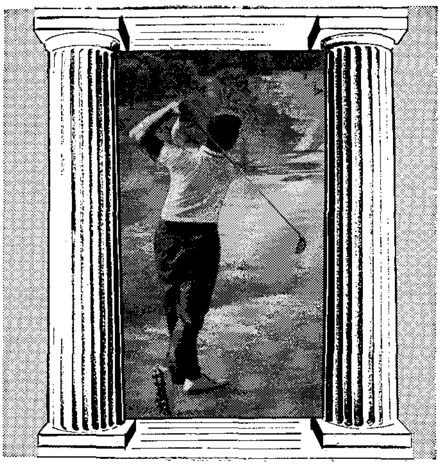
ment," the authors say, "our political parties and their leadership show the greatest lag in adjustment to change." Both parties derive such ideology as they have from the thirties—that is to say, from a decade in which it seemed right to the Democrats and wrong to the Republicans that the most efficacious approach to any national problem was the federal approach. The Democrats then were generally right—or so, at any rate, most people thought—and the Republicans generally wrong. Down through the years, both parties have, most of the time, stayed with the position staked out in the thirties. (Before the Depression, the positions had been reversed—with Republicans favoring the federal view and Democrats, led mainly by Southern agrarians, committed to states' rights.) But now, according to the Ripon Society report, things have changed. While the politicians have been arguing about the expanded responsibilities of the federal government—Democrats generally in favor of them, Republicans generally opposed—"the truly dynamic growths have come at the state, county, and municipal levels." The report continues, "Since 1946, state and local expenditures have increased sixfold. In 1964, state and local governments spent a total of sixty-four billion dollars—*twice* as much as the federal government spent on domestic programs." The report cites estimates that by 1974 annual spending by state and local governments will be greater by approximately half than federal spending today. (It is impossible to project federal spending for so distant a time. If the *détente* with the Soviet Union holds and one is established with China, the budget total may be somewhat lower than it is today.) Since most costs are those of employment, it is to be assumed that similar percentages apply to the number of personnel in the service of the various levels of government.

The American welfare state was conceived in this city and grew to maturity here. This happened largely because state and local governments lacked the economic, political, and intellectual resources to deal with the problems created by the successes and failures of industrialization. But in the war and postwar years many things changed, and today the part that local governments play in the welfare state, though still to a large degree financed by Washington, exceeds that of the central government. Yet neither party acts as if this development had taken place. By and large, political talent is conserved for federal use, and hacks are re-



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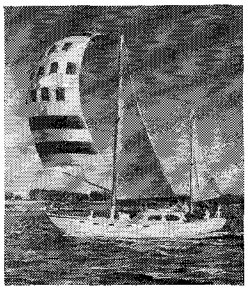

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warded with opportunities to put the stamp of mediocrity, and often of corruption, on state and local governments. (Governors are still considered important—though no longer as important as senators, since the trend in recent years has been to look to the United States Senate for Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates.) The Ripon Society proposes that the Republican Party begin its reconstruction by providing models of excellence below the federal level. It also proposes a new look at the economy and its technology. Both parties continue to have their sights fixed on the economy of thirty years ago. In this view, the large industrial corporations were the masters, and the workers they employed were the labor force. But this picture corresponds to reality no more than that of the welfare state as an essentially federal enterprise. In the thirties, the bulk of the labor force was employed in the production of commodities. Today a minority of the employed produce commodities, while a majority are employed in distributing the goods and in providing other services, such as education, health, entertainment, insurance, and, of course, government. Large corporations are not the major employers of either the producers of goods or the producers of services. Increasing numbers work for small establishments (employing fewer than five hundred workers), for nonprofit organizations (these now account for a third of the operations in the field of services), and for themselves. In a recent article in the new journal *The Public Interest*, Victor R. Fuchs throws some vivid light on these changes: "The *increase* in employment in the field of education between 1950 and 1960 was greater than the total number employed in the steel, copper, and aluminum industries in either year. . . . The *increase* in employment in the field of health between 1950 and 1960 was greater than the total number employed in automobile manufacturing in either year. . . . The *increase* in employment in financial firms between 1950 and 1960 was greater than total employment in mining in 1960."

Very little of all this has found its way into political thought here. Democrats still look upon their party as a coalition of organized labor, small landholders, ethnic minorities, intellectuals, and the birthright Democrats of the South. Republicans look upon themselves as speaking for the business community, the small towns, members of the professions, and Middle Western farmers. But scarcely any of these categories have today the relevance they

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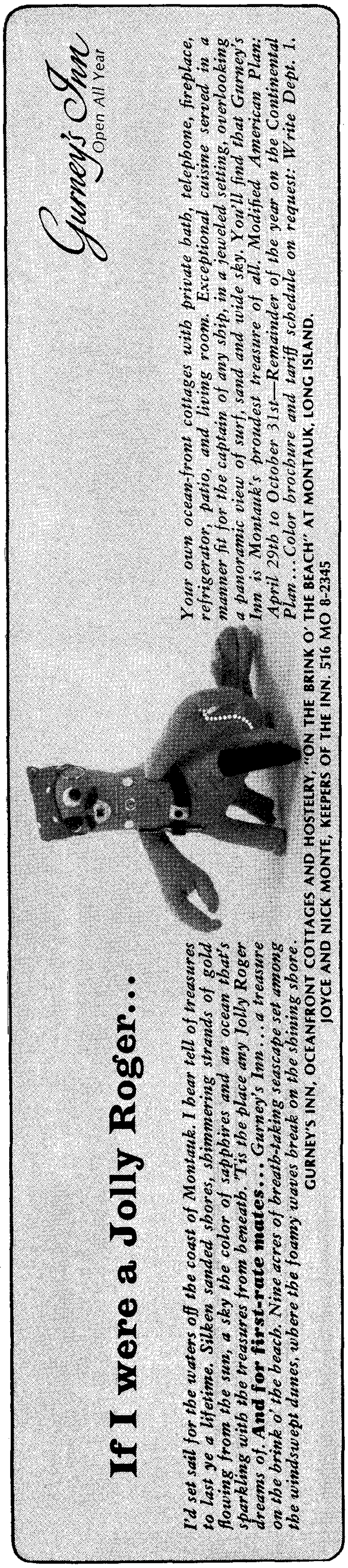

If I were a Jolly Roger...

I'd set sail for the waters off the coast of Montauk. I hear tell of treasures to last ye a lifetime. Silken sanded shores, shimmering strands of gold flowing from the sun, a sky the color of sapphires and an ocean that's sparkling with the treasures from beneath. 'Tis the place any Jolly Roger dreams of. **And for first-rate mates...** *Gurney's Inn...a treasure on the brink o' the beach. Nine acres of breath-taking seascape set among the windswept dunes, where the foamy waves break on the shining shore.*

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had thirty years ago. Farmers have long since lost political power because of a simple decline in numbers, the decline having been brought about by the industrialization of agriculture. Automation is speeding the same process in industry, and before long organized labor may be as small an influence as what used to be spoken of as the farm bloc. The ethnic minorities remain as more or less distinct entities, most of them loosely tied to the Democratic Party, but the business community split down the middle in 1964. Small towns are either in an advanced state of decay or on their way to becoming cities. (Such programs as the one for economic rebuilding in the Appalachian region deliberately contribute to this combination of decay and urbanization by giving grants to "growth" areas and withholding them from what are held to be "non-growth" areas.) New minorities are meanwhile forming—students, teachers, the poor and illiterate, the self-employed, the retired, city dwellers, and a good many others. The report of the Ripon Society points out that the day may come, and before very long, when the "mentally ill" will be regarded as a minority whose rights are to be asserted and defended just as the rights of racial and religious minorities have been in the past. It also points out that the storing of information made possible by computerization may put an end to some of the evils of mass society. Though the fear had been that this new technology would turn individuals into numbers and perforated cards, it could do the opposite, by providing teachers, doctors, and governors with a portrait of a particular citizen whose particular needs, tastes, aspirations, and weaknesses could be immediately perceived as being different from those of anyone else. If this were to happen, it might soon become necessary to abandon the whole theory of American coalition politics.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

• •

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The Widow rises under our fingernails
In this sky we were born we are born

And you weep wishing you were numbers
You multiply you cannot be found
You grieve
Not that heaven does not exist but
That it exists without us

You confide
In images in things that can be
Represented which is their dimension you
Require them you say This
Is real and you do not fall down and moan

Not seeing the irony in the air

Everything that does not need you is real

The Widow does not
Hear you and your cry is numberless

This is the waking landscape
Dream after dream after dream walking away through it
Invisible invisible invisible

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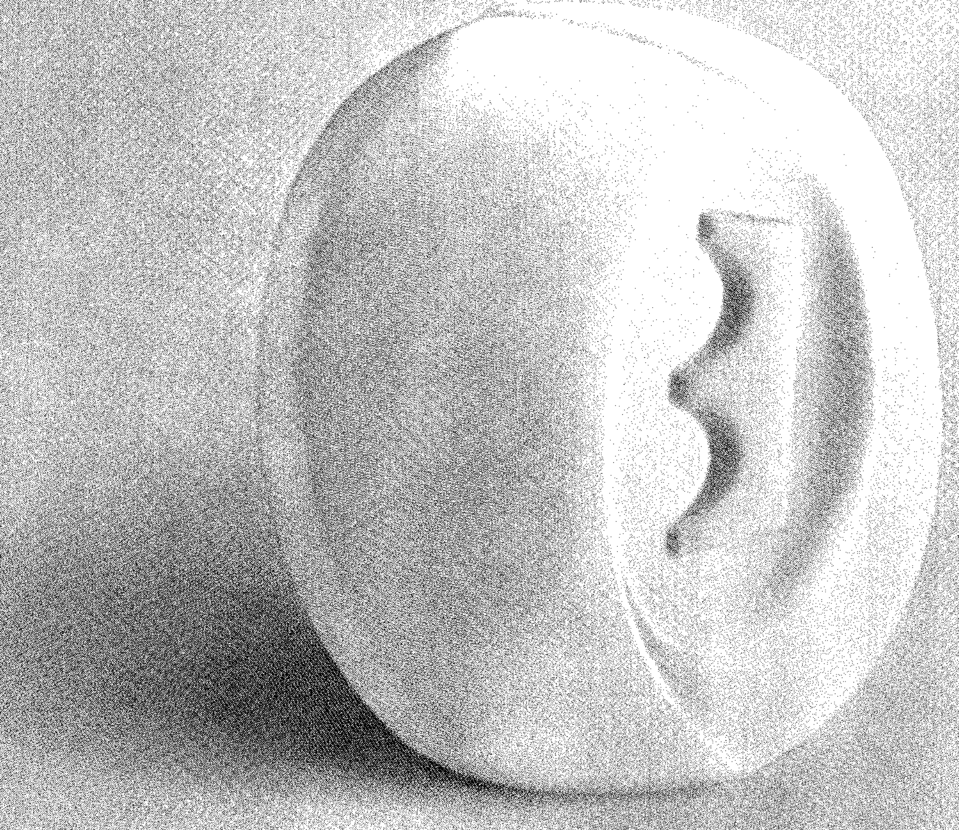

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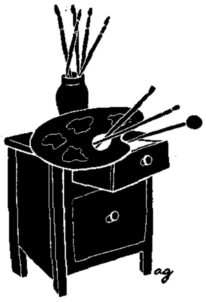
THE ART GALLERIES

Art and the Machine



ONE of the newest manifestations in contemporary art—and it may be more durable than either Pop or Op because it is less clearly synthetic in inspiration—is an increasing tendency for artists to draw on scientific patterns and conformations (to give but one example, the unexpectedly beautiful and often extremely intricate configurations that turn up in electron-microscopy photography) as a basis for their designs. It is this tendency that lies, though often covertly, at the heart of a new and, I found, very stimulating exhibition of modern sculptures, called "Primary Structures," and all constructivist in style, that is now at the Jewish Museum. A related development, which the show also illustrates, and much more fully, is a tendency to use machine-shop methods and techniques—in fact, to use the resources of machine shops themselves—in the manufacture of their pieces; that is, the artists in this neomechanist school, if I may call it that, are getting to the point where their projects are so grandiose or so finickingly precise in design that they are beyond the capacities of ordinary studio equipment—with the result that the artist is beginning to function primarily as a designer, making a scale model of the figure or construction and then turning it over, together with a set of detail drawings, to the lathe and milling-machine operators, the welders, the foundrymen, and so on, who will put together the sculpture. If this seems, as it well may, truly shocking to the more traditional of us (a group of which I am at least partly a member), it is worthwhile recalling that very few conventional sculptors (not even Rodin and Michelangelo) performed all their carving or casting themselves, and there are today several ancient foundries, in Florence and elsewhere, to which artists send plaster models from all over the world to be cast in bronze. There must certainly be others, but the only constructivists I know of who see their works through their own private workshops are George Rickey and Alexander Calder, and this was done, too, by the late David Smith.

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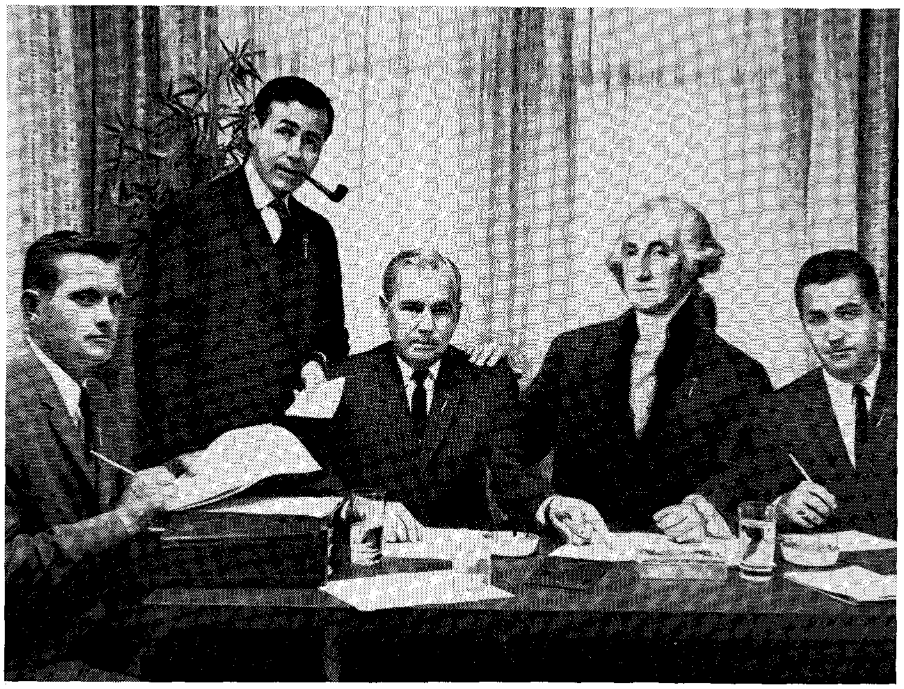

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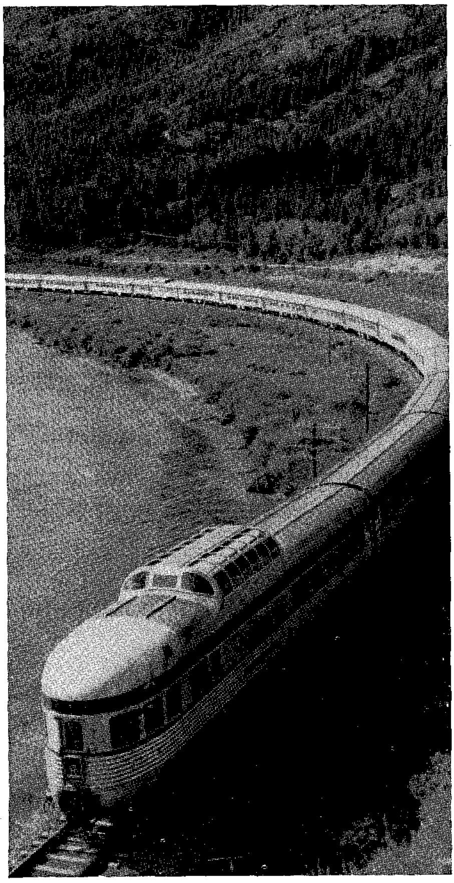

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affair, with slightly more than fifty pieces in all, and it seems the larger because a good many of the items are of really formidable size. Both British and Americans are included, though in far from equal numbers, for of the forty-two entrants all but eleven are Americans—an imbalance I find hard to explain, unless on the perhaps parochial ground that we are more machine-conscious, in the arts as elsewhere, than our British friends. As befits a new venture in the arts, the great majority of the exhibitors are young, hardly more than a handful of them being past their thirties. For the rest, the show has been carefully selected and is stunningly presented, and in all respects it is a stimulating performance. I don't know why—is it the atmosphere of youth it carries with it?—but it has a curiously cheerful, almost casually ingratiating air, too. Even the less successful entries fail gallantly—not dispiritedly, not from want of trying but usually from excess of it, which also adds a certain ebullience. Size, indeed—that terrible temptation artists often fall victim to, of blowing up an idea beyond its artistic value—is the chief cause of failure here, and it seemed to me that the very novelty of the method may have been largely responsible, particularly in the case of the more obviously "machine-made" sculptures; it's as if the possibilities in structural effects that are offered (in the way of cantilevering, of counterbalancing light against heavy materials, and the like) had for the moment carried the artists away. I should add that even though, as I am sure is the case, a number of pieces were manufactured by the artists themselves, they were still forced by the demands of the style itself to conform to engineering specifications.

At any rate, many of the pieces—such as Michael Todd's zigzagging, sprawly "Ball Joint," Ronald Bladen's untitled tripartite columnar structure, and the truly enormous V-shaped "Transoxiana," by Robert Grosvenor (this suspended from a ceiling)—are far too big for their aesthetic content. Others err on the side of bleakness, which I think is also attributable to the method, with its tendency toward impersonality. Among these are Derrick Woodham's boxy "Siviley" and the almost funereal "Northumberland," by John McCracken. Still others—and this, I think, is another fault of the style, though less directly—suffer from a bland, blank humorlessness that is even more disconcerting. Here, I would say, the fault is that the artist feels

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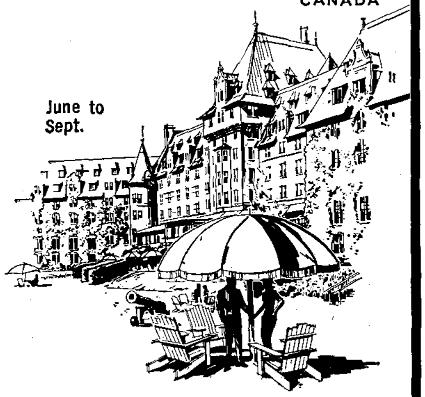

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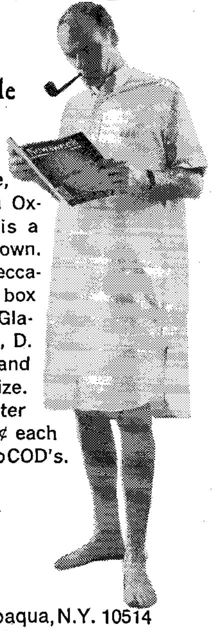

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called on to concentrate so completely on the sheer precise execution of his design that he fails to consider all its possible symbolic implications, overlooking particularly some probably unwanted collateral ones. In a number of instances, one is faced with a kind of aesthetic double image, and this can lead to almost ludicrous confusion. Tina Matkovic's "Projection," a columnar form with a pointed head, suspended from the ceiling: Is it something that has to do with a bomb, or is it simply an oversized plumb bob? So, too, David von Schlegell's smooth, sinuous "Wave": It would be a complete success if it didn't carry in its flared-lipped, curving design a disturbing suggestion of a half-open mouth. Philip King's "Through," a large cone cut vertically into sections, is, I judge, a plastic development of the formation of a hyperbola, but it does look perilously like a sliced-up Indian tepee.

Yet if I've gone into the faults of the affair at such length, it is because both the style and the show are well worth one's attention. There is much more to be said on the credit side. I have spoken of the bleakness of some of the pieces and of humorlessness in others, but this is only relative. There are plenty that are either witty or colorful or both. To name only a few, I cite Peter Phillips's jaunty, candy-striped "Tricurvular" (which looks like nothing so much as a candy-striped children's playground slide), Michael Bolus's similarly playful "No. 6," and—as a relief from the predominantly geometric approach—William Tucker's series called "Meru, I, II, and III," which are a delightful blend of the abstract and the rococo. I have not mentioned the materials used in the various pieces, and they are bewildering in the variety and ingenuity of their employment. They range from pretty much all metal—such as steel and aluminum—through wood, linoleum, Masonite, and plywood, to such slightly more exotic substances as Fiberglas, the polyesters, coated glass, and Formica, at times in combinations of three or four to the object. In a final rundown, I should add that I also liked Douglas Huebler's grave "Bradford Series No. 10-65" (with its vertical movement), Larry Bell's set of three columnar pieces (mixing mirroring surfaces with plain glass to excellent effect), Judy Gerowitz's bright-colored "Rainbow Picket," and, for its very simplicity, Ellsworth Kelly's "Blue Disk." All in all, an unusually stimulating show.

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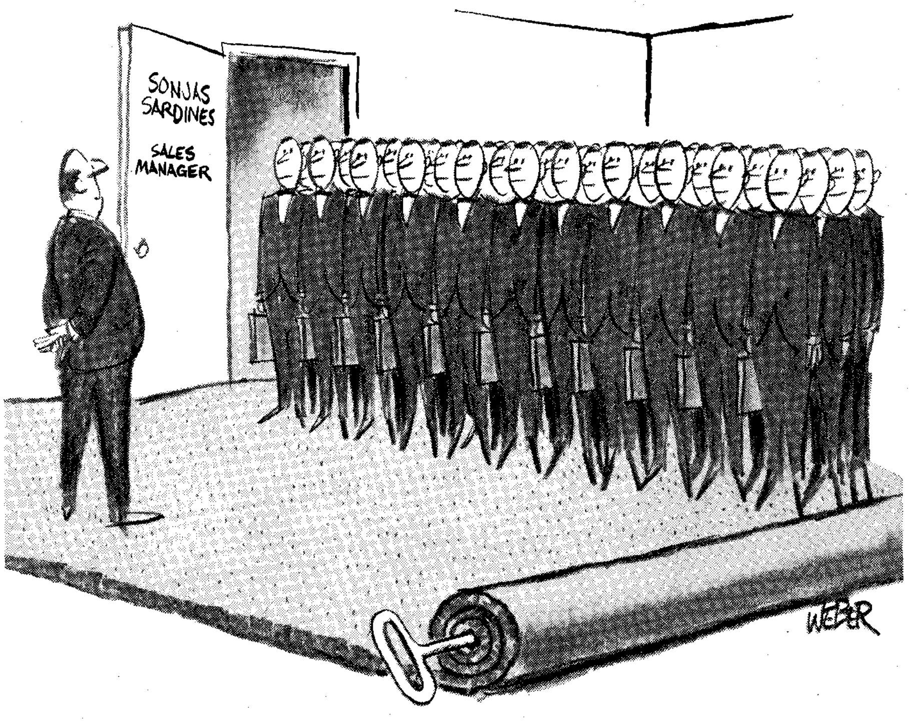

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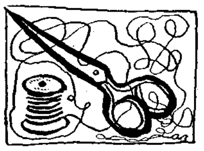
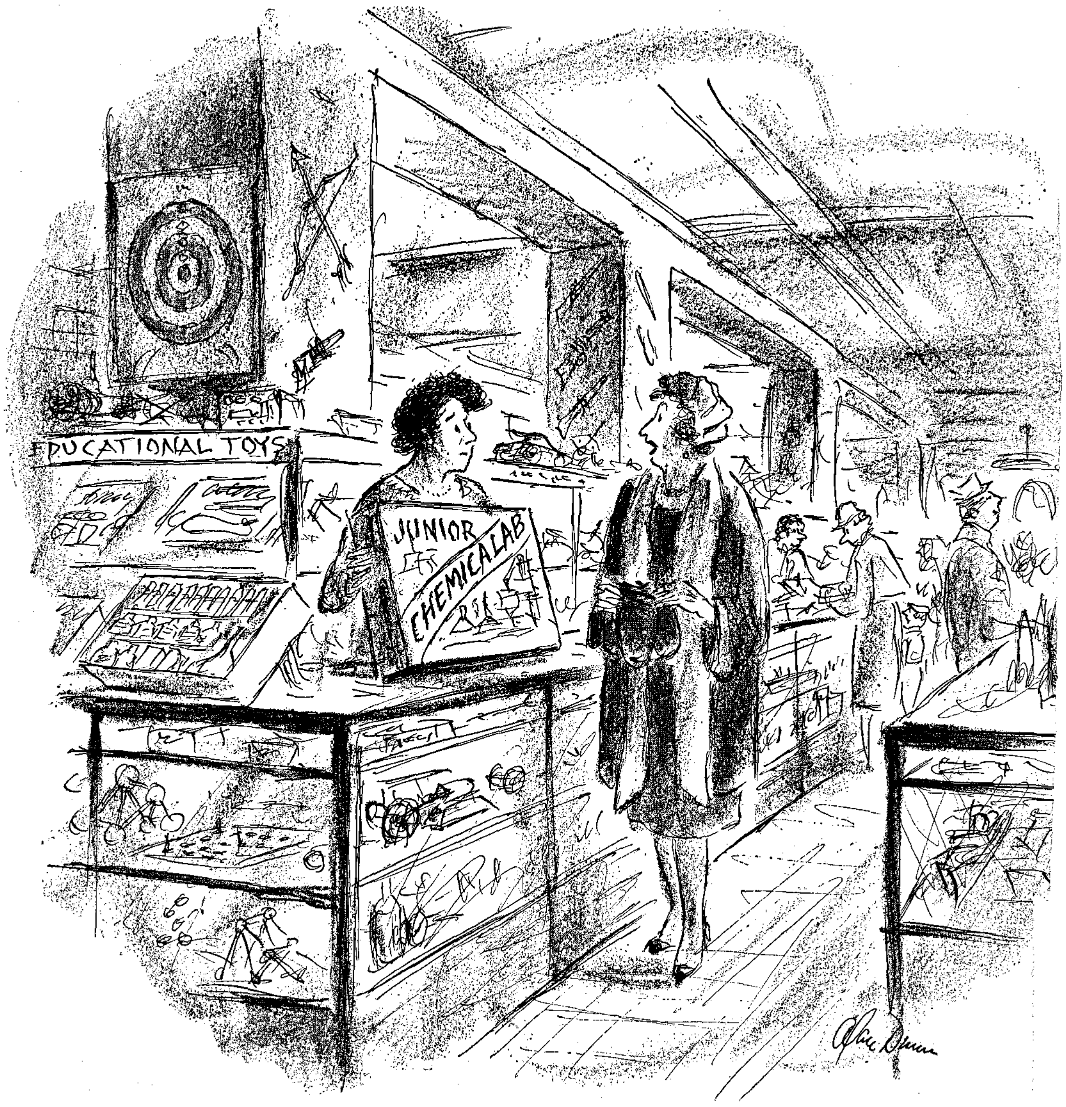
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



I HAVE always loved the sound of a train rushing through the night, but I have always felt that the most noise a woman should make with her apparel is the soft swish of silken skirts. The click of mules and all the open-back shoes is a nagging racket, and I recall with revulsion the simultaneous arrival of the backgammon frenzy and the big up-the-forearm charms. The clatter as the wearers shook dice would have driven me from the most enticing gaming rooms if the clatter I made with my own dice had not brought me such luck. Oh, I have mellowed since then, but not as far as a new noisemaker named Paco Rabanne would like to take me. Those meagre dresses of his at Lord & Taylor's Fantasia Shop (to order, at around $300) are entirely made of overlapping discs of plastic or of wooden objects the size of quarters, and they come in wildly clashing colors, often knit together by silvery wires. (A body stocking or its equivalent is essential beneath such an outfit.) And do not dance with any fuddy-duddy who holds you tight, or you will be all crisscross indentations after one waltz. You don't dare sit down, either. The boleros Rabanne has constructed are entertaining, though, I think; $100. And you might as well examine his plastic visors and his oversized earrings, at from $4 to $16, which are here and elsewhere. He also makes rings for your fingers and rings for your toes. Before I recovered from the slight earache engendered by all this jangle, I came down with a slight eyeache, acquired because of a viewing of what Tiger Morse, who once was custom-only but now—besides continuing to function on her home grounds—does ready-to-wear for her own *boîtes* in Bergdorf's Sports Department, Bonwit's Safari Shop, Bloomingdale's Sutton Place Shop, and so on. There are different designs for each of these operations. A lot of vociferous glitter is imparted by the small, zigzag lines of turquoise, red, green, and silver sequins on a Morse deal whose top is halter-necked and whose front skims down the front of the ribs to a skirt that is only Sonja Henie in length and is S. H. circular to boot; $495, for which economy the wearer must go bareback until two inches below the waistline. Paired sequins (white and blue, white and yellow, and such) or sequins in red, white, and blue can do a dress that is a very short shift with a deep inverted pleat down each side; the pleats are held in by contrasting bows on each hip. A touch of tenderness, which does now and then overcome Morse (and the other young designers), produces an embroidered dress of white lace plus blue polka dots, with a nautch-dancer bodice ending just below the bosom. Brightly embroidered French ribbon, two inches wide, descends from the high, oval neckline to cover the umbilicus and then spreads outward, in two diagonal lines, upon the skating skirt. This is a theme that is developed in all sorts of lengths and fabrics. The Tiger in Morse purrs in another façade she fancies—a long, fitted culotte of white lace with a double ruffle of white organdie at the base, like an underskirt. The ruffle can quite easily be devised of that vivid French ribbon. Another access of tenderness results in just about the most beautiful English glazed chintzes of the moment, converted by Morse into full-skirted dresses, both floor-length and short, many of which Bergdorf has seized upon, at $435 and $225. Equally beautiful patterned voiles make, for one, Morse's baby-doll Empire dress whose skirt has an oval panel in front that laps over the gathers in back; $160. In general, Bergdorf went for



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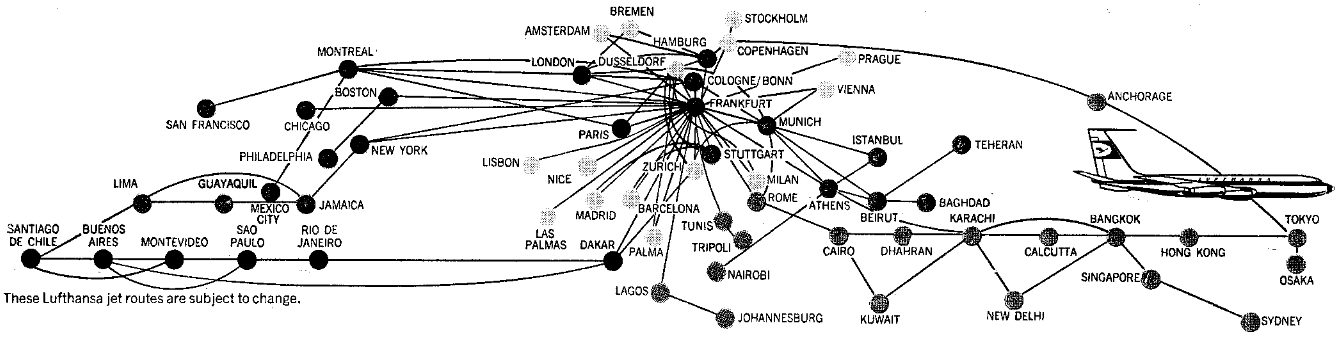
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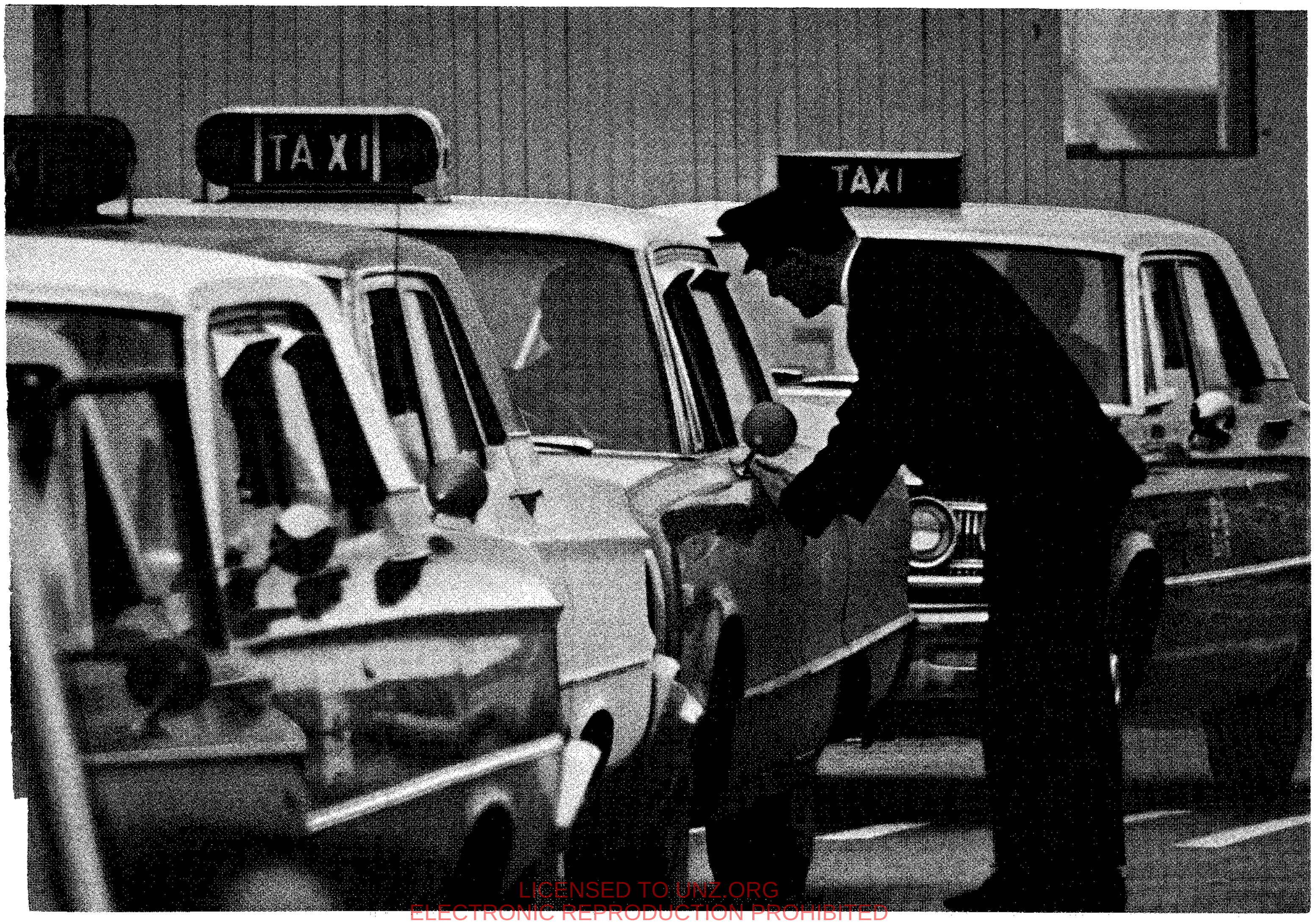

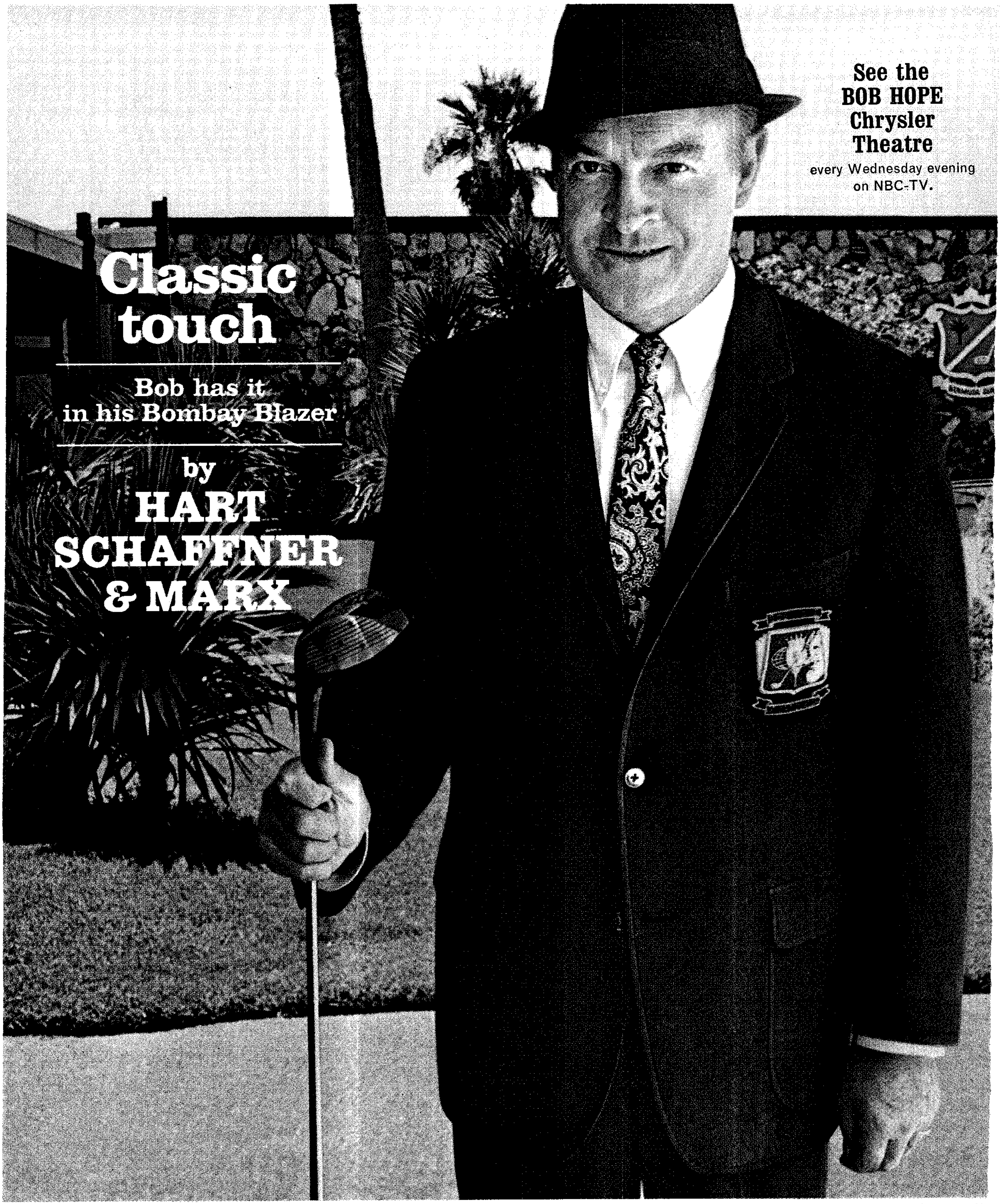

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the whole Morse panoply, Bloomingdale for the voiles, and Bonwit for the glitter and (what I haven't mentioned so far) the embossed piqués. Morse, for all her cat-that-walks-by-itself attitude toward things, waves flags. One is a short, straight, oblong dress of vinyl on which the state banners are printed in red, white, and blue; another is a dress with a bias, side-pleated panel low on the skirt, and in this case the wherewithal is cotton printed crossbar fashion in the same hues. Bonwit has the first of these, I remember. The whole Morse code is also ready and waiting at her own shop, at 14 East 58th Street, where custom work is still available as well, but an appointment is vital (the number is 421-4525); what with all the bolts of fabric and the souvenirs of her travels cramping the space, one must proceed on the idea that there is only one shop to a customer.

EVERYTHING I have looked at lately—goods that use arrogance to compensate for the skimpy female bodies they are designed to clothe—is contradicted by the custom designs of Baba, at 136 East 61st Street, who cares not whether you are a minnow or a tarpon as long as you look just plain pretty. When last I was there, a slim young thing was buying beautiful long lounging and/or evening clothes to take with her for a summer on the Saint-Tropez sector of the Riviera (coals to Newcastle, eh?), but Baba does not fear sizes 18 and over, either. For formal evenings and for hostessing, there is her full-length burnoose, shown in a thin silk with soft stripes. (Fabrics will mostly have to be omitted from here on in Baba's case; she never makes more than one design in one material.) This has a kimono wrap across the front, and the deep cowl drape in back reaches to the knees; wrist-length batwing sleeves commence at the hem in back. (She likes to make this, too, in a series of synthetic jerseys called Tergal, which feel like silk and are both packable and washable.) Such stuff is around $195. Another flowing dress that manages to be becoming to every size and shape has a V neck, and a mild bulge goes across the waistline in front to meet, on the hips, the deep cowl drape below the open sleeves. (Almost all Baba armholes conceal the plump parts, if any, of the upper arm.) She calls this one Passe Partout. No clangor is connected with it; it rustles a bit, that's all. It is done in day-length versions and even in tunic length, to be

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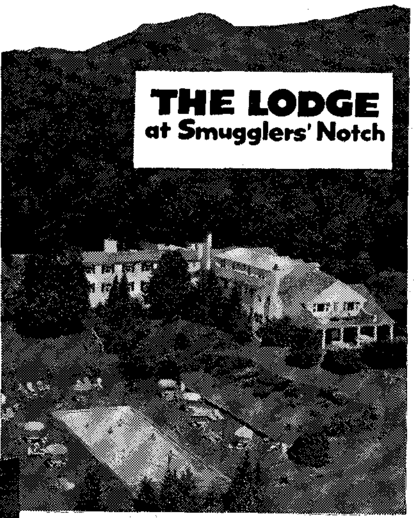

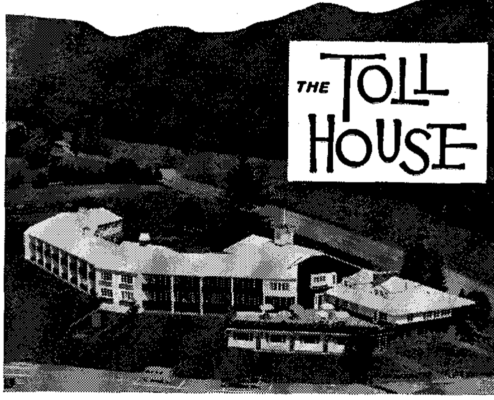

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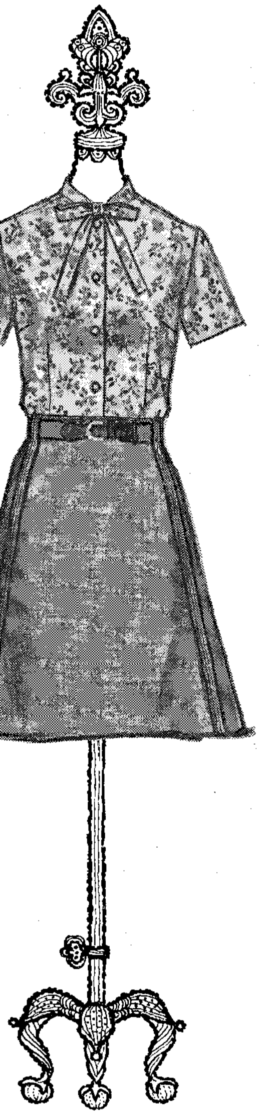

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worn over her special pants, which have a front and a back seam (none at the sides) and are cut to give a gaucho flare in back. Then there is a bathing suit for White Rock nymphs, as well as for much larger women who are sick to death of skirted suits—a fitted maillot covered by a short wraparound overdress that fastens on one shoulder. This she makes in a variety of patterned synthetic jerseys.

THERE is other clatter in town, quite apart from Rabanne. Big, emphatic dangling earrings are epidemic, and so are long chain necklaces (wear something simple with these); plastics and enamel and Tinkertoy sorts of woodwork are everywhere. Even Trifari is going in for earrings that combine jet and rhinestones, four strands to a lobe and three inches long, so that they can brush the shoulders. If you are ticklish there, Trifari can contribute mammoth circles of jewelry instead. One is Three-Ring Circus, an earring that begins with a plastic button encircled by a red, then a white, then a royal-blue plastic hoop, to enumerate the colors of just one combination. Another Trifari enterprise is link bracelets and ropes, of the kind that children string together in paper form to ornament the Christmas tree. These are plastic, though, in a brace of colors each. The necklaces run from chokers to ropes forty-five and sixty inches long; the bigger ones are $7.50 and $10, respectively. Saks Fifth Avenue is a good source for all this stuff.

Plastic rules the roost, runs the show. For around four years I have been muttering about Bergdorf's Halston and his boyish conviction that vinyl visors will replace sunglasses, but now I am thoroughly aware that I could be wrong. For his visors are doing just great. He has got around, too, to absolutely miraculous turbans of white plastic. (And won't *they* be hot in hot weather!) His are custom, at a rather low level in price. Plastic has got into the copies of French millinery that Ohrbach's has collected in its millinery Oval Room. Such as Capucci's tall white straw pillbox with a sheer plastic dome, at $16.99, and St. Laurent's kerchief hat in navy and white, worn way back on the head and puffing out, with a jutting red visor six inches long, and St. Laurent's polo or jockey cap (that big visor is white by now), whose deep crown is quartered in red and white pseudo-leather. We advance next to a mid-thigh boot of sheer plastic in windowpane color, with a narrow strip of black patent leather running up the

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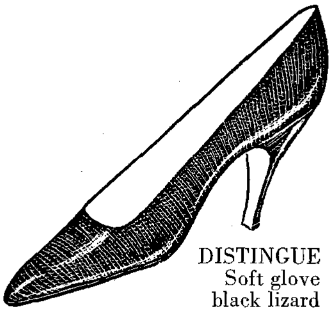

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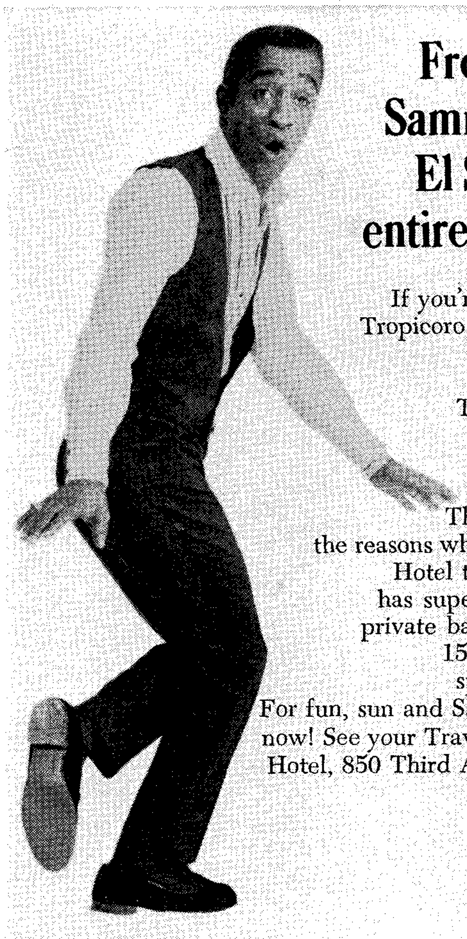
front and the back; the heel is of the patent stuff, I might add. (Another Ohrbach possession is the Ford of a shoe by St. Laurent, in patent leather, with a block heel and a big mother-of-pearl buckle; red, white, and blue is the tinting of the leather.) Plastic makes many of the earrings on Ohrbach's first floor into clangers; $5.99 to $10.99. Circle discs, two below each lobe, combine violent yellow with Kelly, or violent turquoise with orange, and they are an inch and a half across. Some commence with white buttons from which three discs, ranging between small and very large, dangle and jangle.

THE skin game is coming more and more out into the open, including backs, ribs, and midriffs as well as legs, which, on the beach if not everywhere else, are soon to be divested of shimmery, smoothing nylons. Something (I can't think what) has persuaded the cosmetics industry that a healthy, pinky-beige glow is better than the russet-leather gnarled look on us, and it has put forth several means to that end. I present them not necessarily in the order of their importance. The new leg makeups do not smear or streak, and Estée Lauder's, which is *really* waterproof, is also the easiest to apply that I have found, whether for legs or other parts of the body, like bare midriffs—just dab a bit on the forefingers and rub it in. It takes soap as well as water to remove it. The stuff (Leg Base is the name) looks like whipped cream, but the Natural flavor gives a pink tinge and the Suntan flavor gives the beige tone that, I am told, is Exactly It right now. The gloop is $3.50 for a two-ounce jar (no one saves money by doing without nylons) at Saks Fifth Avenue, Bonwit, Bergdorf, Altman, Bloomingdale, and Lord & Taylor. The same shops purvey (I like *that* word) Lauder's Satinée Shave to rub in after the legs have been shaved. Two ounces are $2.50, and that will make the driest of skin gleam, as it blooming well should.

Other adders of verve to the décor of the skin are around, one of them to ornament the face. This, too, comes from Estée Lauder, and it (or they) are called Mouches, which is to say beauty patches. They are put on next to the eyebrows, say, in the time-honored coquette manner, or pasted wherever else on your surface you like. Mouches appear in a vigorously practical kit, which includes glue. It also includes four decks of crescents (silver and black), some small black hearts and stars that look like felt, two other decks



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of shapes (these are silvery), and a number of "jewels"—little sapphires, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds; $5 for the outfit at the big stores. Germaine Monteil's way of adding verve, not to mention smoothness and a certain radiance, to the skin is her Half-Tone Cream Foundation, in tones to match six brands of skin. The stuff is of the consistency of whipped cream. Applied with a spatula, it just drifts into the epidermis. The peach hue gave me a healthy look that made it difficult for me to remember my normally pallid skin tone. The cream is not opaque, though; my freckles still shine through it. An ounce of it is $5. Germaine's Gold Luminescence Color Blend compact is the next item. The powder, put on with a brush, makes the skin look as if it had been sprinkled with gold dust. Something new to wear with evening clothes is the idea. It comes to $6 with the brush.

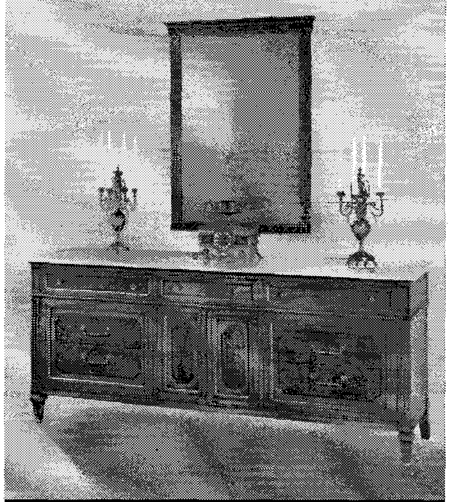
TATTOOING is outlawed, but American dynamics can find a way. The new sport is called Kneesies, and it requires the decorating of the now so often exposed knees with more or less Op Art. (Leave me alone; I'm only the reporter, not the inventor.) It began in the West, where, I understand, the boys love to brand their girls with this special form of art work. Fabergé, which has already experimented with watercolor eye makeup, is now recommending this for knee decorations; $1.50 for a miniature paintbox of whatever hue you have in mind at Altman, Bloomingdale, Macy, and Saks Fifth Avenue. I must inform all hands that the name is Make-Op. Sable, navy, and slate are among the present colors, and kits involving primary colors will be arriving in June, complete with sample patterns for those amateur artists you know who would like to have designs on you. After all, doing them yourself, Op-side down, presents difficulties. A thin brush that has been wetted and then worked into a cake of watercolor is the necessary weaponry. Paint a snake on one knee and an apple on the other, then get thee to Cheetah as fast as ever you can. Meanwhile, in self-defense, I will be getting me to a nunnery.

—LOIS LONG

•

Hospital officials describe the new structure as a complete child care center. It will be built north of the present Babies and Children's Hospital on Adelbert Road. It will be razed.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

That's life, kiddies.



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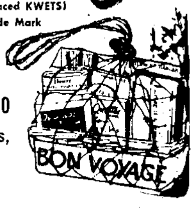

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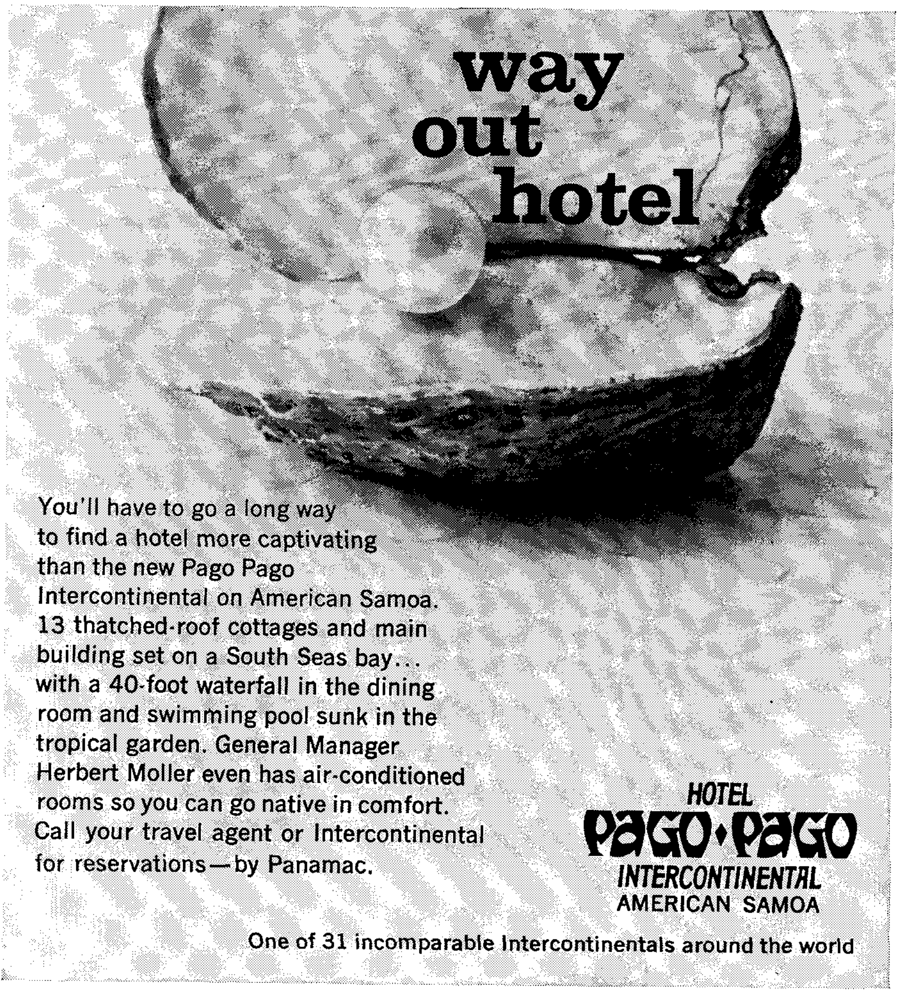
THE RACE TRACK

Preakness Pointers

THOUGH there are several schools of thought about the quality of this year's three-year-olds, there is no doubt whatever that some of these lively young racers can put on a good show. In fact, at Aqueduct last Saturday Mrs. Edward Lasker's Indulto beat the theretofore unbeaten Creme dela Creme by a nose in the Withers Stakes after as dramatic a struggle as I can remember—and I have the memory of an elephant. It was a performance that, at its face value, gives Indulto, who got such a going over in that rough-and-tumble Gotham Stakes last month, more than a Chinaman's chance in the Preakness at Pimlico this weekend. Ten runners paraded to the post for the Withers, and I must confess that in the paddock the favorite, Creme dela Creme, winner of all his starts (two last year and four this season), struck me as just another medium-sized, well-made colt with the lines of a sprinter. Fathers Image, who, to look at, is not at all like his sire, Swaps, has grown into quite a handsome individual. My fancy, though—and despite the fact that he was wearing bandages on his hind legs—was Indulto.

From an even break out of the gate, Flaps Down, the darling of horseplayers at Florida Downs last winter, quickly took the lead and held it to the half-mile mark, where Creme dela Creme, who had been the closest, took command. Meanwhile, Indulto, who had drawn the outside post position and had begun slowly, was making up ground steadily. As the runners swung into the homestretch, he got his head in front, then increased his advantage to a neck, but in the last few strides Creme dela Creme made a final effort and Indulto passed the post only a nose to the good. Fathers Image was third, three lengths away, and, six lengths behind him, Understanding led home the also-rans. The time—1:35 for the mile—was next to the fastest in the annals of the event. As you may know, Indulto, a chestnut gelding by Royal Coinage out of Moment of Truth II, is trained by Max Hirsch. In his sixty years or so on the race track, Max has saddled the winners of more celebrated



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races than he can count, but this was the first time one of his charges had won the Withers. His last score in the Preakness was with Assault, in 1946—and what a horse that was! He made a clean sweep of the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes.

I SUPPOSE the easy and obvious horse to pick for the Preakness is Kauai King. He is quick off the mark (he ran the first quarter mile in the Kentucky Derby in 0:22⅘) and the sharp turns at Pimlico and the distance (a sixteenth of a mile shorter than the Derby) are in his favor. Nevertheless, I have a hunch somebody else will win. As I say, it could be Indulto, on his form in the Withers.

AS you've probably heard, there was a celebration last weekend marking the three-hundredth anniversary of horse racing on Long Island—indeed, in America. To commemorate it, a bronze plaque was unveiled in Garden City on the site of the racecourse laid out in 1665 by Colonel Richard Nicolls, the first British provincial governor of New York. And at Aqueduct last Saturday four riders dressed the way jockeys were dressed in the days of Colonel Nicolls came galloping down the homestretch in a reënactment of a race over the New Market Course on Hanpsted Plaines, as it was called. Since it was an exhibition race—the first at the Big A—and no mutuel tickets were sold on it, I don't know who won; the horses had no numbers.

ABE'S HOPE must be the hard-luck horse of the year. He looked a sure thing for the Illinois Derby at Sportsman's Park in Chicago last Saturday. Well, he finished second to a colt named Michigan Avenue, who had never before won a stakes race.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

This personable musical genius has made his talent known throughout the world, and is, indeed, a "profit with honor" in his own country.—*Announcement from the Pasadena Philharmonic Committee for the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra.*

Net?

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The new queen was dressed in blue to match her blue eyes. Last year's queen wore a pink dress.—*St. Mary's (Ohio) Evening Leader.*

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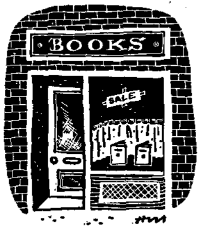
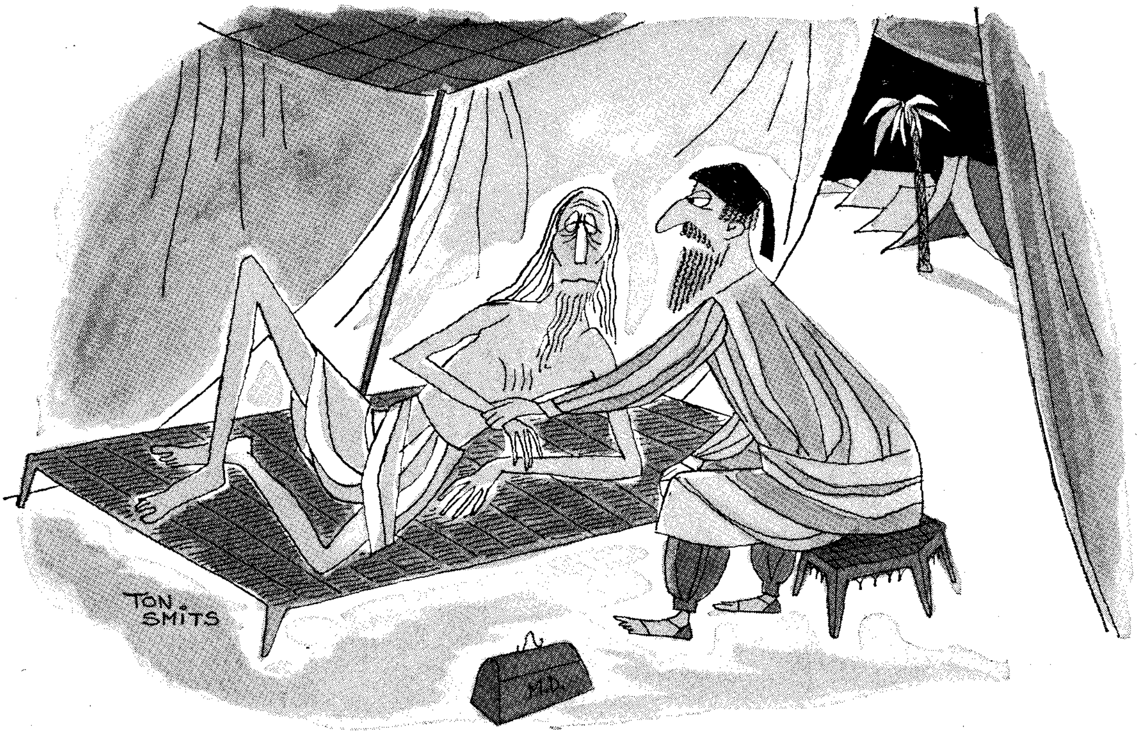


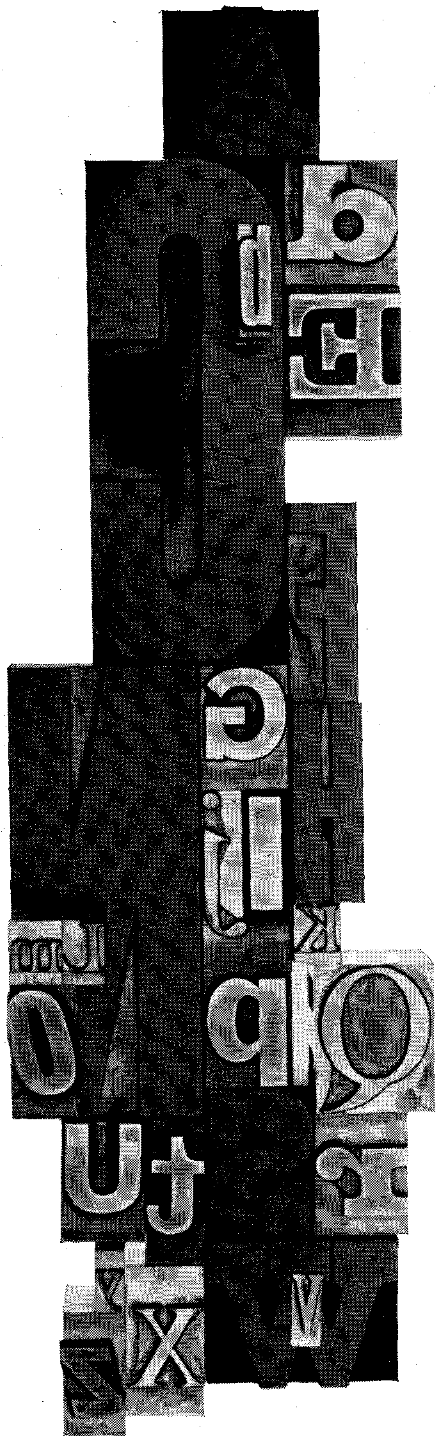
UNTIL quite recently, few books have been written about cookery for children, which since pre-Elizabethan times has been tacitly considered synonymous with invalid fare: paps and gruels and suchlike bland gastronomical insults. Indeed, there are even now more current books about how to feed animals (farmyard, zoo, and house) than how to feed those tender two-legged creatures called infants—the "familiar strangers" in our daily lives. The oldest modern book on this subject I can recall was written during the Second World War by Ambrose Heath, encyclopedic journeyman of taste and occasional wit. It was called "Good Food for Children," I think, and was published by Faber & Faber in London. There are undoubtedly others, but the next on *my* own list was published twenty years later, in 1964. (Perhaps this dearth on my shelves indicates a lack of interest. Do I not really believe in a need for such works? There is ample room for surmise.) This is "Clean Plates: Cooking for Young Children," published by Scribners and signed by three young mothers—Mitzi F. Perry-Miller (Ralph and Davy, twins), Elizabeth Crossman (Casey, girl), and Margaret Nicol (sisters Lisa and Lee, brothers Bobby and Ian). They are well-educated, bright, attractive women, and their book has probably been snapped up by countless people in much the same joyous pickle. It should, the dust jacket hints broadly, be almost equally useful to "apprehensive grandmothers," who must be as modern a phenomenon as the book itself, since in my fairly wide experience I have always found grandmothers the least apprehensive of any female category. The book, dedicated with girlish whimsey "To our husbands and children who ate and abetted," is described as one "for all harried mothers who are faced three times a day with the problem of getting food inside their offspring. Much more than a cookbook, it deals with the eating—or non-eating—habits of small fry."

This concern with non-eating children is one I have never suffered, and I am continually interested by it because to me it is one more facet of modern living that has not shone for me, like skin diving or, even dimmer, sky diving. I read every available detail of these current preoccupations as through an uncut glass darkly. Anecdotes and books and headlines about them bounce off me from every side—harmless, tickling shards. A prize one, in the other week's *Star* (St. Helena, California), was "Keeping It Casual Key to Problem Eater." Problem eater? Of what age? I pounced on it—may I say hungrily? "The problem eater can be relegated to the past along with the bustle and the one-hoss shay, if young parents remember to play it cool at meal-time," it stated. Everything pleasant and casual (the lion tamer wary in the cage), I gathered, as well as good food in pleasing forms, no threats or bribery, no temporary food jags or refusals, no chaotic feeding experiences; all this was heady reading to me, the outsider. What did "Clean Plates" say? Thank God I had my copy to hand! Good common sense, that's what. The three mother-writers remember always to "play it cool." A section of this book, "The Finicky Eater," starts out with the cool statement that many children "begin being fussy in bottlehood [an enticing designation]—when the mother finds feeding them a time-consuming chore." Some child psychiatrists would go a bit further and state flatly that her milk may have subtly turned to pure acid, with her emotional chemistry in boiling protest against the invasion of her privacy. In any case, it appears, bottlehood starts early in a man's life, and is consistently hazardous.

Things can and usually do go from bad to worse, write Perry-Miller, Crossman, and Nicol—trouble and difficulty for the child, resignation and resentment from above. One remedy the ladies propose (surprisingly, given their general gloom) is more children—little gastronomical rivals to ease the mother's trauma, even when the problem becomes overtly cyclic. And so on. Many pages of their modish but mostly sensible comment are scattered through the recipes: while you are fixing your child's supper, if he is "whiny and tired, give him a pickle or an olive to quiet him down . . . Once you have put



"You've got to face it, Methuselah. You're not as young as you used to be."



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the plate in front of him, be courteous enough to allow him to eat in peace," and, most forthright, if occasionally impossible, "If you cannot radiate cheer, at least cultivate a calm, pleasant attitude when your child is eating." Perforce, I am reminded of something a modern critic has written—that home is where the child is blooded and learns to draw blood. A friend who lives in a suburban housing development has said to me, "Every morning, on both sides, I hear the young mothers crying gaily, desperately, 'Darlings, come tell Mummy what you would like to eat today, and she promises to fix it just the way you love it, whenever you want it, any way at all, *please*, darlings! Just *try* it. Yumyumyum.' And the children, if they pay any heed at all, make ugly noises. What *do* they eat? When? Me, I never knew that there was any choice, or any worry, either, until I went to college and my roommate said, 'I *won't* eat' whatever it was. I thought you ate what there was, and loved it, or at least believed you did." That was my idea, too. There were things I believed I loved more than others, but as far as I can remember there was never any question about whether I *wanted* to eat them or not. I simply did—both want and eat, without any invitation to express my views.

There was a legend in the family, Dickensian in flavor, about my great-grandfather's first supper when he was apprenticed to a Dublin saddlemaker. The boy must have said something about not wanting his plateful. His master's reply, made to the whole clutch of indentured children, survived all the generations between to echo firmly from the head of our own table as required: "Eat what's set before you, and be thankful for it." As I recall, this cold edict did nothing to thwart the natural development of our tastes, even unto the fifth or sixth generation, so my own children have managed to survive the ruling as whole individuals with eager palates and "the curious nose," inquisitive and tolerant. Anything else would have been a waste of time for all of us; we have lived together in many places, and we could not have survived them with grace if the children had been raised, like many of their compatriots, to whine, at the appearance of nine out of ten dishes, "What's this? Do I *have* to eat it? I can't. I won't. I want a hamburger." (One headwaiter who occasionally watched over us told me that tired, bewildered little Americans tottering into his restaurant in southern France would wail for hamburgers, but no

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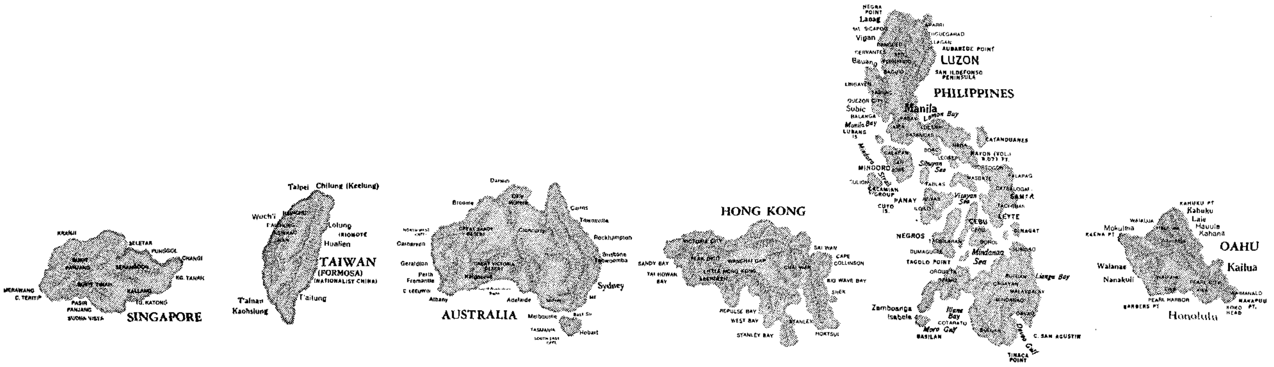

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matter how hungry they were they would spurn them if they were not served on *round soft buns*—uncommon in that region and, indeed, that land. When I asked what his alternative was, he sighed and said, "Ice cream—and, of course, plenty of Cokes.")

THERE is no mention, in any of the books published when my great-grandfather was learning his way, of special foods for children, except for the seriously ill or the convalescent ones. The terms "non-eater" and "problem eater" were non-problems then, as well as backward as far as Socrates and forward as far as Fanny Farmer. Naturally, there were, in many of the manuals kept by medieval and Elizabethan doctors, "receipts" to cure things like cow colic that could be used for children as well, but youngsters able to stay vertical were assumed to be able to eat whatever was served when it was served, and to know how and when to stop. (One of the celebrated Mrs. Isabella Beeton's Victorian recipes could apply just as much to small diners as to haggis, in those uncomplicated times: "If the paunch be overfull, there is a possibility of its bursting.") The advice given in "The Whole Duty of a Child," written about 1450, possibly by Symon Simeon, held probably for centuries before and certainly for at least four hundred years after:

> Look thou be courteous, standing
>   at meat,
> And that men giveth thee, thou
>   take and eat;
> And look that thou neither cry nor
>   crave,
> And say, "That and that would I
>   have;"
> But stand thou still before the
>   board,
> And look thou speak no loud word.

Complaints about children's table manners have been mewling more or less quietly through literature since literature began. Perhaps it was simply a lack of words like "cyclic" and "trauma" that made Socrates note sourly, "Children are now tyrants . . . they contradict their parents, chatter before company, and gobble up their food." Maybe the Victorians had the answers: we know that they let non-literary and even illiterate nannies rear as many of their children as possible, which made for a great scarcity of publishable personal comment, and they treated fretful, skittish, mopey, and otherwise unstalwart children as invalids, showering upon them without cavil—even though second-hand—the attentions so plainly needed for one reason or another. In-

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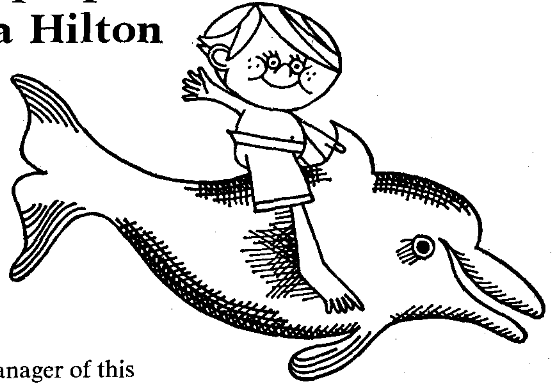

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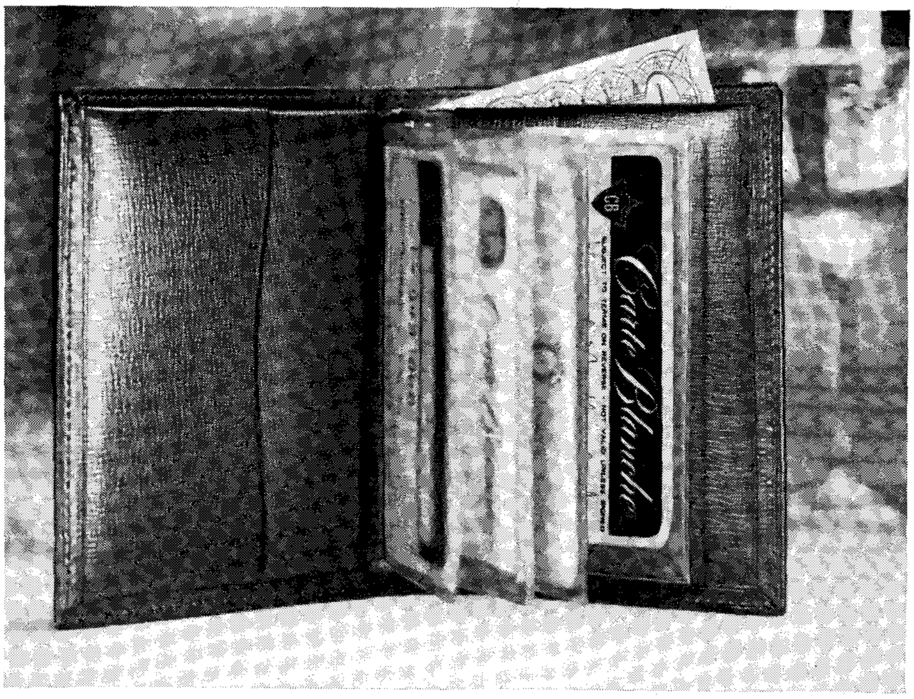

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stead of the psychiatrist's junior-size couch, there was a wide, warm lap, and unpredictable sobs and retchings were called bilious rather than traumatic.

Invalid cookery, which until the nineteenth century had been largely a pharmaceutical listing of purges, fastings, bleedings, and other dire remedies unfitted to small, frail child-people, suddenly became a stylish section in the new type of household manual written by several Victorian ladies but epitomized by Mrs. Beeton's "Book of Household Management" (1861). By the time this, the first of her compendiums, came along, she could give firm directions for feeding sickly infants that would have warmed my own little belly if I had been ill then instead of being occasionally laid low in the early twentieth century. Most of them were smooth, flat pap, but one would surely have revived me—"Brandy and Egg Mixture":

> 2 oz. of best brandy, 2 oz. of cinnamon water, the yolk of one egg, ¼ of an oz. of loaf sugar. Beat the yolk of egg and sugar together, and add the cinnamon water, and brandy. From ½ a teaspoon to 1 teaspoon may be given to infants, and proportionately increased quantities to children, every hour, in extreme weakness. It is one of the most powerful and palatable restoratives.

When I was young, I would almost have become an invalid for the rare delight of the ceremonial eggnog served forth when my mother judged her children ready to emerge from the quasi-isolation of measles, mumps, and so on. Once we were practically on our pins again—our spots and swellings gone, and unmistakable restlessness making bed an impatient thing—an eggnog, The Eggnog, would be made for us. It was always in the afternoon, about four o'clock, which my mother believed was a "weak" hour. It was never discussed with my grandmother, a teetotaller, but if Mother was busy having another baby it was made by a trusted ally chosen impartially from either kitchen or parlor and served to whoever of us had earned it in a tall glass on a saucer, elegantly. It was drunk slowly (as were we), to add one last languor to the voluptuous rapt period of convalescence before we faced outside life again. It was the final restorative, the cue, the tacit signal that we were back in circulation. (A basic recipe for Recuperative Eggnog: 1 egg, beaten with 1 or 2 teaspoons of brown sugar, to which 1 glassful of milk is slowly added, and finally 1 jigger of brandy or whiskey. Nutmeg is de rigueur on

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top, at least for the aesthetics of the cure.)

I am shocked to discover, in "Clean Plates," that the three bright young mothers who compiled it did not mention such subtleties. Their nearest thing is "After a tonsillectomy . . . a milk shake beaten with an egg will slide down easily." This sounds like something Grandmother would have approved, even though such was not generally the case when she was raising her own large immigrant brood, and in the kind of family manual that stood beside the Bible in most pioneer American homes—from hers, in the Iowan Territory, to the far stretches of Canada and our West—"stimulants" were part of almost every childhood cure. In "The Canadian Home, Farm, and Business Cyclopædia," published in Toronto in 1884 and standard in farmhouses for many years, the treatment for measles says, "If the fever be of low type . . . yelk of eggs beaten up with wine is excellent." And for diphtheria, that dreaded and terrible disease, "alcoholic stimulants . . . are given in large quantities." (On the other hand, for croup, "only baked apple, or toast water, or gruel as food, until the symptoms yield positively.") The English Mrs. Beeton, however, used wine and even hard liquors for dishes that were, and still are, nursery treats instead of medicaments, like Tipsy Parson and Snap, although her staple dishes leaned firmly upon the Sensibles of life: Floating Island, Stone Cream with Jam, and Curds and Whey, which in Miss Muffet's prime was nothing more than good milk allowed to stand in a warm place until it turned into what was also called Bonny Clabber (Slip-and-Go-Easy in my own family), or plain old sour milk wherever it was hated. Junket, made from a pill, is the modern version of it—better adapted, perhaps, to our pasteurized cuisine.

IN England, it was firmly understood in the last century that although some dishes could be enjoyed by both children and adults, at least when they were perfectly healthy, most families who could afford to in even the simplest fashion managed to feed the two levels separately. In any household that could support more than a couple of servants—pure fantasy today—it was one of the scullery maid's many duties to attend to the nursery dinners while they were cooking and then help Nanny serve them. Mrs. Beeton wrote in 1861, in further counsel to matrons who a hundred years later would be called "harried moth-

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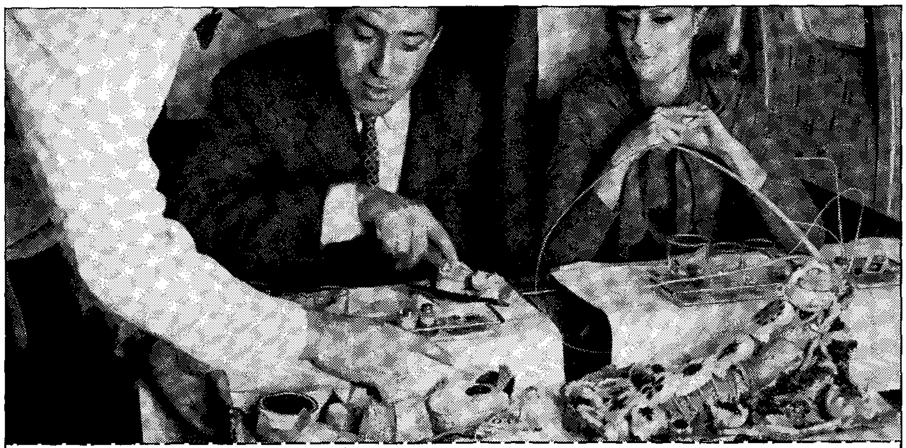

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ers," "In many houses where a nursery dinner is provided for the children about one o'clock, the mistress and the elder portion of the family make their luncheon at the same time from the same joint, or whatever may be provided. A mistress will arrange according to circumstances the serving of the meal; but the more usual plan is for the lady of the house to have the joint brought to her table and afterwards carried to the nursery." The most famous scullery maid of all time was Cinderella, which should lend some comfort to modern children neurotic enough to consider the profession, whose "fascinations . . . are not so great as to induce many people to leave a comfortable home," Mrs. Beeton admitted. To my mind, the bravest, most glorious, most generally heroic figure in scullerydom was a nameless young man in "The Ballad of Fair Isabella," which, as far as I know, was sung enjoyably in nurseries five hundred years ago. In it, the Wicked Stepmother sends orders to Master Cook to have her bothersome and gratuitous stepdaughter cooked in a crust for the next feast. She even speaks in a code, to make it more exciting: "Kill the white doe," she says, and any girl knows who *that* is. (It is *I*.)

"Oh, then," cried out the scullion-boy,
As loud as loud might be,
"Oh, save her life, good Master Cook,
And make your pies of me!"

Children, always more realistic than adults, appreciate the gallantry of this fine lad's futile attempt, and then when the pies made of white-doe meat are served they thrill with vindication as he cries out again, inevitably to be rewarded with Fair Isabella's patrimony, if not her simmered hand:

"If now you will your daughter see,
My Lord, cut up that pie!"

The wicked stepmother is hoist on her own receipt, and the brave youth takes his rightful place in the company of minor gastronomical immortals.

It is well to reflect upon the possible amenities of scullery life even today, and to hope that Nanny's instant pipeline to the kitchen was sometimes a pleasurable chore in Mrs. Beeton's time, when there were hundreds of thousands of such slaveys existing belowstairs as part of the current Way of Life. With luck, they got to sample some of the noon joints and the teas, helping that limitless but doomed army of substitute mothers who reared the British nation in its short pants and pinafores: a sneaked cup of warm,

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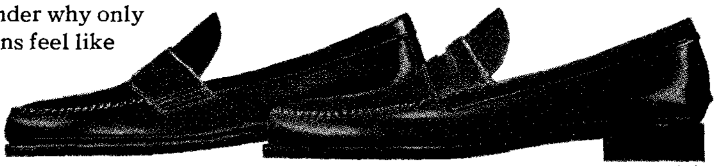

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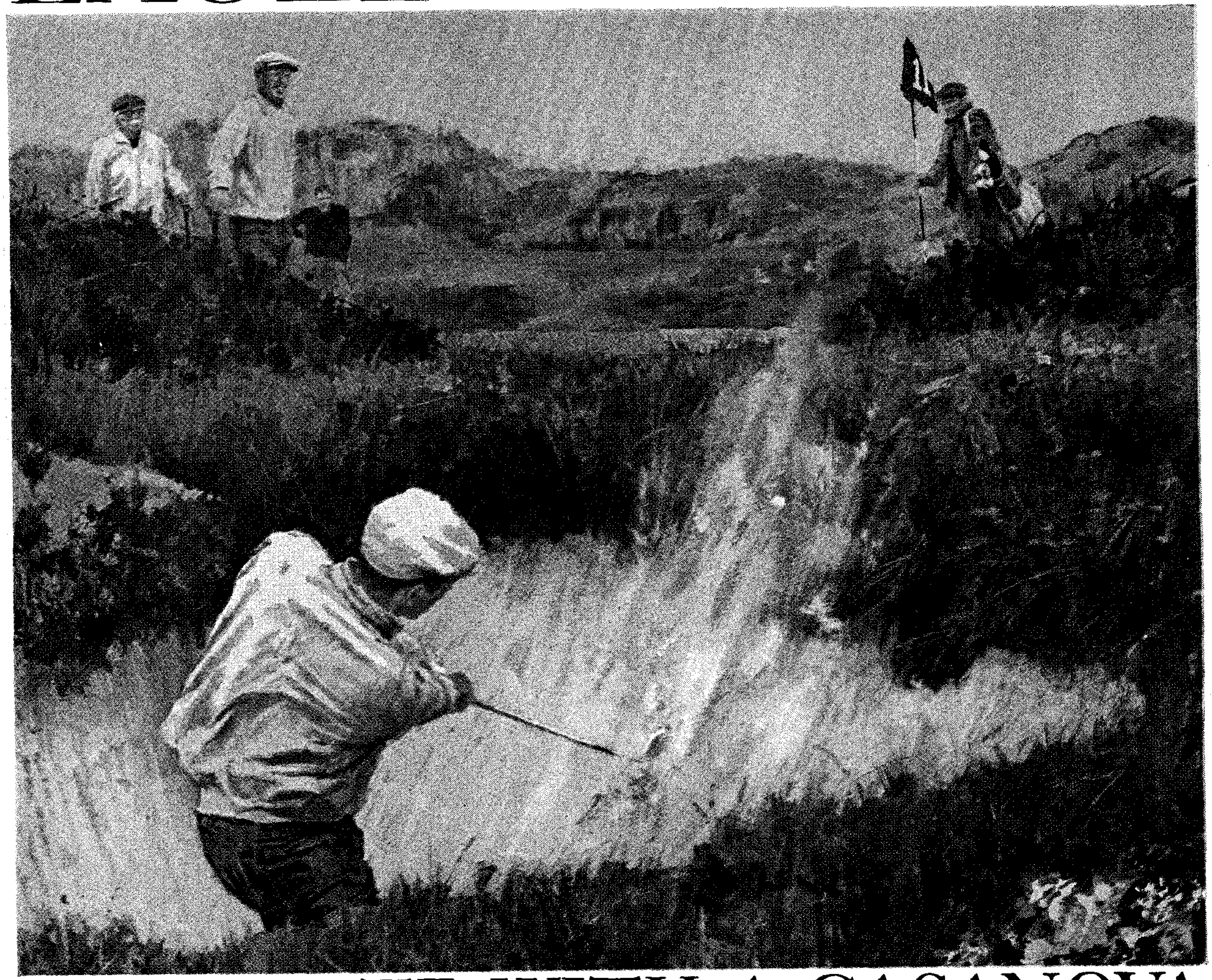

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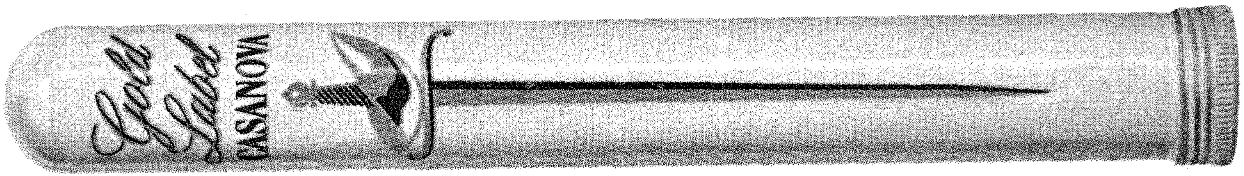

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milky tea, a snatch of apple pudding, or, better yet, Bubble-and-Squeak or Steamed Spotted Dog.

There are, interestingly, few memoirs by Englishmen about their evil nannies. Apparently, the first years of their lives, at least during the past two centuries, were fond and good ones. It was when the children left their cozily segregated lives that they fell afoul of vicious headmasters and canings and fagging and all such expertly recorded bestiality of the Stiff Upper Lip tradition. At home, they lived with uncountable versions of the currently beloved Mary Poppins, and could refer without any Freudian prudery, as did Robert Louis Stevenson, to "my second Mother, my first Wife." When Stevenson was thirty-five, coughing but hopeful, in Hyères, in 1885, he wrote "A Child's Garden of Verses," and dedicated it "To Alison Cunningham from Her Boy." He has been called the poet laureate of the nursery, and his Cummie stands firmly behind Miss Poppins as the invisible archetype of everything fine and good about English nannies, who did not necessarily go to school to learn how to earn fat salaries, as is now the case, but who were, as far as one can gauge, an excellent breed indeed. They had to know how to teach their inexhaustible procession of small charges their own manners, their own tastes, their own accents, under and over the requirements of society and caste, and what and how they ate together in the firelit sanctuaries of Victorian family life did much to shape the nation's welfare.

Young American matrons like the authors of "Clean Plates," dedicated to easing the apparently onerous duties of "harried mothers" and placating their inadvertent adversaries the "small fry," admit that although "the pressures of busy schedules" in modern life may prevent frequent meetings of infants and parents (no problem at all in Mrs. Beeton's day), "eating in the kitchen is a poor substitute for eating with that privileged class, the Grownups. . . . Give your picky eater a place at the family table and watch his appetite improve along with his table manners." Kitchens are not at all what they were a hundred years ago, when *nobody* ate in them.

One of the most alluring aspects of Victorian nurseries, where the children ate, slept, and learned how finally to join the Privileged Class, was their privacy, their secretness. They were even doubly cut off from other worlds by heavy doors covered with green

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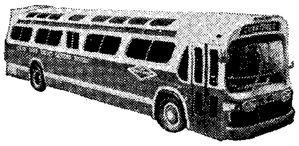

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baize, as was the butler's pantry, supposedly to drown untoward noises but basically to create a spiritual moat. Inside the moat, behind the nursery door, lay life, and even reading about it leaves a sense of utter security in the spirits. There, to be sure, was their Cummie, in very female form but something *known*, breathing nearby even in the night, and bending over little beds.

There is a lot about this lost world in "A Child's Garden," and much of it tells, as naturally as blinking, of the basically plain food that fortunate children grew on while their Victorian parents stuffed themselves, according to the regal pattern, the other side of the door. "It is very nice to think/ The world is full of meat and drink," the poet laureate wrote, "With little children saying grace/ In every Christian kind of place." He loved "the friendly cow all red and white" for one very sensible reason that many modern children may be unaware of: "She gives me cream with all her might,/ To eat with apple-tart." What better reason for loving a cow? What better to do with an apple tart? (Frozen apple tarts are now procurable, and even delicious, worthy of an honorable place at any table, even in the kitchen.) Stevenson, true to Cummie's guidance, learned that a child should "behave mannerly at table;/ At least as far as he is able." He thought often of small children in foreign lands: "You have curious things to eat,/ I am fed on proper meat," he said firmly but no doubt with some restlessness, for he was born to wander. Most of all, he reflected on fairyland, like most normal people of and in his age, and food and fancy made a properly balanced nourishment for him. "And when you have eaten well,/ Fairy stories hear and tell," he advised, rightly (though in this instance he had in mind *spiritual* nourishment), for the correct sequence of digestion and cerebration. Fairyland, he said as a frequenter, and as an unconscious protestant of the Victorian (Beetonian) rule of Noon Dinner, was (and it still is) "Where all the children dine at five,/ And all the playthings come alive."

The authors of "Clean Plates" would be the last to claim poethood along with their maternity. (The nearest modern equivalent of Stevenson's laureateship in the nursery, after A. A. Milne, was Ludwig Bemelmans'.) There is plainly no time for "harried mothers" to grow even mildly rhapsodic over the dogged necessities of coping with equally harried children,

JET'n SAIL

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soothing them with an occasional pickle, trying to tempt them to eat the prescribed proteins and carbohydrates, bribing them subtly to swallow their multiple-vitamin capsules, calming their upset stomachs with Jello Water (which, perhaps mercifully, seems to have no formal recipe in the practical collection presented by Mesdames Perry-Miller, Crossman, and Nicol). Nurseries behind green baize doors are no longer known, except by the very rich and/or very busy in America and by a rapidly diminishing "upper class" in England and Europe, and even these few are often frowned upon by fashionable pediatricians. "Togetherness" is the desperate goal. Increasingly, young mothers cope with timetables and their accompanying neuroses: ulcers in the family wage earners, cyclic traumas in the kindergarten set. It is a relief to read the unadorned and unaffected statements in "Clean Plates" about what is somewhat carelessly called "modern living": "Time together is at a premium these days, and one way to unite your family is at mealtimes. If that is not possible, the children can save their dessert for consumption while their parents are having a cocktail. . . . Encourage all ages [at table] to be their scintillating best," even if the togetherness includes a happily shared entrée called Sloppy Joe, followed by Fruit Fluff and preceded by several Martinis for "that privileged class, the Grownups" and—it could be—rousing beakers of Jello Water for the underprivileged.

This is the best we can do, apparently. It is inevitable, however, that a vague but strong nostalgia blurs now and then the bright, matter-of-fact advice offered engagingly about cooking for modern young children. For reasons too mysterious to probe, I myself think of a quiet project I engaged in when I was perhaps eight. I was not menaced by the possible psychogenic hazards of nursery life, being raised in a small California town by a debt-bound newspaper editor, but, thanks to my Anglophiliac mother and uncles, I savored them fully, if secondhand, through *Chatterbox* and *Father Tuck's Annual*, and I was as hep as Stevenson himself to the gastronomical subtleties of Victorian childhood. We knew tricks. We knew how to keep at bay the monsters of our parents' gastric boredom and surfeit. My own project, learned from unwitting teachers in all the English nursery tales I, a little Yankee blotter, hungrily absorbed, is something that surely would have been printed by Mrs. Beeton if she had done

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a sequel to her first masterpiece—this time, "The Book of Nursery Management." I called it, and still do (although by now Progress makes it possible for me to recommend several thicknesses of Kleenex instead of a piece of an old pair of my father's flannel slacks):

A PLATTER GARDEN

1 piece of thick flannel cut to fit the bottom of the dish
mustard seeds
water

Keep the cloth wet but not floating, an important daily task, and sprinkle the seeds generously upon it. They will sprout fast and grow faster, and are fun to watch upon a windowsill. When the little garden is about two inches high, it is plucked from its bed and laid thickly upon well-buttered bread to make sandwiches for tea (or an "after-school snack" in modern America).

It also looks very pretty around chops or steaks instead of watercress, making a nice treat for the Grownups and causing them to be impressed and pleasant or even jolly. Other seeds can be tried, but a mixture of canary food was once judged dubious by my father, although it flourished wildly. The best is still mustard, delicately hot (and of course the prime advantage of an old-fashioned bit of flannel is that it can be used several times—indeed, endlessly, as nursery Time goes).

—M. F. K. FISHER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MILLSTONE, by Margaret Drabble (Morrow). The story of an intelligent, badly frightened girl who is so tied to her training (her parents find any sign of dependency disgusting) that she is willing to deprive her lover of the wife he wants, her child of a father, and herself of the husband who might have transformed her from a worried career girl into a happy woman. The scene is London. After her first affair, which lasts for exactly one evening, Rosamund Stacey finds herself pregnant, and, after her first panic, decides to have her child—but to have it *all by herself*, with no assistance except what she must accept from the National Health Service. George, Rosamund's lover, appears only briefly and is allowed only a few lines of dialogue, but his character and personality are so well and so subtly drawn as to increase the reader's helpless irritation with the pretty, self-flagellating, and self-indulgent Miss Stacey, who happens to be madly in love with him—in silence, of course. Miss Drabble's book is interesting, but a "happy" ending, which would have been

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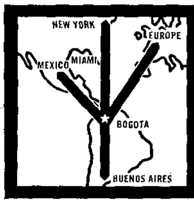
quite difficult to bring about, would have made it even more interesting.

Shadow of My Brother, by Davis Grubb (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Mr. Grubb is a moonstruck declaimer ("The sifting brown downfall of autumn nights and the green Priapean blood-rise of spring evenings . . . ") who nearly smothers a tale—the ultimate doing-in, by his own daughter, of a Southern white racist—that should have been told in an iron whisper.

GENERAL

Diary of a Nightmare: Berlin, 1942-1945, by Ursula von Kardorff, translated from the German by Ewan Butler (John Day). Miss von Kardorff is a member of the Prussian nobility, and in the fall of 1942, when this journal of defeat and despair begins, she was a feature writer on the respected Berlin daily *Deutsche Allegemeine Zeitung*. She was thus a well-placed observer; her job kept her in touch with the news, and her family position brought her in time into close (though not conspiratorial) association with the leaders of the abortive Officers' Plot of July 20, 1944. Her journal reflects these advantages, but only incidentally. It chiefly records, in the most gripping and instructive fashion, her daily experience of the war. November 8, 1942: "I suddenly realized that neither of my brothers any longer believes that we shall win the war." August 7, 1943: "It is one thing to suffer, but this constant feeling of being conscience-stricken grinds away one's personality." September 12, 1944: "Nowadays our watchwords are: Gestapo, arrest, Eastern front, People's Court, casualty lists, air raids, interrogation, torture, the gallows. That is reality, and nothing else matters." May 25, 1945: "I have signed on from the day after tomorrow for work in the cowsheds of a dairy."

Here Is Your Enemy, by James Cameron (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). As much of North Vietnam as this British journalist was able to see during a month's visit last year. Mr. Cameron is a good writer. He thinks that there is no conceivable way we can win the war, and that we should not, but he is frank about his partisanship. When he is arguing, he says so, and he distinguishes clearly between what he saw, what he felt, and what he thinks. His book's main flaws are marks of hasty assembly. For one, he writes as if he were alone



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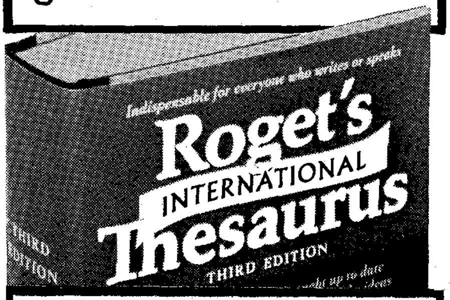
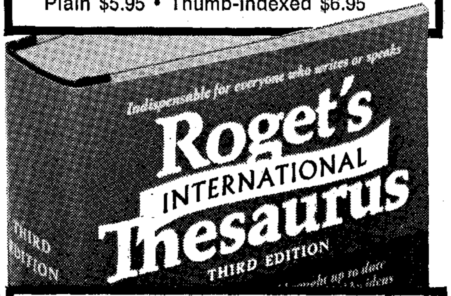
on his adventure, the only West European within miles, until two cameramen, who must have been with him all along, turn up on page 100.

THE DELIGHTS OF GROWING OLD, by Maurice Goudeket, translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Colette's husband, the author of this enchanting book, intended, when he became a widower at the age of sixty-five, to spend the rest of his life as his wife's monument. Instead, somewhat to his amazement, he married again and became a father. He tells the story of his life with discretion: no false modesty, and no pointless detail, either. He knows how to set forth the essence of something and then stop. His observations on age and youth, parents and children are sane and pleasing. His style is urbane, and the translation is ideal.

THE GREAT PHILOSOPHERS, VOLUME II, by Karl Jaspers, translated by Ralph Manheim, edited by Hannah Arendt (Harcourt, Brace & World). Having considered in his first volume those men whom he regards as the founders of philosophical thought (Socrates, Buddha, Confucius, Jesus, Plato, Augustine, and Kant), Dr. Jaspers is now concerned with the great metaphysicians—that is to say, with the men who have thought importantly about the nature of reality. As before, his choices are unorthodox and therefore doubly stimulating. Again he is not so much interested in the great systematizers who loom large in conventional histories of philosophy as he is in men who have propounded fresh points of view. Since metaphysics and mysticism are not unrelated, there are doubtless authorities who would classify some of Dr. Jaspers' subjects as mystics, but he removes them from that category by pointing out that they are concerned with pure thought, not with visions and ecstasies. His choices in this volume are Anaximander, Heraclitus, Parmenides, Plotinus, Anselm, Nicholas of Cusa, Spinoza, Lao-tzu, and the Buddhist metaphysician Nagarjuna, and he discusses their thought with the admirable clarity that made his first volume quite accessible to the average reader.

GENERAL GRANT BY MATTHEW ARNOLD, WITH A REJOINDER BY MARK TWAIN, edited, with an introduction and notes, by John Y. Simon (Southern Illinois). This curious book contains (along with Dr. Simon's explanatory introduction) a





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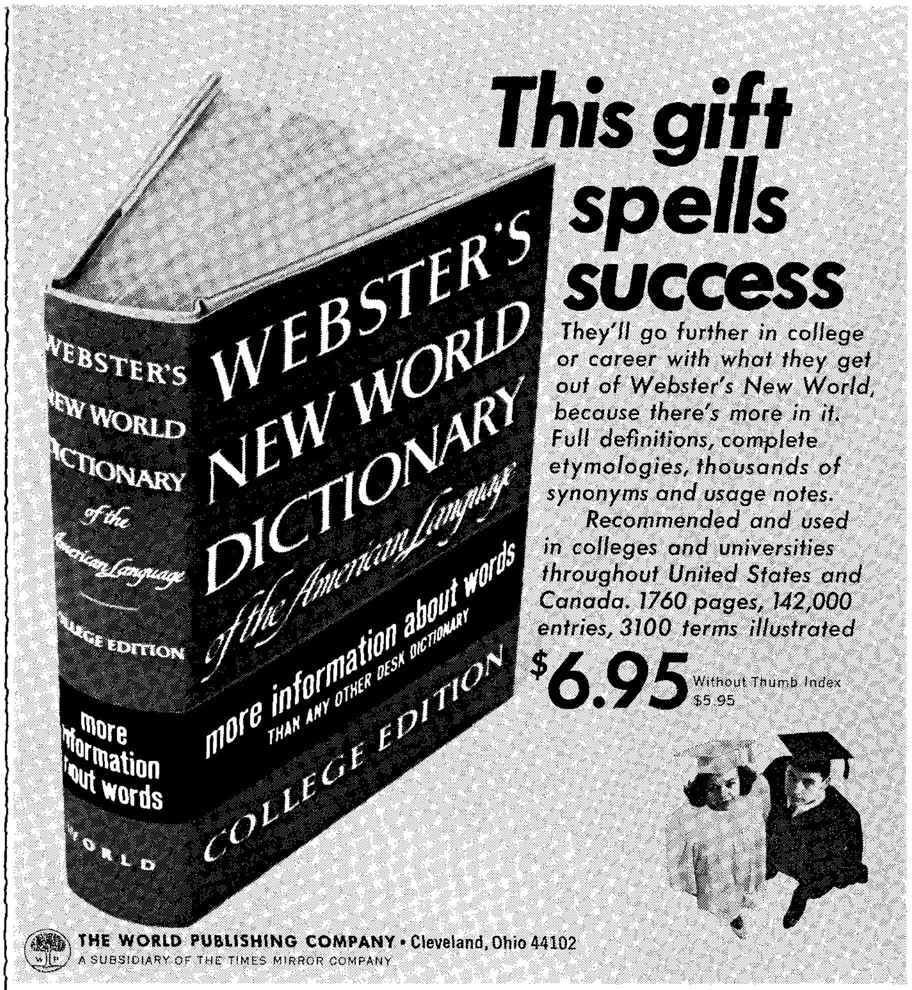
two-part review of Grant's posthumously published "Memoirs" that Arnold contributed to the English periodical *Murray's Magazine* in 1886 and a speech that Mark Twain made in "answer" to it before a gathering of war veterans at Hartford a few months later. Arnold's review, we are told, aroused a great storm of indignation throughout the United States, but, even allowing for the esteem in which Grant was then generally held, it is almost impossible to see why. There is a word or two about Grant's grammar ("I found a language all astray in its use of *will* and *shall*, *should* and *would*") and a mildly reproachful comment on his taste ("Modest for himself, Grant is boastful, as Americans are apt to be, for his nation")—and the rest is affection for Grant, admiration for his military genius, and an intense delight in the story he has to tell. As for Mark Twain's speech, it is an embarrassment of patriotic demagoguery.

THE ASTORS: A FAMILY CHRONICLE OF POMP AND POWER, by Lucy Kavaler (Dodd, Mead). A friendly but not uncritical family saga. The Astor fortune was founded, as everybody knows, by a young German butcher who immigrated here in 1784, made money in the fur trade, and put it into New York City real estate—whereupon the Astors, as Mrs. Kavaler tells it, immediately became Society, which they have been ever since. Unfortunately for this book, if not for the Astors, the American branch of the family includes generations of stupefying dullness, never relieved by achievement and only rarely by notoriety. Mrs. Kavaler's tale perks up when she describes the careers of the English Astors, who are now richer and more prominent than the American line. What seems to have made the difference was a difference between England and the United States in the nineteenth century. America accommodated and rewarded the striver and arriver, but few scions were as capable as their fathers at pushing and arriving. Great Britain specialized in educating and placing the heirs of royalty and pushers alike. The English Astors, Etonians all, were able to do things that interested them and that are interesting to read about. Horace Greeley, evidently, should have advised rich young men to go abroad.

CHARLES PÉGUY: A STUDY IN INTEGRITY, by Marjorie Villiers



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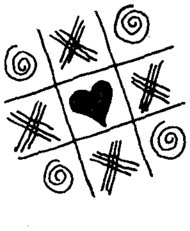

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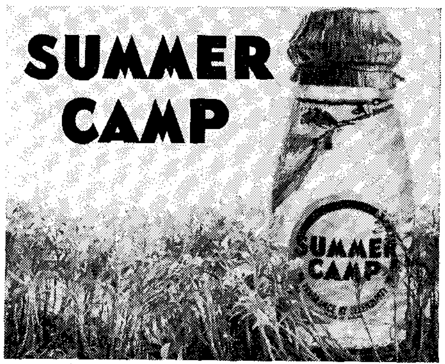

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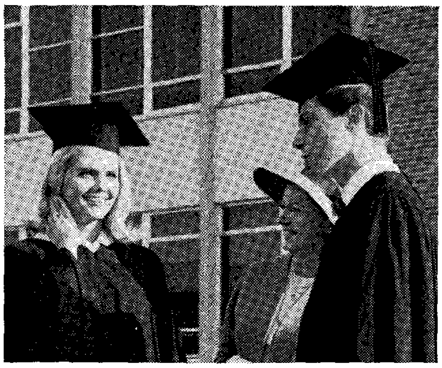

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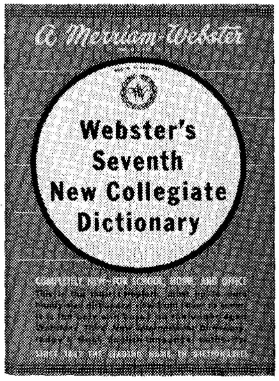

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(Harper & Row). Péguy may be more interesting now than ever before, and not just in his native France, because his short career (his dates are 1873-1914) as a Catholic and a Socialist foreshadowed almost all the best in contemporary Catholicism and Socialism. Mrs. Villiers is at pains to clarify even the waywardnesses of Péguy's thought; she pays less attention (as Péguy himself did) to Péguy as a literary figure. Her sympathy is not saccharine; while she conveys Péguy's integrity, she also displays his troublesomeness. Her book is sufficiently explicit for beginners and sufficiently advanced for readers who already know something about Péguy and his times.

THREE YEARS IN MISSISSIPPI, by James Meredith (Indiana). Much of this memoir by the first Negro graduate of the University of Mississippi is nearly incomprehensible to Northerners—his avowal of affection for his native state, its hysterics at the prospect of a Negro's using as impersonal a facility as a university, and so on. His self-confidence before, during, and since the events he narrates approaches the Napoleonic; it may account for his tendency to judge other people—mainly other Negroes—harshly. But his descriptions are unusually good. With a military orderliness, so that his readers may appreciate everything he discusses (landscape, personalities), Meredith tells what Mississippi—mostly Negro Mississippi, an extended ghetto—looks like and, from the inside, feels like.

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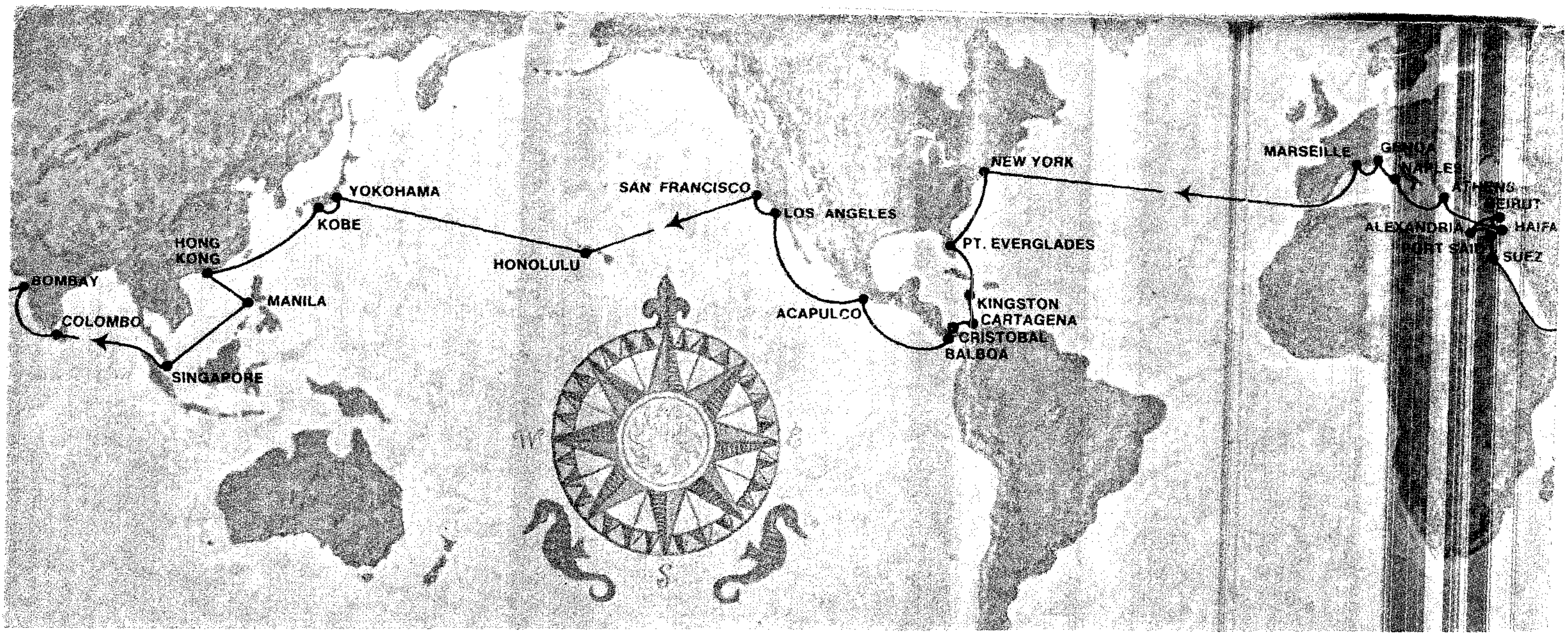

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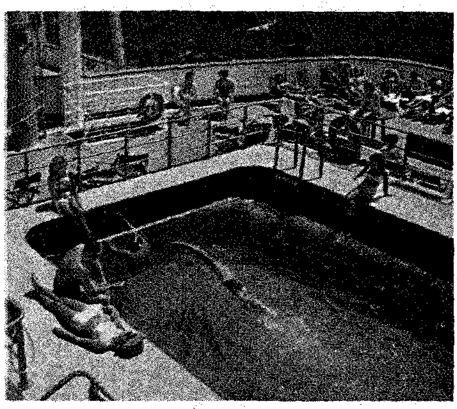

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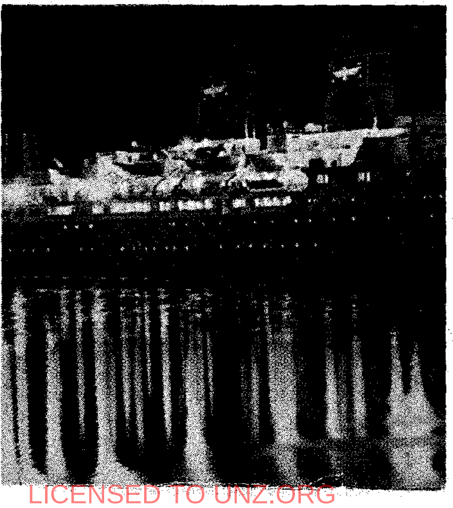
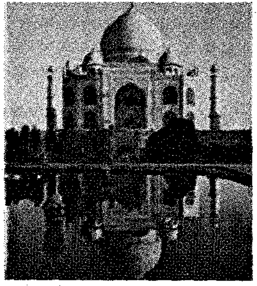


Taj Mahal, India



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